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THE REGRETS OF A CANTAB.

It is a trite remark of moralists, Mr. Editor, that it is too often our fate in this strange drama of life, to change our opinions and views of the value of our pursuits—to look back with wonder at the energy with which we have followed a mistaken road to happiness, and to awaken, as unexpectedly as suddenly, to the conviction that we have been wasting ourselves, wearing out our lives and destroying our time, in a chace which we now find, too late, to have been the chace of disappointment. Alas! I never thought that I was so soon to become myself an example of this piece of morality—so suddenly to awaken from a long dream, from a period which has indeed vanished like a dream, leaving not a trace behind but the regret of lost hours; of happiness, nay, of health, sacrificed to the attainment of a vision. So sudden has been the shock, in such an instant did the light break in on my senses, that I scarcely yet feel as if I were myself—can scarcely collect my confused thoughts to tell you what it is that I do feel.

But when my conviction tells me that I am now at length a man—that I have obtained the important age of twenty-one—that almost the last recollection of myself was as a boy of sixteen: then it is that I ask myself, where are my five years, what have I been doing, what have I gained, what happiness have I enjoyed, in what way have I qualified myself for the duties which are now forced upon me? I look backward, and still I look backward, and I attempt to recollect what I have been doing—how those years passed—what pleasures they brought—what ideas I have gained—what instructions secured. I try my mind in all directions—I attempt to lay hold of the past time—to measure its intervals by acquisitions of knowledge, by successions of events, by successions of feelings, of opinions, by pleasures, by changes of my views—but my attempts are vain. I find no record of time in it; for I find no successions of events or feelings—

no remembrance of pleasures gained or views changed—no accumulation of successive knowledge, no stores of varied ideas—nothing to tell me that those years consisted of months, weeks, days, hours—that time has marched on for five years, and that the youth of sixteen is now a man of twenty-one—that he who foresaw, as a boy, the day when he was to act as a man, is now arrived at the period of action. A single idea measures the whole of this long interval; and for ever labouring in vain to expand it, the sad conviction is for ever forced on me that its extremities meet, that I had fallen asleep at its commencement, and awakened at its termination.

And that one idea consists in Mathematics. Mathematics! the very word haunts me; I attempt to dilate it, to vary it, to specify, to analyze in what it consists—of what ideas, what parts it is composed; to ascertain what it is that I do know, what is the knowledge that I have gained. And still the word mathematics, mathematics, recurs to me; it whirls in my head, and when I attempt to investigate what it means, a confused succession of angles, and curves, and equations, and fluxions, chases itself up and down, as it seems, in my brain, and still it ends in the conclusion that I am a Mathematician.

This is the dream of the last five years; but, even in this dream, when I attempt to trace my own progress from the first proposition in Euclid and the addition of algebraic quantities, to the very last of our Senate-house problems, to the day which saw me at the summit of honours, that day, which was the mark of my long ambition, which was to reward me for all my privations and toils, I cannot recall even the terms which called me back to renewed exertions, far less the months and weeks which found me for ever a student over my daily and nightly task. Thus have I sat now, for months, plunged in a dark melancholy, sometimes buried in regrets, and now and then rousing myself by recollections of my reputation and honours; while, in brighter moments, I attempt to persuade myself that I have laid in a stock of useful information, that I am grounded in all the sciences, and that I am fitted to carry on, with more brilliant success than my fellows, the profession which has fallen to my lot.

But, alas! these delightful visions vanish as fast as they arise. Wherever I go, whatever I attempt to do, my mathematics slip from beneath me; and again I find that I am, among men and in the world, the very boy that St. John's saw me five years ago. In society, in conversation, it matters not what society, what conversation, I must sit silent, having but just now discovered that men do not converse about equations or curves. All the world except myself, seems to abound in ideas; and I possess but one. If, by chance, I can partake for a moment in some diversion, I am immediately left behind, since it departs to subjects of which I know nothing, and to arguments, the force of which I cannot feel. And it often happens

also that I lose my temper or become disheartened ; finding that I cannot demonstrate the propositions on ordinary matters which I may chance to maintain, sometimes finding that men do not understand demonstration, or will not listen to it, and sensible that, if I am for a moment listened to, it is with silent and sad civility. I can see too that I am pitied for my ignorance ; and you, Mr. Editor, if you have, like myself, risen to Cambridge honours, can feel the mortification which the senior wrangler of his day, the man to whom all Cambridge looked with envy or veneration, must feel at enduring the pity of those who could not solve a common problem de maximis et minimis, who do not even know that an oval is an ellipse.

It is a trifle, in my present state of feelings, that female society is to me a blank, and that I am even shunned by those to whose amusement I can contribute nothing, and to whom my gravity and habits of abstraction are repulsive ; but I can easily see that it will not always be a trifle, since I find myself beginning to envy the liveliness of manners of the sex, and the mutual delight or cheerfulness of those around me, where I sit meditating on some past problem, or rather, attempting to drive from my mind ideas that will ever intrude. But it is not a trifle to find that, while I imagine myself possessed of the power of separating the true from the false, of pursuing without deviation a line of strict reasoning, of ensuring assent by demonstration, I have neither true nor false to distinguish, nothing about which to reason, nothing to demonstrate, and no one to convince. The whole world seems to be in a conspiracy against me ; determined to occupy itself exclusively in every thing that I do not know, and, as if determined not to believe that there is such a science as mathematics in the world. No one has yet had the incivility to tell me that they think my knowledge of no use ; but I grieve to say that I am fast suspecting it myself.

I have still occasionally tried to console myself with the reflection, that although the world was indifferent to this science, that it could not perhaps in justice be expected to care for problems, of which I cannot myself explain the use now that I am awakened from my dream, yet that, from my habits of rigid investigation and close reasoning, I should possess a decided superiority in discernment, in the observation of facts, in deducing their results, and consequently in explaining myself with that precision which commands attention and enforces assent. But, alas ! here also I have miscalculated. Unacquainted with physical facts, with nature in any of its forms, I am unable to observe accurately, because I have no bottom on which I can found distinctions. If I see, I do not see what is seen by others, because I cannot observe justly ; nor can I remember what I do see, because I do not distinguish with sufficient accuracy, and because I have no basis of collected materials to which the things which I see can be associated, no general knowledge or principles by which they can be

consolidated, and by whose aid they can be recalled and recollected, when I am desirous of turning them to use. I labour to learn what others know, but it is as yet in vain; and the little that I do acquire I can convert to no purpose, because I cannot recall and arrange it when it is wanted.

If the whole world of physical nature is thus to me little better than a blank, the moral world is all confusion and doubt. I can even scarcely comprehend what moral reasoning means, or how men can suffer themselves to be convinced by arguments which seem to me without solidity or accuracy. At every step, I am overwhelmed by reasons which I cannot answer, though they do not convince me; and when I attempt to discuss or reason, myself, I am silenced by some shallow opponent whom I should have despised at Cambridge, but who, I much fear, has in reality the advantage over me. I had been told that mathematics formed the only logic; and I believed it, because every body seemed to believe it, as they believed that one book of Euclid was worth the whole of Aristotle. I fear at last that we have all been in a mistake; for I find that this is a logic which has no concern with the conduct of life, with morals, law, politics, with any thing in short of all that which forms the great mass of human action and human reasoning. I have indeed lived to find that the logic of triangles is the logic of triangles and nothing more; that moral magnitudes cannot be measured or compared by mathematical rules, and that where nothing is definite, nothing rigidly proportional, nothing positive, and where a thousand jarring quantities are concerned in one question, it is in vain to expect aid from the rigidity of mathematical laws, or the accuracy of mathematical investigation. The human soul is assuredly not a triangle.

And if I have, too late, unwillingly admitted this conviction, it is not, I grieve much more to confess, without finding that my mind is not the powerful engine which I had imagined while triumphing in the victories gained over those refractory problems in the differential calculus, to which I owed all my fame and fancied I was to owe my happiness and my success in the world. I feel as if all my other powers had been extinguished by the cultivation and growth of this sole one; that, like Aaron's rod, it had swallowed up all its competitors. I cannot feel, appreciate, comprehend, what is going on around me. I strive to understand what seems understood by all but myself; to feel what others seem to feel; to infer as they infer; and to calculate on events as they calculate. But all seems a maze and a mystery; as if my mind was of a different constitution from that of mankind in general; as if I had not even the feelings of my species, far less its reasoning powers, its views of the nature and causes of events, its anticipations of their consequences, and, as a natural result of those, the power of determining on my own future conduct.

Thus do I find myself without even that worldly prudence, which,

in others, seems the result of a habit that costs no effort ; as if Nature had gifted them with some faculty which she had refused to me. Incapable of discerning character through the mist of entangled actions, I am deceived or deceive myself in every hour of my narrow course ; more a boy, perhaps, in the world than at the day which saw me first entered at college ; and, as I fast find, not adding to my friendships, but rather daily losing those which I had at first imagined myself to have secured. The world has nothing in common with me, or I have nothing in common with the world ; and I begin to fear that I shall shortly be left alone to my own ideas, or compelled to return to St. John's, and there wear out my days in the pursuits which have so long engrossed my whole attention.

But it is not only in the collisions of society and the world that I thus find myself a castaway : and though I have said that I must return to end my days on a fellowship in the Combination Room, I am chained to it and must remain, since I must follow the profession that has been allotted to me. And while that profession drives me to books, to reading, to study, it is among books, in libraries, that I also seek for the occupation and amusement which society has not afforded me. But as yet I seek them almost in vain. Every thing is new to me—all is unknown. The world of science and of morals, the whole encyclopædia of knowledge, except mathematics, is to me as to the child just born. If I open upon history, it is to find that I must retreat, and retreat again ; and terrified at the magnitude as at the novelty of the undertaking, I abandon it in despair. In policy, legislation, ethics, all is darkness, for I have no principles to guide my search ; and here too I am alarmed at the obscurity, as well as at the extents of subject, of which I had never even suspected the magnitude, number, or importance, scarcely the existence. Accidentally thrown for a few months into a circle engaged in discussing matters of commerce and public economy, I retreated from it with a sense of shameful ignorance, and with the hope of mastering those subjects in private. But I labour and despair, and I see no light : I am confounded with new views, I am puzzled with reasons which seem unsatisfactory, and I am referred to facts which I know not where to seek. The whole seems a turbulent ocean where there is no rest, a chaos where I cannot yet find those principles which I am now sensible I ought long ago to have mastered, and which I cannot now exert myself to search for and establish. When I think that I have found some basis of an enquiry, it soon slips from me again ; for there seems to me nothing congenial in my own mind, with which it can be amalgamated and to which it can adhere.

But to reflect on these graver matters is, at this moment, a source of vexation, almost of distraction to me, and I must quit it for things of less importance, though, like all else, sufficient sources of unhappiness, and, as you will shortly see, Mr. Editor, soon to prove, as I much

fear, no small addition to the evils which my mistaken pursuits have brought on me.

My profession, as I knew, would require a knowledge of the arts, a general one of the whole, and, of some branches, a very particular one. I did not therefore forget that there were such arts as painting and architecture; and, like others, I had amused myself with the Fitzwilliam collection, always putting off the day of acquiring that which seemed to me of so much less importance than the solid study of mathematics, and, at length, in the overwhelming absorption of those pursuits, even forgetting, at last, that there were such things daily in my eye as the buildings of Trinity, as Downing College, and Henry the Sixth's Chapel.

This neglect has just broken on my recollection. On a sudden I have found myself in London, in the midst of paintings, and if not surrounded by numerous specimens of admirable architecture, yet surrounded by variety of good and evil, and, what is worse, by a sort of excited spirit on all subjects of art, which seems now to pervade all classes of society. And I must now also fall into the company of those who know my public views, and from whom it is in vain that I attempt to conceal my disgraceful ignorance. Of paintings, of masters, of schools, of any thing that relates to the art or its principles, I feel like a child, or a savage suddenly brought out into a new world; as ignorant as that child, and without any one feeling or idea in unison with the persons or things about me. I am sensible that I am daily deprived of a source of pleasure, the effects of which I can see on my friends; but that is a small evil in comparison with the unlucky fact, that I have lost my reputation, (if I can be said to have lost what I never possessed,) before I have acquired it. My character for taste, or for expected knowledge, is already blasted, and to recover it may prove impossible.

It is now scarcely a consolation to me that I am a better mathematician than my neighbours, that I am really, as I may fairly say, a profound and solid geometrician. I have just discovered that a very little geometry is sufficient for an architect or an engineer, and that mathematical knowledge forms one of the least useful parts of his practical acquirements. And I have found, too late, that all which I could ever have wanted might have been learned in six months, that my command over the differential calculus is as useless in engineering and architecture as it is in chemistry or law, and, in short, that I have wasted five years in acquiring what is useless; and, what is much worse, while I have wasted years that can never be recalled, I have acquired a state of mind which I cannot well define or describe, that seems absolutely to unfit me for this profession, or for any practical one, for any of all the things which are to constitute my particular duties. All my refined powers of reasoning, all my habits of close abstraction, all my knowledge in higher branches of mathematical science, I now

find to be equally inapplicable and useless: they are not capable of application in practice, and as to my reasoning, I find it of much less value than that of my unscientific neighbours and rivals.

And while I have wasted those years in this dazzling and seducing pursuit, I have forgotten to learn all that I really wanted, all that I should be hourly called on to apply: and now I know not how to acquire them. The whole mass of my wants has fallen on me at once, and I know not at which side to begin. While I pursue one thing, I am distracted with claims from another quarter; nothing is done right, and nothing of all that I attempt to acquire in this hurried and confused manner, adheres to me, because I have not bottomed myself in those matters when I might: I am a pupil when I ought to be teaching, a student when I ought to be acting, and an apprentice where I should have been a master. If, of my five years, I had but spent four on the proper objects of my education, I should now have been at my ease, I should, I flatter myself, have been far advanced in my profession in life, in the way, possibly, to wealth; but whether I shall ever now recover what I have neglected and lost, is much more than doubtful. In truth, a thousand times in this forced and awkward career, I sit down and despair, almost envying the duller men whom I see outstripping me in the race, but who, instead of following the silly and fruitless plan which my injudicious friends had laid down for me, have spent their youth in acquiring useful knowledge and useful powers of reasoning.

A thousand times too, in the day, do I now feel tempted to curse Cambridge, and all its useless and foolish studies; studies which have misled my youth, injured my health, robbed me of my money, and destroyed my precious time. As an engineer, I was to be well grounded in mathematics, forsooth; I could never prosper without mathematical knowledge; it was the basis, the whole, the entire, the "sine qua non" of my education. And so it has proved, God knows; and could I but forget it all again, and recall, were it but one quarter of my lost hours, I might now be comparatively a happy man.

I have neither the courage nor the temper at present to examine the system of that university: while still feeling the attachment of habit to it, to my college, to all the people and customs which have been almost entwined with my existence, I cannot allow myself to speak with the indignation which would, I am sure, follow such an attempt. I will not, therefore, ask by whom this system was established, why and how it is fostered, for what purpose, and with what views or hopes the exclusive study of mathematics is encouraged, and why it is held out as the sole object worthy of ambition, and its honours the only merit. But I may ask, with what views an education of this nature is given to him who is intended for the church, for the law, for commerce, for physic, or to him who may be destined to the higher offices of the state, or to any office of this nature? There is not one of all those to whom

mathematics can be of any use as an acquisition, unless I were to make a slender exception in favour of physic ; and, in no one, does the logic of mathematics, as it is called, produce or cultivate that species of reasoning or establish those mental powers which are to form the guide and rule of their conduct, and direct them in the just and correct management of the duties which they will have to perform.

And how can I forget also, that, in all this, the real objects of the studies of all these persons is neglected and forgotten, as my own have been ? The churchman learns neither theology nor religion ; the lawyer neither law, history, ethics, nor that logic which must form his logic ; nor do either cultivate their own language, that which must form the basis of their rhetoric and oratory, far less that rhetoric and that oratory on which the professions, both of the church and of the law so naturally depend. That the future physician learns neither physic, anatomy, botany, chemistry, nor pharmacy, nothing of all that constitutes his science and enables him to practise his art, is more than notorious ; since, having, with us, gone through the farce of his terms and his degrees, he must go elsewhere to learn every thing that is essential ; while, like myself, he must begin to study in reality, just when his studies are supposed to be finished, and when he ought to be practising his profession. In what way the mathematical science is to qualify a man for being a statesman, or a legislator, or an officer of government under any form, I am really unable to conjecture ; being perfectly convinced that, with all of that knowledge which I possess, and which, writing anonymously, I may boast of, without egotism, as equal to that of Woodhouse or Ivory, I am very sure that I am not fit to be made a commissioner of customs, or even a treasury clerk.

If the university itself will not consider these things, if it will not reflect that its duty and business, the very purpose, I suppose, for which it was founded, was, and is, to educate young men so that they may be fit for their several professions, and not to make every man indiscriminately a mathematician, and nothing else, though he may never, in the whole of his future life, have again occasion to look at a triangle or think of an equation, our parents at least might ask themselves this question before they send us to waste our time and money on so fruitless a pursuit. But they follow the stream without reflection ; dazzled, I suppose, by the imposing terms, *mathematics* and *science*, and by the fame of Newton, and by all those unexamined opinions by which the mass of mankind is governed. Thus also the very name Cambridge seems to deprive them of their senses, as does the word university, and the much more sonorous honour of an university education ; to which all aspire for their darling children, as if there was a virtue in the very name, as if to have breathed the air of Cambridge for four or five years, was to convert an ignorant being into a philosopher.

I have become a mathematician, it is true ; and, thus far, the object of my own parents, mistaken and misplaced as it has been, has not

been defeated. And if I had been destined for a professorship of mathematics, or to the place of astronomer royal, the end would have been attained. But my end has not been attained, as that is not my fate; and, so far, therefore, my own time has been as much wasted as that of those, the far greater number, who have neither acquired mathematics nor any thing else.

That there are many such, who leave Cambridge as little informed, on even this subject, as they entered it, I presume I need scarcely say, when we find so few mathematicians in the world; so few in society, even in professions which seem to require this kind of knowledge, who know any thing whatever about the matter. If parents expect that every boy who goes to Cambridge is to issue a mathematician, they are most grossly, grievously mistaken; and so far from this, I can venture to say that, in my own year, there was not one mathematician left the university; and that ninety-nine in a hundred could not, in two months after leaving it, have solved a common problem in plane trigonometry. By what means the appearance of this acquisition is carried through the university, by what means young men contrive even to rise to honours without real mathematical knowledge, it would be tedious to say here; and perhaps it would not be right in me thus far to betray the secrets and expose the vices of my own Alma Mater.

But if parents will not be convinced by my assertion, it is not difficult to bring the matter to the test of calculation. There are not a great many real mathematicians in Britain altogether; and, of that small number, which it would be invidious to the less informed to select and name, there is not one-third that has been educated at Cambridge. Speaking as a mathematician ought, I will only assume that a thousand young men annually arrive at Cambridge and quit it, or that there are a thousand residents, a thousand persons educated in the mathematical science. If any one can produce fifteen mathematicians formed by Cambridge within the last thirty years, I should be very well pleased if any of your correspondents would name them, for it is more than I could do; and this, it is plain, gives a ratio of one to two thousand. That is, out of two thousand young men, spending, on an average, three years, or four, and, I ought to add, a thousand pounds each, in acquiring mathematics, one succeeds; while, I am very sure, that of the remaining one thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine, there are not fifty that have become even moderately skilled in this science, while there are at least a thousand who know not more about it than an infant. And even of those who may have gained some knowledge of this nature, there is not one in two or three hundred to whom it becomes, in after life, of the remotest degree of use, or even of satisfaction or ornament. There may be a few whose misfortune it will be to become teachers in academies, to whom it may become a profession; while, unluckily, it proves a worse one than that of a carpenter or a tailor. A few also may possibly become architects or

engineers, or soldiers; but it is a singular fact nevertheless, that since the days of Sir Christopher Wren, we have not had one architect nor an engineer who was a mathematician.

With this chance of success before them, parents may now calculate, each for himself, whether his son is to be the fortunate exception, the sole youth of two thousand, or even of one thousand, who is to be the mathematician, to acquire that miraculous rank and wonderful knowledge, for which all those sacrifices have been made. And when they thus calculate, let them also add to the calculation, that if their child be destined to a profession, they are impeding his studies instead of forwarding them; impeding those, whether he acquires the mathematics or not, and wasting that time which is generally all the time he possesses towards acquiring the knowledge which he really requires. Let them here calculate too, that probably when he leaves the university, he must immediately enter on his profession, be he destined for a statesman, a clergyman, a lawyer, a doctor, a merchant, a manufacturer, a chemist, an engineer, an architect, what not; or that if, as is probable, he is utterly unacquainted with all that which must be the foundation and knowledge of his peculiar profession, he must spend three or four more years, and another thousand pounds, in acquiring what he ought now to have known, or set to work and take his chance of contempt, ignorance, incapacity, and perhaps ruin.

And there is another consideration yet, which must not be kept out of this calculation; while I am sorry that I cannot overlook it, reflecting, as it does, on the establishment to which, in spite of all its errors, and my misfortunes, I still feel an unaccountable attachment. It is very probable that young men arrive at Cambridge from the public schools, with very doubtful morals, to use no harsher phraseology; yet though my own studious and retired habits kept me from mixing much with the idle society of my own or any other college, it is but too notorious and lamentable that the university is an extensive school of vice and profligacy under all their forms. It is absolutely fearful to reflect on what even I have witnessed; and I do not indeed well see how it is possible for any youth to stem the universal torrent of corruption; while it is most certain, that there is an extremely small proportion of young men who ever think seriously of any study or learning while they are at the university, or consider it as any other than a place in which they may amuse themselves with every species of fashionable vice.

Thus it happens, that, not merely neglect of all useful learning is the character of the university, but that there are acquired in it, habits of idleness, immorality, laxity, or absolute vice, scarcely ever again to be eradicated, and not seldom attended with ruined health as with ruined minds, to become the bane or curse of after life.

And while I must confess that I was myself shocked and astonished at the general conduct of my fellow students, in spite of all the

appearance of discipline, and, I presume, of the efforts of the heads of colleges, and of rules and censures, so was I still more surprised at finding that the necessity of learning seemed not to form a feeling with any but the solitary few of studious habits, or narrow means, or with those who knew and felt that their success in life must depend on their own unsupported exertions. I had expected to find that every one was in pursuit of science and of nothing else; that all conversation was scientific, or at least literary, and that, to learn, was a pleasure as well as a duty. Knowing that there were professorships of botany, anatomy, chemistry, law, and so on, I had flattered myself with finding, not only professors, but students, skilled in all those sciences, and pursuing them with avidity; and I expected that, with little effort of my own, living in the midst of scientific conversation, I should have acquired an insight into those sciences which were especially to be of use to myself; that my doubts could be resolved in a moment by merely asking questions; that I should be directed in the choice of books, and that libraries, lectures, persons, every thing around me would be open to me; that I was to live in and breathe an atmosphere of science.

Alas! I found myself an Undergraduate, looked down on by all above me; nobody, not one man, seemed to care about himself or about me, except my tutor, who could only listen to my Euclid and my Algebra, and who, when I questioned him, was unable to answer me, and discouraged all other studies but his own. Many of the professorships were sinecures, and there were no lectures; where there were lectures I found I could not learn from them, as I could ask no questions, make no experiments, get access to no books, and found nobody to communicate with, nobody to direct me, to tell me what I ought to learn or how I could contrive to learn it. In short, I found that nothing but mathematics were honoured or cared for; and those who did not pursue them, spent their days and nights in idleness and drinking. By degrees, therefore, I forgot what it was that I wished to learn and ought to have learned; and, naturally studious and retired, sunk into the abyss of mathematics, gained honours, and, at length,—have awakened from my dream.

Yet once or twice I seemed to awake during my career, and thought of asking myself what I was doing; whether I was making myself acquainted with my future profession; whether I was studying chemistry, geology, mineralogy, sciences with which it was probable I was hereafter to deal; whether I was learning to draw, to survey land, to understand materials as a builder and an engineer, whether even my geometry and my algebra were teaching me how to build a bridge or a dock, how to lay out a canal, work a mine, or construct a crane or a mill. But again, the charm of my mathematics, the ambition of honours, hurried me away and drowned those thoughts; and then also I reflected that I should now assuredly attain a fellowship, and should

then gain access to all the men of science around me, be admitted to the instructive conversation of the Combination Room, and soon make up my time. I did succeed; I became all that I had wished, and, must I say it, Mr. Editor? in all that period which I spent in this Elysium, I never once heard a single question of science discussed, or even named; and I learned, rather too late, that as was the bottom so was the top; and that I must now seek for what I wanted elsewhere. I sought it all in London, where I now see, when it is too late, that I ought to have sought it all originally; for, even in the apathy of my regret and despair—almost despair—I here find that I have acquired more knowledge in three months than in the whole five years of my residence at Cambridge. London is the university, after all. It is here alone that real knowledge is to be acquired. I have shut up my Newton and La Place for ever; and even while I write, a gleam of hope breaks on me, and seems to assure me that I may yet be something, though I feel that I must again begin to labour, when I had flattered myself that my labours were ended.

I have blamed my parents; and yet they were not so far wrong as most others; since the connection of mathematics with my future views might have misled better judges. They knew not, and I had to discover, that a very limited portion of mathematical acquirements was amply sufficient for all my purposes—for all useful purposes; and that my duties were to be practical, not speculative. They did not know, and I did not consider, that fluxions would neither explain nor construct what it would fall on me to understand and direct; and they forgot, as I did, how many other sciences would be called on in my career, and that my success must depend on the universality of my knowledge, and of my practical and useful knowledge. They forgot, and so did I, that if I spent all my time in mathematics, I should have none left for my necessary studies; but they expected to make a mathematician of me; and a mathematician indeed they have made. But the mathematician will starve; and he must now learn to forget what he has been, and grieve over the honours to which he once looked as the supreme attainment in human felicity.

It is a year now, Mr. Editor, since I committed to paper, the lamentations (for so I must call them) with which I have troubled you. Whether, Cantabrigian as I understand you to be, you will condescend to publish them as a warning against the rock on which I have been wrecked, I cannot foresee; and it was from a doubt on this subject that they have so long lain in my portfolio; so often tumbled over that it will be fortunate if you can decypher them. On viewing them, however, I have determined that they shall take their chance; and written, as they were, during various moments of sad reflection, I will not even alter the form, though I must not boast of a correct composition where I did not intend to make one. I have now begun to

see daylight in the career before me; I have even undertaken to direct one of my former companions, equally industrious and equally misled, if less successful; and whose object also was somewhat different from mine, inasmuch as he was destined to the superintendence of two important manufactories, requiring profound and extensive chemical knowledge, among other things. Thus I am become a sort of teacher and a learner at once; and have scarcely yet discovered by which of the two operations I have made the greatest progress.

My pupil, however, if such I can call him, is at no loss in deciding between his present line of study and that which he pursued so long, with even more industry, though to no useful purpose. If I have derived some slender advantage from my mathematics, it has been his evil fate to gain none; and the whole of his previous labour, if not the whole of mine, has thus been absolutely lost. He has been once or twice inclined to trouble you, like myself, with the history of his own peculiar grievances; but will now, I believe, be satisfied to leave the pen to me; though I cannot, as he might, explain precisely what are the operations which he will have to conduct, or to what extent he must yet labour in acquiring the knowledge which a just view of his profession has pointed out as necessary for him. But, like myself, he feels that London is his university; and that, under a guidance, here easily obtained, and with the active demonstrations going on all around him, in real, not fictitious lectures, in manufactories, models, machinery, operations of all kinds, and with the opportunity of cultivating practical men, consulting books, asking questions where doubts arise, and the power of working for himself, he is rapidly restoring to himself the time he had lost, and bidding fair to be the useful and intelligent professional man of which he had at first despaired.

And if I have thus set up as a teacher, a very partial one and a very imperfect one I must admit, I have also discovered, in the conduct of those kind-hearted persons who have assisted him in his pursuits, some facts in the business of teaching, which have rather confounded all my former university theories on this subject; which have as much confounded me as I have been disappointed by the new views respecting the high and vast utility of extensive mathematical knowledge, which have lately been forced on me.

I said that my friend and neighbour at St. John's was no less industrious than myself; gaining the applause of his tutor, and taking ultimately what we call a very fair degree. Thinking, myself, of nothing beyond the solution of our problems, and seeing his success, I had considered that his tutor was doing well the duty he had undertaken, and was often inclined to compassionate as well as to applaud his laborious exertions. I have had, Mr. Editor, to change my mind about this matter; and not less to change my mind about the labours and judgment of a teacher, than about the success of his pupils. Never was such a routine of mechanism, as that which is called

teaching; and I really doubt now whether there is any practised teacher, whether in mathematics or anything else, who makes [the slightest mental exertion, or does more than might be done by an engine, if we could make an engine speak. My friend was a mathematician, I have said it; but his mathematics were a mere effect of memory, an affair of rote; and when I began to examine him as to principles, when I tried to make him apply them to practice, I found him as much at a loss as if he had never looked beyond the first book of his Euclid. I see now the reason, though I did not see it then, and I see that it cannot be otherwise. Neither public teacher, the teacher of a class, nor private tutor, ever attempts to ascertain what is the pupil's state or strength of mind; whether he really understands what he is doing, still less whether he sees the object, purpose, or connexions of it. To all minds, all conditions of intellect, and almost all of progress, in the public class at least, and too commonly in the private ones, the same instructions are given, the same mechanical explanations; and while the process seems to be advancing in the general mass, the teacher never considers what the individuals are doing, but is satisfied. And instead of really labouring, even in this slovenly way, of doing his duty, I am now convinced that there is not the least mental exertion; and that, as is reported of Sir Walter Scott, the teacher might be composing a novel while he is appearing to listen and to teach.

I am not going to lay down a better method; I could not if I were inclined, since I am but a new and an inexperienced teacher myself, as the teacher of one pupil must needs be. But I have discovered two things; that, in six weeks, I have taught my friend more mathematics, that is, more real, solid, useful mathematical knowledge than he had acquired during his whole university residence; and that, in one hour he has done more under my direction, or been put in the way of understanding and doing more, than he would have acquired, or did acquire, in the ordinary instruction, during a whole term. I know his mind, and I know his progress; I see his doubts and can solve them. I can show him his road and make it easy; and I can also show him where and how his mathematics will be of use, and how he is to use them; what is useless, and what he may neglect.

But I have also discovered that in this, which is my especial science, it requires more exertion of mind, more care, more discernment, to direct and educate one pupil well than to teach a whole class; and that perhaps the labours of one hour, to me, are thus greater than the whole exertions of a day to the teacher who carries on the routine of a dozen pupils. This has taught me a sort of respect for private tutors which I was little inclined to yield formerly; but I must add, that this respect can only be commanded where the tutor really does his duty to his especial pupil, whose mind he must study, to whose slowness or aberrations he must adapt his instruction, whom he will fairly examine,

and whose doubts he will clear up, as he directs him in that particular manner which suits the complexion of his mind. Such a tutor is, I am sure, invaluable; and if (as I may, anonymously, say it without a blush) I feel that I am myself such in mathematics, I must equally conclude that the same rule applies to all the sciences; as indeed I am partially convinced already, by the effects which a very few conversations only, with professional men, have produced on the mind and progress of my friend.

I must own, that during my severe labours and intense application at college, I was unwilling to believe what I had often read and heard, that learning of any kind was to be attained without such application; and far less was I inclined to admit what was asserted of the Jesuits' method of instruction, which consisted chiefly in conversation, and in very occasional conversations also. I now acknowledge my error. I now see that when I have been spending ten hours a day in intense labour, I have not reaped the fruits of one hour; though what became of the rest, I cannot now divine. And I now also see that had I possessed a sensible and intelligent tutor, instead of a mechanical one, (though mine was among the best,) I should have made in one hour the progress I made in a week; and that, above all things, if I had had the good luck of possessing one that was a man of real science, instead of a mere mathematician, I should with facility have attained, at the same time, a solid insight into the different sciences which I am now studying, and have, partially, at length begun to understand.

Such is a sort of sketch of the present history of my own labours and those of my friend; and every day I am more and more surprised at the progress we are both making in our several studies, under no other direction than that which I have named, and our own exertions. Above all things, I am thankful for the events which have fixed me for a time in London, and for the circumstances which have given me access to men of real and various knowledge, as to all those works, books, collections, and so on, which surround me at present; to that activity in every thing solid and useful, which forms such a contrast with the useless, dead, unprofitable gloom and sleep of a college life and of college studies. I am now no longer ashamed to find myself in society; and, every day, I am sensible that I learn something useful in conversation, as every day I see and observe something from which I derive valuable and solid instruction. I am even astonished at the rapidity of my progress, now that I have once found the real avenue to learning. Five months, nay almost five weeks, have done more for me lately than the whole five of my college years; and the despair which had aided, with my former uniform gloomy labours, in paralyzing my faculties, has fled, never more, I trust, to return.

But I must cease to speak of myself, though I cannot help thinking that my history may be of use to those who may be situated as I have been, and am; however doubtful I may be of influencing those,

whether pupil or parents, who still look up to Cambridge and to mathematics with wonder and awe; and who, unable to form opinions of their own, will continue to follow the muddy stream which their predecessors have floundered in before them. But now that I can argue this question in another way than I should have done when my eyes were darkened with the fogs of St. John's, I shall trouble you with one or two thoughts that have recently occurred to me on the subject of mathematical learning.

I am not going to doubt or deny the profundity, the splendour, the difficulty, of that study which forms the sole or main object of a Cambridge education, you may well suppose; nor, though I have named my own regrets and indignation, am I even insensible to the captivating nature of those pursuits, to the high interest which they excite, or the gratification which they afford. I know not indeed that life contains any pleasure greater than that of watching the development of mathematical truth—than that of pursuing a train of accurate reasoning, or seeing our labours terminate in a satisfactory result. Neither am I insensible to the just fame which our university has derived from the great men which it has produced in this department, nor to that which Britain itself has inherited from the great names that are found in the annals of its mathematical science. Far from it. Mathematics have been my mistress, and they are still the objects of fond recollections; and of an interest which I am but too sensible I must not now indulge as I have done. For, that they possess those seducing qualities, is perhaps even one of their faults; since we must not too far yield utility to pleasure; even though that pleasure be the laudable pleasures of the intellect, the exertion of our highest reasoning faculties.

As members of an active community, it is our business and duty to qualify ourselves for the services which it demands from us; and hence mathematics must, and can only be, justly estimated, like all other knowledge, by their utility; except in those rare cases where those who have no absolute duties to perform, may, if they please, use them as the occupation or amusement of their leisure.

I know full well that they form the indispensable preliminary, the grammar, I might almost say, of many of the sciences; of some at least. I know this from my own experience, because the sciences in question are those which fall especially to my lot. But let us see that we do not over-rate their use and application. They are required in some of the arts that belong to war and to navigation; they are required in those arts where mechanism and machinery are concerned; and thus they form a basis of instruction for the engineer, the architect, the miner, and the surveyor, if we may distinguish this last profession. But here we may almost draw the limit; for they are not the grammar of the theologian, the lawyer, the statesman, the economist, the merchant, the agriculturist, the chemist, or the physician, nor of many

offices, branching out of those, which I need not detail; as they are equally useless to most artists, artists in the fine arts, and to a large division of artisans and manufacturers.

Such a statement must demonstrate to how small a portion of society the uses of mathematics are limited; while it is the custom to bestow this education indiscriminately on all; on all, at least, who frequent the nursing mother whose milk I sucked.

And I may now also safely ask, to what extent mathematical knowledge is useful to the profession and pursuits which I have just named? or, rather, what extent, what progress in mathematics is required to gain, for those purposes, all that is wanted for success?

I must make that enquiry brief, which might easily be prolonged, by details that would occupy too much of your valuable room.

Let us even suppose that the practical man ought to be acquainted with the mathematical principles of the arts which he exercises, it is not difficult to see how very narrow a basis of mathematical knowledge is necessary for all those purposes. In mechanics, it is sufficient to know the most obvious demonstrations in the theory; and to what a narrow branch of geometry those are limited, I need not say. That a mechanician should be acquainted with dynamics, nobody will maintain; and it is most certain that he would derive no use from them. The same kind of reasoning applies to carpentry and architecture, as it does to ordinary and military engineering, and to gunnery and navigation; as it does also to surveying, since a knowledge of plane and spherical trigonometry will give even the theory of that which may quite as well be conducted by mere practical rules. And if there are practical problems, such as in mensuration for example, the principles of which cannot be understood without fluxions, I know not that it is necessary for every gauger and surveyor to be a mathematician, or that he would gain much in utility by knowing the theory of rules which cannot fail to succeed in his hands.

But, writing to your general readers, I must not enter on details here which would not be generally understood; though it is easy to ask, whether it is necessary that every practical lawyer should be also a jurist, like Bentham, every merchant a Smith or a Malthus, more than every navigator a Newton. The cases are parallel; and the inventors, the great theorists in science, must, in all cases, be distinguished from those who are to apply the discoveries which those have made.

And it is a remarkable truth, that those inventors, those great theorists and mathematicians, have not been the discoverers of the useful applications of mathematics. Nearly every one of our valuable discoveries in the mechanical arts, have been the produce of men not mathematicians; often, absolutely ignorant of almost the name of mathematics, and very frequently utterly uneducated. The very worst Minister of Marine which France ever possessed, was the ma-

thematician Monge ; and excelling us, surely, as the French have for a long time done in mathematical science, we have almost invariably outstripped them in ship-building. We have very lately outstripped them, conspicuously, in the person of Sir Robert Seppings ;—himself, if I have rightly understood, so ignorant at first of the commonest principles, that he did not even understand what was meant by the resolution of forces, and could not comprehend the principle of his own invention, even when it was explained to him. Thus also have we, most notably, outdone the rival nation in our endless machines and inventions, notwithstanding their superior and boasted science ; and in no one case of this nature, I believe, have we been indebted to a mathematician, even for a hint.

I excepted Wren before ; but, in no other instance, have our great engineers and architects been mathematicians : while he, who was the very father of modern engineering, of the trade of civil engineer, Smeaton, did not make even a pretence to that mathematical knowledge of which he possessed none. It would be easy to apply this much more widely, but it is not necessary—while it would be no less easy to give the history of individuals, sufficiently well known to the public as men of the highest eminence in their professions, and not less known to mathematicians as utterly ignorant, or most slenderly informed in mathematical knowledge.

I might here show, if I chose, the exact point at which mathematical knowledge ceases to be practically useful, whether in mere geometry, or in algebra and in the more abstruse methods of calculation which depend on the adoption of symbols ; but to do this, would be to write what general readers would not understand, and what mathematical ones will comprehend without explanation.

This is as far as I can here venture to go on the question of the practical and absolute application and utility of mathematical learning ; but it is proper to examine that assertion also, which maintains that mathematics form the only true logic, and that they are the most valuable engine for cultivating the faculties. Though I noticed this subject formerly, it deserves a little further examination.

Were I to judge solely from my own experience, I should, without hesitation, deny the assertion—feeling that I have gained nothing but the faculty of patience and abstraction ; while I am not less sensible that this patience is such only, as it is applied to the very objects for which, and by which, it was formed. I do not perceive that I have one jot more patience than my non-mathematical friends, in the ordinary pursuits and studies of life—nor in moral matters ; nor do I perceive that my habits of abstraction to a series of signs and symbols, have any thing whatever to do with that moral quality, as required for the general concerns of life. On the contrary, I suspect very much, that it is quite the reverse ; and that from long habit and practice of having my attention exclusively excited and secured by one class of

operations, I can scarcely fix it to matters which possess a less apparent interest, or a different kind of interest. I am not even sure that I am not the worst chess player in the whole circle of my acquaintance; though often assured that an algebraist and a mathematician must inevitably be the conqueror of the world and the rival of Philidor.

Now, of the utility of mathematical science as an engine of reasoning, I am even more doubtful, or, rather, I am quite certain, that it is of no use whatever, beyond those particular objects of which it forms a basis or a portion. I can feel its value in conferring precision of views and ideas in my mechanical pursuits, undoubtedly; and I feel too, that it renders my language, on all physical subjects, I believe, certainly on many, more precise than that of most of my friends. But there it ends; and I cannot really see how it should possibly do more.

In fact, the whole matter has been miscalculated, or over-rated, from ignorance of mathematical science chiefly; but partly from confounding different things under the general and vague term—reasoning; from not accurately inquiring into the process called reasoning, as it is applied to different objects and pursuits.

A man must indeed be absolutely ignorant of mathematics, to imagine that all the branches of it consist in trains of reasoning, even though we were to use this word in the most lax sense. A student does reason himself through Euclid's elements, I admit, as far as that can be called reasoning, which is never for a moment engaged about any thing but the comparison of quantities, about the contemplation of equal or dissimilar magnitudes, about angles and lines, surfaces, solids, and proportions. Here, under some sense or other, geometry is an object of reasoning; and the geometer, he who pursues this branch of mathematics, may cultivate his reasoning faculty by this method—if he can,—as far at least as it admits of being thus cultivated.

But I must inform your common readers, that geometry is not the fashion, at present, in mathematics; since it seems that there must be such variations of humour and views, fashions, even on subjects of such a nature as this. It is the usage now to do the work in a far other way, by algebra, or by symbols; and though it is not all done thus, a deep incision has been made into the geometry which was the pursuit of our ancestors, and the pursuit of Cambridge also.

And whether this were the case or not, our college pursuits, or the mathematics on which we pride ourselves, are not founded in geometry but on algebra: they are the calculi, (to use a hard word,) the calculations, which depend on symbols, and in which I never could discover that any atom of reasoning, if I rightly apprehend that term, ever enters, at least after the first step is fixed. The whole is a system of conjuration, if I may use such a word for want of a better. Not only is there no one step that can be called reasoning, but the man who works this engine, does not even know, from one minute to

another, what he is doing; nor does he see one inch beyond the unmeaning symbol which he substitutes or transposes, multiplies or divides, squares or cubes. There is not a point of the whole operation where he knows what he is performing, till the work is finished and the solution comes out; and need I say, that if an  $x$  has been misplaced, or a dot forgotten, it may turn out, as it often does, that nothing is more than something, or that the same body weighs one pound and ten thousand. It is the man who puts a quantity of dice into a box, and who exhibits his ingenuity and patience, by shaking them so artificially, as to make them all turn up aces.

In this way, therefore, is the reasoning faculty cultivated by modern mathematics; and your mathematical readers will vouch for me, that I have not exceeded the truth; while there is not one who, if he be honest, will not confess what I am now confessing. If he do confess, he will acknowledge, that, so far from his reasoning faculty having been cultivated, it has much more probably been injured, and that he is far behind in general mental powers to those who have undergone a discursive, even a mere literary education; who have been engaged on things, or even the names of things, or on ideas, instead of in conjurations, and abstractions, and the exercise of a peculiar kind of ingenuity.

If it is answered, that there are, and have been, great mathematicians who are also able lawyers, or men of general science and extensive knowledge, it is easy to perceive that these are things running parallel, not that the one is the produce of the other. The same ability and industry, otherwise directed, which have made this man the lawyer, or man of general science, were also those which made him the mathematician; but the latter study or effect has not been the cause of the former.

If I have here spoken hitherto from my own experience, I can also back myself by authority; by that of Dugald Stewart, himself a mathematician as well as a moral philosopher; and by a far greater name than his, that of Bacon. So can I also, by the name of a mathematician, whose knowledge in this science will as little be questioned as his general ability, I mean S'Gravesande. I need not quote from the first work, which is in the hands of most persons; but when Bacon remarks, that the "logical part of some men's minds is bad, while the mathematical part is good," he pronounces at once his judgment on the logical value of mathematics. The expressions of this last named author, are far more full and strong: but as I cannot well abridge a passage which it is not very convenient to quote, I may refer your readers to his well-known work.

But I may remark in general, that there is an utter distinction between mathematical and moral reasoning, depending on circumstances that must be apparent almost as soon as they are named.

Let us examine in what mathematical reasoning consists; what is

the nature of mathematical truth: and, in this examination, it is of geometry that I must speak; since it is to this branch of mathematics, to be correct, that the operation of reasoning is limited.

I shall but use the language of much better mathematicians than myself, when I say that the whole science is founded on the very simple fact contained in one of the earliest propositions of Euclid; namely, and in vulgar language, that two magnitudes, triangles, which coincide in every part when brought into approximation, are equal. And, not to enter on the doctrines of proportion, as not suited to general readers, while all mathematical truths are based on the simple fact of equality, all mathematical reasonings are analogous processes, by which that equality is finally inferred.

Consent, or conclusion, is therefore an inevitable consequence; or it is compulsory on us to believe in what is called demonstration; while, in every step of the whole process, there is an equally necessary conviction of the truth or falsehood of the different relations by which we finally ascertain the ultimate truth in view. There is here no conflicting evidence to distract us, no probabilities to mislead us, no opposed weights to balance, no fair falsehoods to influence our reasoning, nor any prejudices to contend with. The truth or the falsehood are always clear and decided; and we believe, not because we desire it, but because we cannot avoid believing.

And let us also observe here, that if we have no prejudices to contend with, it is because we have no interest in the result; no other interest at least, than that of convincing ourselves that it is fairly and truly drawn. Our affections are in no way engaged in the conclusion; it is indifferent to us what that is, so that it be but a just conclusion. We might not have known that the angle in a semicircle was a right angle; it is even possible that we might have expected, we might possibly have wished, to find it otherwise; but the moment that we are convinced it is so, we are satisfied. If, at present, we are anxious, interested, in finding the ratio of the hypotenuse, or the area of the circle, it is because we think them capable of being ascertained: let the impossibility be demonstrated, and we are as well satisfied as if we had assigned the ratio of the one and squared the other.

As an engine of reasoning, therefore, or rather as a method of logic, a means of cultivating the general reasoning or logical faculties, the mathematics possess the fundamental defect of considering truth merely as it relates to itself; not in its connexion with us, with our passions, prejudices, desires, or feelings. And, similarly, its truths bear no relation to the state, nature, or feelings of mankind at large; or to human actions and human events. The truth of mathematics relates simply to quantity, and to abstracted quantity; and their circle of reasoning is but one, ending as it begins; unyielding, incapable of bias or perversion, unacquainted with probabilities, and rejecting all that is not certain; tangible, it may almost be called.

But the mass of human knowledge, human events, human actions, consists not in quantities, not even in certainties; life is a series and an entanglement of probabilities, or of things not tangible, and not to be measured or weighed. Thus also do the great operations of reasoning consist in the examination of probabilities, in the balancing of contending evidences, evidences of different force and weight. They consist in discovering and eliciting absolute truth, by a series of operations utterly distinct from those by which the truths which belong to quantity are discovered; and failing to elicit absolute truth, they learn to act upon that which is probable, which is supported by the predominance of evidence.

The logic, therefore, of all that is not mathematics, is a logic apart from the logic of quantities, of abstract and absolute truth; and this is the logic in which human knowledge, all other human knowledge than mathematical, is concerned. And it is a distinct logic; which never was, and never will be, formed out of the logic of mathematics. And while this latter species of reasoning is thus inapplicable to the great mass of human knowledge and human action, it possesses no power in counteracting those great obstacles to the discovery of truth—passion, feeling, prejudice; qualities with which we are in daily contention, which are the leading causes of error and falsehood, as of wrong action. It is the logic of morals, of metaphysics, if I may use a term often abused, which is the logic that we require; that logic which proceeds by analogies, which exerts itself in weighing probabilities, in counteracting passion, in clearing away the endless entanglement by which truth is perverted or obscured.

If this reasoning applies most fully and especially to moral investigation and moral truth, to that which forms the endlessly implicated and main business of life, so is it true, if in a less marked degree, that the logic of mathematics, that precise, dry, and secure method of investigating truth which is derived from geometry, is not an engine of general power and application, even with respect to physical nature as it now surrounds us. Were our knowledge of nature complete, had we elicited all the facts, ascertained all the truths that belong to matter in its endless forms, our reasoning respecting physical analogies, events, or facts, would be as precise as our reasoning respecting abstract quantities; and we might then indeed apply to them a rigid logic resembling the logic of mathematics. There would be one logic for matter, whether real, or in its abstract relations; as there would be, and must always be, for morals, while we are the imperfect creatures that we have been formed.

But we are yet far removed from this degree of knowledge. We know the forms and relations of matter, the bodies or substances which constitute physical nature,—Nature,—and their mutual relations and actions, but in parts; we see them imperfectly, even where we do see; and what we do not see we attempt to infer or

conjecture by analogies, by probabilities, by the balance of evidence. Thus it is that the logic of physics partakes of the logic of morals, as yet, even more than it does of the positive logic of mathematics. And this might easily be illustrated in a thousand ways; it might easily be illustrated by the mathematics themselves, when the very first step, the foundation of a mathematical investigation, is laid on moral reasoning, or fixed by the logic of superior probabilities.

I cannot here afford space to illustrate this as it might easily be illustrated, nor attempt to specify the exact nature of that logic which must be our guide in physical investigations, since it would require an essay in itself. But I may remark, that it must be founded, and can only be founded, on an extensive acquaintance with nature, with the forms and relations of matter; and I may therefore leave it to the conclusion of your readers, how far the bare habits of mathematical reasoning will tend to form the logic of physics; or what probability there is, that we shall find a sound logician of this class, in him who has neglected the study of the things on which he is to reason, or whose whole logic has been confined to the comparison of the abstract truths that relate to mere quantity.

Such is a very slender sketch of the question, as it relates to the utility and nature of the logic to be derived from mathematics, as compared to that which is required for the investigation, whether of moral or physical truth; and here, for want of sufficient space, I must allow the question to rest. And, practically, it is a truth but too well known, as many more than Bacon have agreed, that while mathematicians have generally shown themselves no better reasoners than other persons in questions of morals, in all the great questions that belong to human life, they have very often, and very conspicuously, proved themselves to be much more deficient. Such censure has even, and not unfrequently, been passed in the form of ridicule and satire, and, most assuredly, not unjustly. How slenderly the great study of physics, of material nature, has profited by their reasoning powers, it would be equally easy to show; and when there have been exceptions, it is rather because two pursuits have been combined in one powerful mind, and that the philosopher and the mathematician have existed together in the same man.

I think I may fairly add to the preceding remarks, that while human knowledge does not consist in demonstrable and abstract truths, the exercise on those, which constitutes mathematical powers and forms mathematical reasoning, is deeply injurious, in a negative manner, by causing the neglect of the other mental powers, by leaving other, not less necessary faculties, uncultivated. It not only induces the neglect of the sciences and objects themselves, for the understanding of which it is held out as the indispensable basis and preliminary, it not only causes a similar neglect of moral relations and moral probabilities, thus

leaving the mind unfurnished with those facts, the knowledge of which is indispensable, and which must be the basis of all reasoning, without which there can indeed be no reasoning, but it impedes the very cultivation of those faculties which it is held forth as especially calculated to form.

And I believe too it will be found, that these pursuits (I speak, of course, of their excess) have an injurious general moral influence, that they affect perniciously the very texture of the mind, by inducing a habit, a permanent feeling of dissatisfaction, or doubt, respecting all truths which are not capable of strict demonstration. He who has long been used to receive exclusive satisfaction from the proofs that relate to magnitude, figure, and proportion, rarely feels easy under any proofs of inferior value. In the ordinary conduct of life, it is unquestionable that this state of mind has produced the effect of causing indecision of character; an unwillingness to act, or a slowness in action, or positive misdirection and wrong conduct, where persons of other habits, of minds commonly esteemed much inferior, have found no difficulty in choosing, and have also taken the right path.

Such appears to be the chief of the evils resulting from an extensive or an excessive attention to mathematical studies; while such also appear to be the answers which ought to be made to those who maintain their useful influence on the mind, and the explanations by which those answers may be defended. I know not if, after this, it is worth our while to consider some minor inconveniences arising from the same cause, but they may be named before terminating this slender essay, if essay it may be called.

It appears to be a fault in mathematical studies that they too often deprive science of its attractions, whatever seduction they may exert over some minds, thus repelling many more than they attract. This is an evil of no small weight; and I think that its effects may easily be witnessed in our own university. There is a happy medium, it is certain; but I fear it is not very often obtained; and that while, to most, science itself is thus rendered disgusting and repulsive, producing the same general dislike to study which is also the result of an exclusive attention to the dead languages in our schools, to a few others the consequence is that already stated, of exercising a seduction which directs them from all the really useful or necessary pursuits of youth.

Nor must I forget one other consequence, which, if not extremely frequent, is important in its results, defeating the very end and purpose of all that on which so much labour has been bestowed. It is most certain that the mass of mankind is incapable of following a train of close reasoning, or of comprehending the nature of demonstration; nor can it be expected from those who have not been accustomed to define their ideas or exert their own reasoning powers; while it is equally

certain that this great mass is especially under the influence of its prejudices and feelings.

Here, therefore, not only are the efforts of the mathematical reasoner wasted, his demonstrations thrown away, but, deprived, from want of habit, of all those modes of influencing mankind which depend on more vulgar or other modes of persuasion, he is vanquished by an inferior intellect, or sees produced, by means which he knows not, or has been taught to despise, the very effects at which he has laboured in vain. It is not in the nature of a rigid and mathematical reasoner, as it does not belong to his especial mode of reasoning, to vary, to extend, to repeat his arguments, to apply to feeble ones, to use analogies, to deal in illustration, to indulge in metaphor, to condescend to ornament, to appeal to the passions. He reasons with others as he would reason with himself; forgetting that all are not like himself, undiscerning in character, and unable to lower his faculties to the ignorant, to adapt himself to the prejudiced, or to suit and vary his methods of proof to the infinitely varying characters of the human mind. If, to apprehend clearly and to reason rigidly, must be the basis of persuasion, must confer the powers of demonstration, it must be recollected that all this is yet but the basis, and that those properties alone will not produce conviction, unless he who hears be capable of apprehending with equal velocity and precision, and of reasoning, himself, with equal accuracy.

But I must end, with some fear lest I should have wearied out your patience. I would not, however, be mistaken. I do not undervalue mathematics, far less despise them; I do not wish to see them abolished as a study for youth, because I am sensible that, to some of the sciences at least, a certain portion of them is necessary. But I wish to assign them their due value, and particularly for the end towards which they have been held out as indispensable—the general cultivation of the mind. And I wish that parents, and students also, would consider, precisely and accurately, not vaguely, not under the influence of habit and words, but with a view to the future, what it is that they propose to themselves in cultivating this branch of knowledge, what time it deserves, and whether there is not much more that is far more necessary. Mathematics are not the “one thing needful;” far from it; and, most assuredly, will those repent, as I have done, who, in looking backwards, find, in their retrospect, that every thing which they are now called upon to do, has been sacrificed to an useless pursuit or an empty fame.

I ought not, perhaps, to blame my teachers—to turn traitor to my own Alma Mater—but there is a fault somewhere; and the fault must be in those, who, having themselves been educated in false views, having received a wrong education, go on perpetuating it; as it must continue to be perpetuated while mathematician shall succeed to mathematician, and while all honours shall be reserved for mathematical attainments. It is to this cause that we must equally trace the persistence, in the

rival university, in classical education, almost exclusively; and to the same cause must we refer all the imperfect systems of education which have been promulgated, though few of them have been brought into action.

At my early age, and with my own imperfect experience, I do not pretend to correct the present systems, nor to offer a substitute. But I have acquired some experience, because I have now discovered my wants, and am labouring to amend. It must remain for him of longer and wider experience to lay down the exact road by which he has succeeded, and to warn the student against the erroneous paths into which he has been misled. It will be for such a philosopher, for him who has actually laboured up the hill of instruction, and who, in watching his own progress, has also kept his eye on that of others, to point out the mode in which the different branches of knowledge bear on each other, by what means it is most safe and easy to commence, and by what to proceed. He will know, since it will be the knowledge of experience, how to abbreviate, by the mutual illustration which the several parts of science afford to each other; how to exclude what is superfluous while he takes the shortest and the most secure track; and it is he who will best know how to gain what is wanted for each, how to teach to every one what he requires, and no more, since human life will not admit of everything, and how to gain for each and all, what is wanted, with the least retrogradation or superfluity, the least labour, the least loss of time. I am, &c.

CANTABRIGIENSIS.

**POSTSCRIPT.**—It strikes me, on reperusing what I have said, that I have not explained myself so clearly on one point as the case required, and as I have not now time to review and alter what I have written, I have taken the liberty with you of making the addition in a postscript.

If I have shown that the reasoning faculty is not, in reality, cultivated by mathematics, and more particularly by the higher branches, or the algebraic system, (to use that term for the whole tribe of *Calculi*;) you must also remark that this is the department exclusively honourable, to which the attention is really paid, and to which premiums and reputation are allotted. It is not the object of Cambridge to cultivate useful mathematics, and still less to teach its pupils how they are to be rendered useful. Many of the trial problems, the great objects of ambition and emulation, are truly visionary, as far as any real utility is in question; and many more involve solutions which concern very few persons, and are little likely ever to be wanted in practice, even in scientific inquiries and operations.

I may here support myself on the authority of La Place, when he remarks, that the higher branches of mathematical investigation have arrived at such an extent and such a state, that they are no longer within the power of one mind, but require a division of labour and

attention; and by a remark which concerns the present criticism much more materially, namely—that whatever proofs of the powers of the human mind they may give, they are barren studies and useless labours, holding out no uses or benefits to man or society, but rather wandering through the airy and visionary regions of the imagination. It is long since they have transcended all the real wants of physical science; and it is in pursuit of such useless exercises of ingenuity that Cambridge is now sinning, and ambitious of sinning still further.

And were it otherwise, they are all solutions of questions solved long ago; demonstrated to satisfaction, admitted, and in a state of perpetual application. It is a very natural question, whether a man is to spend three or four years of his time and labour, for the purpose of going through all the steps which are required for the redemonstration of a problem or a theorem long since settled; when all that he can require from it in the course of his life, admitting that life to be a scientific one, is its use and application. The truth is, that life is not long enough for all this work; and were the principle to be completely applied, it is evident that the united lives of Euler, Newton, La Grange, De L'Hopital, La Place, D'Alembert, and twenty more, would be insufficient to render a man of this kind fit for the common duties of life, if he is never to act till he is master of the principles or demonstrations under which he is to labour.

The absurdity of this system does not readily strike us without thus stating the extreme case. The truth is, that there is a foolish and ultra refinement about the Cambridge studies, as there is, more or less, about what is called a mathematical education, in most instances. An engineer or an artillery officer is occupied for three or four months on conic sections, or fluxions, or both, that he may be able to demonstrate the flight of a cannon ball in a parabolic curve; and when he has occasion to put this projectile itself into actual motion, the first thing he discovers is that he does not know how to go about it, how to reach his mark; while he discovers at the same time, that his projectile does not describe a parabola.

The mathematical studies are directed upon a principle pretty well corresponding with the classical ones of the same university. There, all the labour is bestowed, and the time spent, not on making a student acquainted with Greek and Latin authors, not in acquiring facility in writing or speaking Latin prose, which is the only one of the two likely ever to be spoken or written, but in acquiring a critical knowledge of quantities, and in making bad verses; or, if more is attempted, the ambitious student employs himself in the ultra refinement of Greek criticism, while the very purpose or end of learning the language is overlooked. Surely if there be a purpose in learning a language, it is that we may read its authors; or, at least, thus common sense would think: but the language and the authors are both forgotten, in pursuit of that which is but the accessory as it is the refinement, and which, if

the language itself is not to be used, will, of course, be itself useless. Just so it is with our mathematics: we entirely neglect all their uses and applications, to pursue their unnecessary refinements; and the end of all is practically and truly this, that the best and highest mathematician will commonly turn out to be the man who is the most utterly at a loss when any question of practical utility comes before him. Most assuredly will he be so, if it is a new case; if he cannot immediately refer it to some known demonstration which is fixed in his memory.

The truth is, though it may seem harsh to say it, that what we gain in these studies is little better than a matter of rote. I know very well that I should not have believed this, had any practical mathematician or natural philosopher told me so when I was tormenting myself at St. John's with the differential calculus; and I have no doubt that I should have been very much enraged; and still less do I doubt that I should have despised him as an ignorant fellow; at the very best, a paltry geometer.

But I have lived some time now out of the atmosphere of St. John's; I have had ample time to review what it was that I learned, and I know pretty well also what sort of knowledge it was. I have learned to know it perfectly, since I have had occasion to apply myself to useful and practical investigations; and I say it without fear, that it was a rote learning. I do not mean by *rote* what is commonly implied in that term, the getting of a single problem by heart and then repeating it; but that the whole study, from the beginning to the end, was a rote with us, and that it is, almost invariably, little else. It was all concentrated in one series of acts of memory: and I beg of you to mark this distinction, for it is not likely that I shall convince a living and acting Cantab; though you who, like myself, are now in a capacity to review your studies, will not find it very difficult to understand me. And, to make this more obvious, I will say that a pupil (I take an easy case) shall go regularly through the six books of Euclid, learn to demonstrate every proposition, so that he shall never be baffled, even by a cross question, yet that, when it is all done, he shall be as totally guiltless of the acquisition of mathematical reasoning or powers, as when he began. He knows Euclid, I have assumed, and therefore I grant it; but, from the first problem of the first book, to the last of the sixth, the whole is one connected chain of things *remembered*, not *known*; a concatenated series of acts of memory, or a long *rote*.

And I will extend this reasoning to the whole of the ordinary acquisitions, even in much higher stages, which are made with us, or at any other mathematical academy, by ninety-nine of a hundred students; nay, I might take a much larger ratio. I know that there are exceptions, but they are rare; and equally rare is a real mathematician; such a mathematician as Dr. Young, for example.

These are hard truths; but they are truths. And one proof, not

so inaccessible but what every man may find examples every day, is this: that after a few months' absence from college, or within a short time after the books have been closed and the study abandoned, Euclid, or whatever else, is as much forgotten as if it had never been read, and the ex-pupil becomes very shortly incapable of demonstrating the simplest proposition. I will take a thousand men, and they shall even have been Cambridge mathematicians, men of honours, and not one shall demonstrate to me even the proposition which is the basis of the rule-of-three. The reason is plain: the whole was an act of rote and memory; the particular memory is no longer called into use; the chain of the rote is broken; and the whole, the parts, all, are forgotten. And if this proof will not satisfy you, mathematician as you are, I will try another, of another nature.

I will produce to you a hundred teachers of mathematics, men perfectly versant in what they are teaching, teaching well, teaching every day, respectable mathematicians, good mathematicians if you please. I will allow you then to put a question to such an individual, which he has not formerly considered, which has not lain in his line of teaching or his usual train of reflection. Or it shall be a mere variation of some case familiar to him, a practical application, we will say, or perhaps an application in which there are some petty contesting considerations. He shall not solve it without labour, perhaps great labour; or he shall commit a gross error, or error after error, or he shall not solve it at all.

You may try this experiment whenever you please: and if you ask me the reason, I will say that his mathematical knowledge is good as far as it is in use, that it is good as far as it goes. And my similar corollary from this is, that all his knowledge is a rote: it is only the first case more extensively viewed, and placed in another light.

I will not illustrate further what I know will be repelled with indignation, true as it is. But this is the reason of that utter chasm which is found between the study of mathematics and the use of mathematics: and that chasm gives us the same proofs in another way. It is the cause of the chasm also which occurs between the period of leaving our mathematical studies and entering upon the practical uses which we meant to derive from them. It is the very chasm from which I myself suffered so long: if I have at last surmounted it. But if I have surmounted it, how has this been effected? By entering on an entire new course of study, for which I made time, to my excessive inconvenience: for, unluckily, I cannot say—for which, fortunately, I had time.

And what had I here to do, but first to throw aside all that I had so long laboured at? Yet I *was* a mathematician; and need I ask what would have happened in such a case, to a student who had learned his mathematics by that act of memory which I have described? to a rote mathematician, to a paltry geometer, perhaps, who had laboured up to spherics, or even to conic sections? or to a wretched algebraist

who had imagined himself a great man and a wonderful mathematician, because he had worked from the beginning to the end of Wood or Bridge?

No, Sir, what I say is a truth, because I see it every day; and because I am in that class of society and way of life in which I can see it. I have taken a hundred, I will take a thousand of such mathematicians, and they shall not be able to apply one atom of their imaginary knowledge to any one necessary or useful thing. And when they begin really to work, they must learn to work: and to work as if they had never heard of Euclid or Simpson. The whole thing is new to them: they are raw: raw in every thing: lumbered, if they are lumbered, with useless mathematics; or, as is more likely, utterly empty, and to seek for every thing. If the student is an architect, he thinks no more of his geometry; for he does not know how to use it. He takes some good books of carpentry, and follows the rules that wiser men—mathematicians, certainly—have laid down; but into whose reasons he never thinks of enquiring, while he would not understand them if he did enquire.

Sir, mathematics, Cambridge mathematics, or any mathematics that you please, and use—utility, their application, science, be it what it may, natural philosophy, are two distinct things. One man in ten thousand writes them: the rest must follow and believe. They have no time to seek for reasons: and if they had, they could not find them. The mathematician architect believes the carpenters' book, because Nicholson or Emerson says it is true; and the journeyman carpenter does the same: and the one does his work as well as the other.

By this time the mathematician discovers that he might have been better employed for three or four years: but he will generally discover it when it is too late.

And it is owing to this, which I have been endeavouring to explain more distinctly than I had done, that, in reality, in use, our men of practical science have not been mathematicians, and that mathematicians, in scarcely any instance, have been practically useful men, or have known any thing whatever about the uses of their learning. Accidentally, the two may have been united; but that is all. They are distinct studies, and distinct pursuits: and, judging from experience, the general probability is, that a practical man could not easily make a worse choice than in spending his time on mathematics; particularly, since he must certainly neglect what is essential, and, what is also very likely and very common, render himself unfit for an active and useful profession.

Once more, I am yours, &c.

A. H.

EXTRACTS OF A CORRESPONDENCE  
FROM THE NORTH OF GERMANY.

No. II.

Marienburg.

ARRIVING at Dirchau, I was told that a partial thaw had made it impossible to cross the Vistula; not that the ice had melted, for it was still three feet thick, but it had cracked and drifted a little, so that the masses either rested upon each other, or were united by thin and unsound ice. The appearance of the river (which is about a mile broad at this place) did not tempt the enterprise, but the appearance of the inn was so appalling that I declared my determination to brave the passage. A man offered himself as a guide, and engaged some others to carry my light baggage. The guide was armed with a lance, to ascertain the steadiness of the blocks that presented themselves, or the thickness of the connecting ice where the interval was too great to be jumped over. We repeatedly fell into holes, above the knees, and my apprehensions were by no means calmed, on hearing the distant, but loud detonations of the splitting ice. After slipping, scrambling, and leaping for about an hour and a half, (in which time we had run at least six parallels to the old castle we approached,) we gained the bank. The man who rents the ferry immediately demanded two florins for the passage I had made on foot, with so much peril and difficulty. I remonstrated; but he and others assured me that he was entitled to the established rate, from the moment the ice broke. One of the bye-standers (a professor of theology, I suppose,) observed that I must see the injustice of the poor man losing his fare because it had pleased God to freeze the river. Either the argument was conclusive, or I was not disposed to prolong it while Reaumur's thermometer marked nine degrees below the zero, for I paid the money, and sought the inn of the "*Gros Meister*," from which I now write. I spent the first day in examining the chateau of the Teutonic Knights, which I will not say any thing about until I condense my information, and can give you, in brief, the interesting parts of the history of that Order.

On the second day, I hired a carriage to take me to M. de C.—'s country-house. He is a man of considerable property, fond of the society of foreigners, and I had very special letters of introduction to him. When I arrived at the door of the seniorial mansion (through a filthy quadrangular farm-yard, of which three sides were occupied by the tenantry) I had some difficulty in prevailing upon the Maritornes who first discovered me, to carry a message to her mistress, (M. de C. was from home, she said,) but she would, on no account, suffer me to enter the vestibule, lest, I suppose, some stags' horns, the most valuable furniture it contained, should prove too strong a temptation for me. After a delay of some minutes, she returned, and ushered me into a

small unfurnished room, in which the stove had just been lighted. I then waited with laudable patience for nearly an hour, when the door was opened, and I prepared to make by bow, and *débiter mon petit bout de compliment* to Madame de C. but it was only a mustachioed servant, who marched close up to me, and (putting his hand to his forehead as if there had been the peak of a cap upon it) said, gravely, "befehlen sie ein pfeife tabac, gnadiger herr?"\* I declined the proffered refreshment, and in a few minutes Madame de C. entered. She told me, in a breath, that they had had great hopes, the year before, that a failure of all the crops in England would have enabled them to sell their corn well; that the Emperor of Russia ought to fight for the Greeks; that the season had been peculiarly fatal to turkies; and that the Duke of Wellington had been a Roman Catholic until abjuration became necessary to his obtaining the rank of Major-General.—M. de C. interrupted this tête-à-tête, which was becoming interesting. He said that his nephew, and two celebrated professors, would meet me at dinner on the following day, and (as I knew that I could not regain my vehicle until it became more decidedly hot or cold) I accepted this invitation from a person who, in five minutes' conference, gave me clearly to understand, that the Prussians were the best description of Germans, and that the Germans were the first people in the world.

On the second visit, my host was more profitably communicative. He is said to be an excellent historian, and he gave me much information as to the Teutonic Order, that I should never have acquired from the books within my ken. He said that I should learn a great deal more by examining the archives at Königsberg, the last settlement of the Knights. I observed, that, like several other Germans I had known, he could not endure any cross questioning upon the subjects he treated:—astonishingly exact in a continuous narrative, but if you interrupted his habitual process, the clue was lost. The two professors were less instructive—discoursing of trifles with an insufferable air of pedantry, and I left them, exclaiming with Figaro:—

Que les gens d'esprit sont bête!

One of these pundits, by the bye, was a philosopher not in "*us*," but in "*ius*," or literary coxcombry of the seventeenth century. At first the authors of that age merely altered their names to harmonize with the Latin title-pages of their works. After a time they became enamoured of the amended appellations, and adopted them familiarly.—Hence such original names as Gregorie, Geoppe, or Esel, have been converted into Gregorovius, Geoppius, and Eselovius.

The Germans, generally, have astonishing powers of application; if their perceptions and imagination held any proportion to their boring industry, they would contribute to human science in a way very different from the effect of the five thousand new works which annually appear at Leipsic. Unhappily, they dedicate the same dili-

\* Will your honour smoke a pipe?

gence of investigation to the most valuable and to the most worthless subjects. A German would apply himself with equally deep attention to the works of Kant, and to the history of Jack and the Beanstalk; and, after some months of study, would perhaps write a treatise to prove that the plant which the "*Herr Johann*" used as a scaling-ladder must have been a scarlet-runner, and that it grew near Weisenstadt.

I begin to agree with certain philosophers, that climate has a powerful influence upon national taste and character, and I will therefore tell you what the climate of Prussia is, and you may draw your own conclusions as to its effects. The Spring, commencing in the middle of April and ending with May, is nearly that which belongs to Batavia; the Summer lasts six weeks, and is borrowed from Bencoolen; the Campagna di Roma supplies the air of Autumn; and Spitzbergen the eight months' Winter.

I have often been provoked by the allusions which the inhabitants of the North make to our temperate and productive climate: they evidently adopt the notions of Italian and French travellers, and seem quite unconscious that an author of either of those nations would think it ill-bred to mention any thing so bad as the climates of Russia, Sweden, or Prussia. We cannot pretend to the *beau ciel* of Toulouse or Palermo, but we can laugh *with* travellers from those favoured regions who tell us that *their* lungs make the same effort to deny the admission of the fog (which they always contrive to find) in London, that *ours* would do if we drank nitro-muriatic acid, &c. One of them, however, was impudent enough to say, that our sun had a "*furious*" resemblance to the moon—that in England nothing was polished except the steel—and nothing ripe but the baked apples."

Braunschweig.

During my ten days' stay in Dantzic I saw nothing to interest me, except the fortifications and the garrison. Every thing breathes of pipe-clay, tobacco, and gunpowder; and M. de Bonald's observation, that the Turks are "encamped" in Europe is not more true than that the Prussians are *quartered* in it.

I cannot account for the evident jealousy of England which exists in this country; for it is the state upon which Prussia must build her hopes of subsidy in case of war, and from which she benefits most by her commerce in peace. However, it is some consolation to know, that on the civilized portion of the Continent at least, the fame of England has been rising for three years past; and that her name now stands nearly as fair in the estimation of Europe as if ———— had never existed. A continuance of the same firm and liberal policy would almost extort the praise (but certainly not influence the measures) of the Czar\* himself.

\* A few years ago this imperial *fanfaron* is said to have told a Prussian general that he wished he could throw a bridge across to Dover.

Prussia has certainly little reason to be grateful to her Holy Allies. She was always poor, and something barbarous. For many years past she has had an admirably disciplined army, it is true, but her means of supporting it are now as precarious as ever.

In a military point of view, what can be more disadvantageous than the configuration of Prussia? It is a geographic polypus. Her north eastern, or extreme *feeler*, is doubled by Russia, so that a force may at any time cut off East Prussia. Poland presses upon the Grand Duchy of Posen, and a portion of Silesia; Russia being generally feeble at the multiplied points of contact. The Rhenish provinces too, her best possessions, are separated by intervening states from the other limbs. If Prussia is considered merely as having the advanced post to check the first incursion of the Russians, it will appear that the support of a large corps d'armée kept constantly upon that duty is sufficiently onerous to her. But this is not the *only* necessary measure of defence, though it is the one which tends most to the common safety; she has to guard her many vulnerable parts, and must be alike armed at all points—unceasingly upon the watch—the bow always bent. Being forced to act so extensively upon the defensive, she cannot undertake any war unless in conjunction with some one of her more powerful neighbours—with Russia against Austria, or the converse; or with Hanover and the Netherlands against France. Alone, she is much too weak to attempt a war against any of the great powers that surround her. The most probable offensive alliance would evidently be one with Austria; but Austria having no money, and very little credit with the Jews, and Prussia being quite out of the condition of indulging in a war, or any other expensive luxury, without subsidies, no effect could be given to their objects without a successful appeal to the purse of England.

*Brandenburg.*

This is the last change of horses before Königsberg, which is just visible from it. After the wreck of the army passed through Royal Prussia in 1812, malignant fevers broke out in almost all the places the fugitives had been sheltered in. A great proportion of them died wherever they rested, and apparently passed from sleep to eternity. A little blood from the mouth was the only indication that their toils were over. The fever is supposed to have been induced rather by the exhalations of the yet living Frenchmen, than from the number of dead bodies newly buried; but whatever the cause was, it raged with such intensity in this village, that, of eleven hundred inhabitants, only sixteen old people and a few children escaped the general fate; and these were found searching for food in the dwellings of the dead.

## ARCHITECTURE OF MANUFACTORIES.

*Bristol, October 22d, 1825.*

MR. EDITOR.—I had occasion lately to pass a few weeks in South Wales in the way of my profession, and taking my road home by the hills from Brecon to Cardiff, was somewhat surprised to find an iron-work commenced on what I may really call a new principle. For the first time, I believe, Sir, in this country, here is an attempt to unite architectural taste with the buildings of an iron manufactory; and as far as I have had an opportunity of travelling, it is the first time also that any attempt has been made to render a manufactory of any kind ornamental. I rather suppose that it is a solitary case; unless we should think of excepting some of the government works, which cannot properly be called manufactories.

The sight of this project, for it is but yet begun, has reminded me of a promise I once made you to offer some remarks on the possibility of introducing into many of our common buildings architectural improvements, and particularly in the Egyptian style; and if I have not done it sooner, you must excuse it in consideration of a pressure of business, and in a line of my profession which takes me much from home. The project of which I am speaking is intended to be in this very style; but as I have not seen the drawings, I cannot give you any particular account of the plan, beyond what I find is intended for an engine-house, and from the information communicated by the workmen on the spot.

As far as I can understand, however, the whole of the buildings required for this work are to be as purely Egyptian as it is possible to make them, consistently with the disposition and arrangements required for the several shops, casting-houses, furnaces, and so forth. It appears also that they are to be arranged in a straight line, and placed in a symmetrical manner; that is, in such a way that every building will be repeated in a corresponding manner from a common centre; and as the total extent, according to the account I received, will be four hundred yards, it is easy to conceive that the effect will be very striking. The place itself is a wild narrow valley among the upper hills; and I can easily conceive that, when finished, it will be a point of attraction for travellers, and that it will convey a lively idea of an ancient Egyptian city. It will at least enable us to judge of the effect of this style of building; as we have had nothing as yet at home, nor even in Europe, but detached and insignificant attempts at imitation, most of them also executed in a very slight manner.

The proprietors of this work are Messrs. Foreman and Co. who are considerable iron-masters, and have other great works in the same neighbourhood; and when we consider that it is the work of one mercantile house, it gives us a lively idea of the enterprise and power of British merchants. At the same time, I must own that it is

highly creditable to their taste; as you can conceive nothing, if you have not seen an iron-work, more hideous than they are at present, as if the founders had absolutely tried to make them as ugly as possible. I shall be very glad to find that so liberal an example spreads among our opulent manufacturers; not from any interested professional views, I assure you, but from the delight I take in the art to which I have been bred, and from a wish to see our national honour in architecture stand upon a better footing than it has done yet.

In this case there can be no professional rivalry at least; for I understand that the architect is a London physician, though his name has at this moment escaped my memory. He is a Scotchman, however, as his name begins with a Mac; but whether Macdonald, or Macintosh, or Mackenzie, I have forgot.\*

Now, I really cannot see any reason for erecting those ugly and contemptible brick buildings, of which all our great manufactories consist; and, as if the very devil of bad taste had got possession of all our rich merchants, it seems as if they were never contented without making them as hideous as possible. And while there is neither shape nor form in them, there is a flimsy, papery, and washy look about them all, as if they were not meant to stand a year, or as if the builders had taken their pattern from a common brick street-house, built on a lease of three lives.

A manufactory is a permanent building, or is at least meant to be so; and therefore it ought to have a look of permanence, in the first place. When I see our cotton-mills and other great works, I always fancy that the projector expected to be a bankrupt in a year or two, or that he intended it. They all look as if they had been built not to last; and when I look at a tottering building, I always feel as if I was looking at a tottering house—a tottering house in the mercantile sense of the word.

This does not look like good policy, in many ways; and I am very sure it is not good policy in building. These gentlemen cannot often excuse themselves by saying that they have short leases, which is the common apology made to us for the wretched works that we are so often employed to build, and which it is really distressing to have any concern with. If you knew the mortification to which our profession is exposed, you would really feel for us; for you can scarcely conceive how grievous it is to a man who loves his art, to be obliged to do what he knows to be wrong, and hates the sight of after it is done, or to have to deal with a stupid, tasteless, rich man; or, what is a great deal worse than all this, with a committee of taste made up out of a parish vestry.

But that is a point which I may come to some other time. I have told these gentlemen often;—I do not want, you, Sir, to spend your

\* We have reason to believe that the person here alluded to is Dr. Macculloch, a name already known to the public.—Ed.

money in what *you* call taste; I do not wish you to build a portico, and lay out two or three thousand pounds in columns and caryatides. If you are to build a house, why not make it good at once? If you are going to build a manufactory, make it durable and strong. And if you are building, whether it is a house or a manufactory, you may as well build a handsome building as an ugly one; particularly if it does not cost more money.

So far from costing more money, a handsome building can be made to cost less than an ugly one. As I have often told those gentlemen, architectural beauty depends upon proportion—on the disposition of the parts. Keep your columns and your trumpery to yourself; you will spend your money and miss your purpose. This, however, is what they cannot understand; the public can never separate the notion of beauty from that of expense; they are always thinking of ornaments when an architect speaks to them of a beautiful building.

But I shall probably find some other occasion of speaking more fully on this subject. Yet it would be well if architects would make them understand what is meant by proportion; a subject which always seems beyond their comprehension. Any man with two eyes may travel all over the country and see money enough thrown away in columns and ornaments; if he had but one eye, he might see that all this expense was doing harm and not good; and that the very deformity itself was positively created very often by the ornaments themselves. It is too common a case, that when a man spends more money in building than he ought, he spends it in doing harm and in producing a bad effect. I may perhaps be speaking against the interest of the profession, but if I respect the profession, I love the art still better.

It is really vexatious to meet with a rich man, some great merchant retiring from business, or a young squire just come to his estate, consulting with his architect, and saying: "I shall spend twenty thousand pounds upon this house, and it must be the handsomest house in the county;" when the unhappy artist produces drawings after drawings, but the man of taste and money still says: "this will never do; it is not grand enough." Then it must be a Gothic castle, or a Greek temple, or some such thing; and the end of all is to choose the worst drawing, or else to alter and add, and to put more windows and more columns, and more pediments, till it ends in being such an absurdity that the architect is afraid to look at his own work.

But to return to our manufactories, which is the point that at present interests me chiefly.

A manufactory, as I said before, is a permanent work, and it ought to be built to last. That is one reason why those structures should be built of stone, as it is impossible to produce any effect with brick, particularly with those horrid red bricks which you see all over the country. It is as easy to make bricks white as red, if the makers

chose ; but indeed the taste of the public is so bad that they actually prefer the red colour, just as the Dutchmen paint their pleasure-houses in stripes, and as even stone houses are coloured, on purpose that they may look like bricks.

In a manufactory, there is every thing that an architect can desire to work with. There is generally abundance of room ; dimensions ; length and height ; circumstances with which an artist could do any thing if he were allowed his own way. Let him have the walls, give him the doors and the windows and the roofs and the chimneys to manage, and he will have no trouble in constructing for his employer a beautiful building ; leaving the squires to keep their Greek porticos and their Gothic castles to themselves, and to make themselves conspicuous in their own way. But the architect tells them in vain what he has often told them before : "it will cost you nothing more, I intend to use only the same quantity of stone and lime, but I must place it according to my own notions of right."

And though we should suppose that something was to be spent for ornament's sake. A rich man may derive as much credit from his manufactory as his dwelling-house. He ought to be proud of it ; for if it were not for his works, it is probable that he would not often have a house to live in. Britain too may be proud of its manufactories. They are an honour to the nation ; they are the staple of its glory and power ; yet we might be supposed ashamed of them, when we look at the buildings of which they consist, and at their economical and starved arrangements.

It is said that we are not an architectural people ; but why should we not be an architectural people ? It is not for want of money or means : the only want we labour under, is want of ambition and want of taste. There is no architectural taste, Sir, in the country ; that is the true reason. I shall suppose that we have not much in our power with respect to the architecture of our towns ; yet even that is not true either ; as any one may see in Bath and Glasgow and Edinburgh ; and as we are just beginning to see in London. We have churches ; but I am sorry to say we have not done much to be proud of them ; nor generally in our public buildings either.

But, in any view, buildings of this nature, town buildings of taste and design can never be very numerous ; and therefore we shall never have many opportunities of displaying our taste, or erecting designs to do honour to our proficiency in this noble art, or to do us credit with posterity, and with our neighbours of the Continent. They laugh at our buildings and despise us ; and well they may : but what is somewhat grievous, all the blame falls upon our profession ; as if the architects were answerable for the bad taste of the people ; as if they could compel them to build works of character against their judgment and inclination.

Now, Sir, our manufactories offer excellent opportunities to multiply

what may be called our public buildings; to give architects an opportunity of showing that they know their art, and to spread the principles of taste among the people. If we could show foreigners such buildings, they would no longer call us shopkeepers; our merchants would rise in character, and so would the national taste; we should not look like a people of yesterday, as ephemeral people, living from hand to mouth; and the splendour of our commercial and manufacturing system would even carry down our reputation to posterity. At present, Sir, as one of your correspondents has remarked, our buildings will be swept from the face of the earth, and not a stone will remain on another to record the history of our fame, not a remnant to show that we were an architectural people, that we ever built any thing but iron bridges, wooden ships, and manufactories of lath and plaster.

It is for this reason chiefly that I was gratified with the work which has been the leading inducement for me to trouble you with this letter. Example goes a great way; and so do mercantile pride and rivalry; and when the attempt has been once made, when it has been shown that it can be carried into effect, I have no doubt that others will follow the example. I believe these very gentlemen, the iron-masters, are particularly jealous of each other; so that I shall not be surprised to see another work shortly set on foot upon some solid and handsome plan, and probably in some other style; though they may not easily find a better one. And as the fashion spreads, it will increase, as is common in all these things; so that the cotton-spinners and the other great manufacturers will probably, in time, learn to acquire some taste and some ambition in this same way, making our great commercial towns very different from what they are now. I shall be glad to think, that, by means of your journal, the circumstances which I have now been describing to you will be more generally known; and it is partly for that reason that I have given you this early notice of them. It will probably be a long time yet before the building will be up, so as to speak for itself, and before the public will hear of it: for though, as I may say, in the very neighbourhood, and travelling in the country itself, it was quite unknown to me till I stumbled on it by the merest accident.

As to the style adopted for this building, I am much pleased to find that it was selected, as it is a mode of architecture to which I have been strongly attached from the moment I first knew it; though, unfortunately, there are few opportunities among us of introducing it, partly from the general nature of our buildings, and partly from the ignorance of the public about Egyptian architecture. That is my chief reason for addressing this letter to you; as I am very desirous of overcoming these prejudices, if I can, and as I also wish to make the people better acquainted with a kind of architecture which almost every one is ignorant of, and which many persons do not even suspect the existence of.

It is not only fortunate, in this view of the case, that the architect of this work has chosen the Egyptian style for it, but that style is, in itself, particularly appropriate, as if indeed it had almost been invented for that purpose among others. This may be immediately perceived in travelling among the iron-works: as the great furnaces, or cupolas as they are called, have already a very Egyptian air about them, from their mass and solidity, and the inclination of their walls or general outline. Hence they would combine admirably with such other parts of the buildings as the architect could contrive to design and dispose according to Egyptian rules; and I have little doubt, that if the work has been well considered, it will form a very beautiful and harmonious whole. I must only hope that this architect will have better luck than we generally have; and that these iron-making gentlemen do not imagine themselves men of taste, like the ruffians who make up the parish vestries, or the conceited gentlemen who, upon the strength of having spent two or three months in Rome and Athens, set up for committees of taste, sitting in judgment on the works of men of abilities and knowledge, and spoiling whatever they interfere with.

I know better than this Scotch gentleman, what it is to have to do with employers who have as much ignorance and conceit as they have money, and often much more: and, when all is done, I shall not be surprised to find that his ideas have been abandoned or modified, precisely where it was most needful to adhere to them, which is generally in all those delicate matters of proportion and disposition that are most essential, but which, because they are not measured by yards or fathoms, those clumsy-headed personages think they can alter as they please. He must not be surprised either, if he finds a Greek pediment, or an arch, pushed in among his purest ideas: and, in the end, it is not unlikely that he will have a strong inclination to hang himself, like the unlucky architect of Saint Genevieve. Whatever happens, the deformity will be charged to him, as it has always been to every architect; who never fails to find that he is made responsible for the dullness, vanity, stinginess, and obstinacy of his employers. All I can say is, that I wish him better luck than I have had myself, or than my friend Mr. Soane has had. Poor Soane! they have made sad work of his Board of Trade, with their taste; and they leave all the blame to him.

In the mean time, as far as I could see of the design for the engine-house, it promises to be as pure and simple a specimen of the style as could have been adapted to the necessities of the case; and, I am pretty confident, that the remainder of the whole line of building will be not less classical and appropriate, because I judge by the plainness and good sense, and the true feeling of the nature of the Egyptian style which is visible in this one.

This gentleman must take care, however, that he is not wrecked by economy, as they call it, which is stinginess; which I can tell him, from

experience, he will have to battle against wherever trade is concerned, just as he may be plagued with extravagance and columns, where vanity is the leading motive, and when the dunder-headed squire is determined to have the best house in the county. Saving, saving, Sir, that is the fundamental maxim of trade; and, like all the other schemes of stupid people, the saving ends in losing: to use an old proverb, they will "spoil the ship for a penny-worth of tar."

But as I have undertaken to defend the Egyptian style of architecture, I may as well begin with this very principle, the economy of that system. This is what I hold to be one of its fundamental merits. It is the style which produces the greatest effect with the least ornament; and thus it is the reverse of the Gothic, which gains all its ends in the exactly opposite way. And I maintain, Sir, that it is far cheaper than any style which can be properly called Greek, or than any variety of Palladian architecture; provided that this is to have any effect, or pretend to any beauty. In none of those last can beauty be produced without considerable ornament, and consequently expense; and if we are to have merely plain buildings, of the proportions derived, or thought vulgarly to be derived, from the Greek style, even then the Egyptian may be equally plain and economical, while it will always produce a greater effect, wherever it is an admissible style, which, it is plain, it cannot always be.

Its economy consists principally in this, that it can dispense with columns, while there is no architecture derived from the Greek where they are not indispensable. No striking entablature, which gives it so much character, can be used without columns, while it has no pilasters; and its door-ways also can be made ornamental without columns; which a Greek door-way cannot, because, in fact, the original Greek door-way is nothing, and is only made enduring by our own modern inventions, which foolish people imagine to be Greek.

Another cause of the economy of the Egyptian architecture, is the few ornaments which it requires, or even admits. This is a high merit in itself; but it is a principal merit in this point of view. In a plain building, or a building in the simplest Egyptian style, the entablature, and the reeds or cords at the angles, with the head-bands and cords round the doors and windows, are ornaments enough; and if we should desire more, a few flutings under the head-bands, with the winged globe wherever it may be convenient, are ornaments enough, and indeed all that it admits.

As an architect, I must now notice another economical consideration, particularly wherever it is adopted for manufactories, and that is, the great strength and stability of the walls, arising from their inclined position, or rather from the circumstance that the base is broader than the upper part. This produces the peculiar effect which characterises the Egyptian system; and the superior strength which

it affords, is well known to every mason: it is particularly well known to engineers, since it is adopted in all military works of fortification. And though it is against the interest of my own profession to say so, whatever manufacturer shall build his walls on this plan, may console himself that he will not have to rebuild his works before half a century is expired, or perhaps before his lease is run out.

The sum total of this is, that, by means of the Egyptian style of architecture, we can produce a plain, solid, strong building, pleasing to the eye, full of effect, creditable, having the appearance of science, and taste, and ornament, with far less expense than we can produce any other decent-looking building in any style of architecture that can be called architecture. And, as a practical and an experienced man, I will venture to say too, that I will produce such a building, at an expense of not above one per cent above the hideous manufactories that I see all over the country, which have no pretence to architecture or ornament at all. And this is the consequence of its extreme simplicity; of the powerful effect produced by its entablature, and by its doors and windows; and of the small quantity of mere ornament which it requires. With any pretence to decency, in a Greek style, I would not undertake to produce as good an effect at five per cent.

As to the iron-works, (and the same rule applies to all other cases of manufactories,) they do a great deal of their work with arches, and they never compute what that work costs. Their arches cost abundance of money, and only cause deformity: whereas, in the Egyptian style, all the expense of arching is saved, and every thing tells in the beauty of the building.

These are the principal reasons for recommending this style: as I know very well that I must not propose expense to manufacturers, that is the cheap way in which a great effect and great beauty can be produced in this manner. But even if they wished to produce buildings really ornamental, or to have columns; if they should wish to erect churches or public buildings in this manner, then I say that the Egyptian style allows of the same effects as the Greek, with less expense.

The reason is, that its columns are cheaper in themselves, and besides, that with a smaller number of columns, we can produce as good an effect, owing to the general simplicity of this system of architecture. The fundamental system of the Egyptian architecture is more effective; because it can stand alone and produce its effect, without additional ornament, while it shall also look like an ornamental work; but in any Greek, or variation from the Greek, a building is helpless and bare, unless it is fully ornamented: and, therefore, a little ornament goes a great way in the former; besides which, there is not such an use for columns, and such a demand for them.

I know very well, Mr. Editor, that I could not illustrate this sub-

ject intelligibly without drawings, and that it is useless to attempt to describe the fundamental principles of the Egyptian architecture without such references; but as far as that can be of any use, I may refer the gentlemen whom I wish to influence, to Denon's work on Egypt, of which there is an English translation, and to Norden. I can also refer them to Bullock's Museum, which is a very elegant building, though the Cockneys overlook it, built by my friend Robertson; and also to another little thing which he has put up, I believe it is in Welbeck-street, or Wimpole-street, I forget which, and which is very tasty and true, though it is so small. Besides which, my particular friend, Foulston, has lately built a school at Devonport, in a very beautiful Egyptian style, which I hope will induce other Devonshire gentlemen to imitate his good example.

All I wish is, to see some taste introduced into our permanent buildings, instead of the abominable trash, which is a disgrace to the age and the nation: and the Welsh foundry which I happened to fall in with, has made me particularly turn my attention to the manufacturing gentlemen, who really have it in their power to do something good, and to pass themselves off for men of taste, rivalling those worthy iron-manufacturers, for whom I shall always entertain a great respect, though they have gone a little out of the way in taking up with a dilettante instead of a professional man. And to show, Sir, that I am not influenced by the spirit of trade, I shall not even sign my name, for I will not have it said that I have written about Egypt in hopes of a job.—Your's truly, L. I.

## ORIGINAL LETTERS OF DR. FRANKLIN, HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

## No. III.

*Philadelphia, Dec. 3, 1786.*

DEAR SISTER—I have to acknowledge the receipt of two or three kind letters from you since I wrote to you. I have been much busied in building. I hope you received the barrel of flour I sent you. I approve of the friendly disposition you made of some of your wood. I wish you a comfortable winter—it begins to set in here, but my buildings are now covered so as to fear no damage from the weather. We are all well, and send our loves and duties. I have lately received a letter from a person who subscribes himself Stickney; says he is a grandson of my sister Davenport; and has a son named Benjamin Franklin, to whom he desires to give a good education, but cannot well afford it. You have not mentioned this family in the list you sent me. Do you know any thing of them? I am ever, my dear Sister,

Your affectionate Brother, B. FRANKLIN.

P.S.—Your bill for the wood has not yet appeared. If you find it difficult to sell such a bill, let me know, and I will send one for you to receive the money in Boston.

Philadelphia, October 19, 1789.

DEAR SISTER—I received your kind letter of September the 10th, by cousin John Williams. I have also received and paid your bill, and am pleased that you added to it an account of your wood. As to my health, it continues as usual, sometimes better, sometimes worse; and with respect to the happiness hereafter which you mention, I have no doubt about it, confiding as I do in the goodness of that Being, who through so long a life has conducted me with so many instances of it. This family join in best wishes of happiness to you and your's, with

Your affectionate Brother,

B. FRANKLIN.

Endorsed—Mrs. Mecom, Unity-street, Boston.

Philadelphia, March 24, 1790.\*

MY DEAR SISTER—I received your kind letter by your good neighbour Captain Rich. The information it contained that you continue well, gave me as usual great pleasure. As to myself, I have been quite free from pain for near three weeks past, and therefore not being obliged to take my laudanum, my appetite has returned, and I have recovered some part of my strength. Thus I continue to live on while all the friends of my youth have left me, and gone to join the majority. I have, however, the pleasure of continued friendship and conversation with their children and grand-children. I do not repine at my malady, though a severe one, when I consider how well I am provided with every convenience to palliate it, and to make me comfortable under it, and how many more horrible evils the human body is subject to, and what a long life of health I have been blessed with free from them all.

You have done well not to send me any more fish at present. These continue good and give me pleasure.

Do you know any thing of our sister Scot's daughter, whether she is still living, and where?

This family join in love to you and your's, and to cousins Williams, with

Your affectionate Brother,

B. FRANKLIN.

It is early in the morning, and I write in bed. The awkward position has occasioned the crooked lines.

Mrs. Jane Mecom, Unity-street, Boston.

\* About three weeks before his death, which occurred on the 17th of April, followed. The following words are written on the back, in Mrs. Mecom's hand :—  
" This is the last letter I received from my dear brother."

## A CHAPTER ON SPIDERS.

I shall desire of you more acquaintance, Good Master Cobweb.

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

I LIKE that story of a captive in the Bastile who wept for the loss of his Spider.—It was an execrable refinement of the French cruelty of those times to deprive him of the only companion of his misery, for doubtless the insect had beguiled him of many languishing hours.—Or, in his saddest moods perchance, he threaded his tears upon the silken lines of its web, and remembered those he had seen hung forth at morn, when the sun told “his dewy rosary on the eglantine.”——

Perhaps he had learned a lesson of patience under hunger from the creature's long abstinences:—May be, *like myself*, he had watched it from its nonage, one of a small yellow swarm to a mature Michaelmas growth,—had noted the spinning of its first slender web—summed its net-income of flies, and grown intimately interested in its habits and policy,—*for sometimes in my leisure I am a Buffon.*

I am fond of the studies of naturalists. I like their biographies of birds—*anecdotes of animals—tales of reptiles—facts about fishes—*or fables even about monsters—but I care not for the characteristics of stocks and stones.—Ores, fossils, mica, quartz-trap, the delights of the geologist, attract me not;—I would rather have an interview with the bear Martin in the Jardin des Plantes, than pore over all the ursine relics in the cavern of Kulotz.—I am interested only in creatures that live and move,—but with all and the meanest of those I can partake as much, as though the metempsychosis were not such an indifferent creed to me as it is. Next to human lives, I delight in the memoirs of animals, such as Sir John Harrington's account of his dog, Bungey,—or Cowper's of his hares,—perhaps I even prefer them to some mens and women's biographies.——

I am not singular, however, in my bent.—Almost every poet, but Shakspeare above all, was a naturalist,—and so Titania describes him to her elves:—

Let no wild things astonish him or fear him ;—

But tell them all how mild he is of heart ;

Tell e'en the timid hares go frankly near him,

And eke the wildest roes yet never start,—

Nor yet shall fawns into the thickets dart,

Nor wrens forsake their nests amongst the leaves,

Nor let the speckled thrush move far apart,—

But bid the sacred swallows haunt his eaves

To guard his roof from lightning and from thieves ;—

And when he goes, the nimble squirrel's visitor,

Let the brown hermit show his hoarded nuts,

For tell them this is Nature's kind inquisitor,—

Tho' men keep cautious doors that conscience shuts,

(For conscious wrong all curious quest rebuts,)

But bees shall not unsheathe their jealous stings,  
 However he may watch their straw-thatch'd huts,  
 So let him learn the crafts of all quaint things  
 Which he will hint most aptly when he sings.—

And those who recall his description of a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle,—or of the temple-haunting martlet, by its mansionry proving that the air is delicate,—may judge if he was a naturalist in vain.—

\* \* \* \* \*

I know not if any curious, pastoral-minded man has forestalled me in observations upon the spider,—but I hope to contribute a mite perhaps, towards the history of the race.—Like the captive of the Bastile, I have amused many autumnal hours with its companionship, and can sympathize with his sorrow, at the loss of his insect;—but to have seen the spider-nature in the most wonderful of its phases *he should have had a pair*,—and been a witness of their fights.—If the reader pleases I will, in an old Isaac Walton-like way, initiate him into the sport,—and let me say here, that I learned it myself of a pretty, gentle school-girl, whom I saw, haunting about, with a rod and line, and in all the attitudes of an angler, but where there were neither fishpools nor brooks.

First, let us get our spider.—

And, as it is now Michaelmas-time (suppose)—we shall not walk long without feeling our hair entangled, like Gulliver's, with tiny threads,—or else some jolly-bodied spinner swinging like a bob-cherry against our lips.—He must be of a tawny colour or a “ginger-pile”—that being the most lionlike, and it will be still better if he hath long legs, and a lean hungry look. Here is just such an one, ambushing under a curly-leaf, as you may discover by following with your eye the dedalian clue-line that leads from the centre of the web to his retreat.—This is the creature's alarum—or if you will, you may liken it to the wire of a spring-gun, with death lurking at the other extremity,—and truly when the line is touched he will leap forth with a suddenness, that at the hundredth time even hath made me start a pace backward. And now let us find an invader; for his net and note, that he must always be the biggest of the two, the natural sense of injury standing the defensive spider instead of some power and weight. For he must be a stouter fellow than I, that comes to take my own house away from me, and even then it may fare as ill with him as it did to the Burgundians against the Swiss.—Indeed, as I have noticed, there is scarcely one out of twenty, amongst the offensive spiders, that does not rather run away than stand to his unjust aggression.—Wherefore, instead of thrusting him rudely at once into another's domain,—suspend him to it, quietly, by a good yard of his own thread, for thus, by the connection betwixt the web and his own bowels, he may be persuaded that it is a natural tie, and so fight, as if for a home of his own.

Look! here is one for our purpose, just swinging himself from a bough of a lime-tree, and exuding a manifold streamer of gossamers,—for he does not leap or fly with a line, as some have fancied, from place to place but thus, by venting a skein of the finest filaments, which are carried and fastened somewhere by the wind, obtains a communication with a distant twig. However, let us entangle him on our switch, and introducing him, as I have directed before, into the foreign web,—behold how nimbly he climbs up like any Jack tar,—and now if you are sharp-sighted you may see him curiously reeling off the overgone superfluous thread upon his two hindermost feet.—At this rate he would soon be into the web,—if the other, with his Atropos-like shears, did not cut his thread,—and suddenly let him tumble to the earth, where he lies as still as though he were stunned or quite dead. Whereas, it is the wonderful craft of the creature, to seem thus;—rolling up his legs about him, so as to be mistaken for one of the small round pebble-stones, amongst which he lies,—for 'tis observable, that when he falls upon grass, he has no recourse to that artifice, but begins presently to creep under the blades. But as ours lies thus upon the gravel, we must oblige him by a smart thrust or two, to grapple upon the switch,—and then, have at the web again!—

Look you, now, as he climbs up, how the other with a brisk leaping motion shakes the whole of his net,—which serves, if the foe be some strong redoubtable enemy like a wasp, to help him to release himself,—but perceiving that the present comer is one of his own tribe, he runs at him commonly so fiercely, that the invader is cowed,—and with the coldness of a bad cause at heart, lets himself drop, like a shot, to the ground. These two, notwithstanding being so well matched, the jealous creature stops short at bay, and you may conceive how warily they measure each other's strength, with all the united vigilance of four pair of eyes. And let me beg of you, here, to watch well the circumstances of their hostile preparation, for, as I live! your ginger-coloured one is making himself ready by a process which I have noticed before with no mean measure of admiration,—namely, by the empoisonment of his talons, that he may fight, like Laertes, with the more deadly success. Observe how carefully he whets one after the other at his venomous mouth,—and verily the duel you are going to witness will be carried on with such skill and caution as are needful where a single wound must be fraught with infallible death. Nor have they only single points to encounter, and turn aside, but must parry several weapons at once, exceeding therein the most perfect swordsmen in their attacks and defences—and truly I have seen one plant himself in such a masterly position, with one fore-arm at stretch, as a prize-fighter might have copied from. But while I am speaking, our two combatants, after trying their distances, have ventured to exchange a dart or two,—and woe be to either now that hath not a clear quick eye! For 'tis my fancy, that the organs of spiders, like those of human, kind, are impaired by age,—a certain spider that I matched once, with a body as

big as a nut, making no clever defence or resistance,—but on the contrary he readily suffered himself to be entangled and seized upon behind, when his enemy soon dispatched him through a monstrous great hole in his back.—And that he was very old I conclude, not only from his bulky growth, but because he had lost (as spiders do by superannuation) his faculty of spinning,—so that he never secured himself by any line to my rod, but suffered himself to be shaken violently off against the gravel.

But to return to our two sparrers,—they are just about to close, when, in place of their shy pegs and darts, they will work away with their limbs more briskly than the eye can well follow,—and I doubt they are the only wrestlers that ever truly fulfil the intricate instructions of Sir Thomas Parkyns,—for a man must have more arms than he ever had, to accomplish such a manifold gripe in a dozen parts at once, as Sir Thomas directs; notwithstanding our two wrigglers are at that very work—and the black one is beginning to show symptoms of distress.

There!—that yellow devil has folded him out of sight in his embrace—and then—pray observe it well, for it is an awful piece of work!—turns him out enwrapped in a complete winding sheet or shroud!—

The game is up:—and he, who had been all his life a destroyer and ensnarer, is, in turn, immersed and murdered;—and by and by, that it may not scare away the prey, his unsightly corpse will be cast out of the web. But it will repay your pains to enquire, still further, into many curious passages in the life and nature of the insect, for though so little a creature, it is, by reason of its wonderful craft and malice, the most important of its class. The pismire or the bee, indeed, are interesting to those who are at hunt for a moral,—but otherwise, only of what would be reckoned amongst mankind, of a trafficking, common-place character,—whereas the spider should seem a Dionysian tyrant—a politic assassin—if not that same cunning devil of John Bunyan, that goes about ensnaring the pleasure-loving pilgrim, in his deceitful net.

It still remains for some curious man to examine—what mysterious antique spiders are they, that, with their seemingly fruitless web, unfold the hoarded bottle of old particular wine—the spinners themselves unseen—as though it had been only a hoary mass, grown under the finger of time?

It may be considered, perhaps, that I have wasted over-much time in such researches,—but I had always an apt inquisitive eye for observing the doings of the inferior creatures, and as indifferent an organ for enquiring into the ways of men. In my worldly dealings therefore, I am constantly shuffled and turned about,—but I should not be such a novice among the insects. I wish I were only a spider, and for A\*\*, or B\*\*, or C\*\*, the booksellers (*that they might take advantage of my spinning*) to come crawling into my web!

T. N.

**THE JOURNAL OF A DETENU,  
AN EYE-WITNESS OF THE EVENTS IN PARIS  
DURING THE  
FIRST FOUR MONTHS OF 1814.**

No. IV.

[We concluded in our last number that portion of this interesting Journal which detailed the events in the French metropolis, and the diplomatic manœuvres of the allied powers, during the first four months of 1814. We shall now extract that part of the manuscript which narrates the two most important concurrent events of the same period—viz. *Napoleon from Troyes to Elba*, and the *Regency at Blois*. We have also given the most complete and curious account of the extraordinary “affair” of *De Maubreuil*: the chief facts of this mysterious history transpired in the French Tribunals; and the implications which arise against certain crowned heads, do not therefore originate with the present narrative.

The present number concludes our extracts from the Journal of the Detenu. This part is an industrious and faithful collection of historical facts, derived from peculiar sources rather than the personal observation and narrative of the journalist, as was the case with the three preceding numbers.]

NAPOLEON FROM TROYES TO ELBA.

On the 30th of March, at ten o'clock in the morning, the Emperor Napoleon quitted Troyes, on horseback, attended by General Bertrand, Grand Maréchal du Palais; Caulincourt, Duke of Vicenza, Grand Ecuyer; Monsieur St. Aignan; two aid-de-camps, and two orderly officers, (*officier d'ordonnance*,) one of whom, Captain Lamezan, gave me\* the following details of the journey. They went the first ten leagues on the same horses, in little more than two hours. The Emperor did not mention whither he was going. They arrived at Sens at one o'clock, where, having rested half an hour, they continued the journey, in a wretched Carriole†, and arrived, at one in the morning, at the village of Fromanteau, generally called the Cour de France, the second post on the road from Paris to Fontainebleau,

\* June 29, 1814.

Dec. 1825.

† A sort of carriage without springs.

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and distant from the former four-and-half post leagues; it is between the ninth and tenth *borne*. Here they met the artillery, at the head of the column of troops which was evacuating the capital. General Belliard accompanied it, and announced the fate of the day to the Emperor, who received the news with the most perfect calmness; walked on the road in conversation with the general for about twenty minutes; sent Caulincourt to the head-quarters of the Allied Sovereigns; then, entering the post-house, he called for his maps, and devoted himself to marking positions on them, by means of pins with variously coloured heads, (which he habitually made use of, to represent different armies,) until near three o'clock in the morning of the 31st, when he set off, in a carriage, for Fontainebleau, and on arriving there, shut himself up in his closet for the remainder of the day.

In the evening the Emperor sent for Marshal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, who, on leaving Paris, had stationed himself at Essonne. The duke arrived at Fontainebleau at between two and three in the morning of the first of April, and gave him a detailed account of what passed at Paris on the 30th. Napoleon asked him if his army was in a good position, and was informed that it was; notwithstanding, he directed the Marshal to entrench his camp. The Duke told me he appeared undetermined whether to retire on the banks of the Loire, or give battle to the Allies near Paris. In the afternoon he went to inspect the position of Marmont's army at Essonne, with which the Marshal said he appeared to be satisfied, and determined to remain there, and manœuvre, with a view to disengage Paris, and give battle. With the greatest coolness he formed plans for the execution of these objects; but while thus employed, the officers, whom the Marshal had left at Paris to deliver up that city to the Allies, arrived, and informed them of the events of the day. The Emperor, on hearing this, became furious; the plan he had just been forming, and all prudent measures, were instantly at an end. He raved about punishing the rebellious city; taking it by storm; putting all the inhabitants to the sword; and giving it up to pillage by his soldiers. With this resolution he separated from Marmont, and returned to Fontainebleau.

During the time Napoleon was at Essonne, Caulincourt arrived at Fontainebleau from Paris; his dejected air announcing the ill success of his mission.

Marshal Marmont told me, that receiving at this time a communication of what was going forward in the Senate, he began seriously to reflect, that should Bonaparte, by gaining a battle, obtain the means of exercising his fury on Paris, the Allies would not by that be destroyed; and as their ultimate success from numerical force was certain, that by his declaring for the Senate, there would be a standard of military defection raised, and thus the imperial army so

much diminished, that resistance would be deemed useless. He therefore made arrangements to desert the cause of Napoleon, who, even with Marmont's army, had not more than thirty thousand men.

The head of the advanced column of the army, which Napoleon had left at Troyes, arrived at Fontainebleau at eight o'clock in the morning of the 1st. The rest followed in the course of a few hours, having, as General Letort told me, marched sixty leagues in two days and a half.

On Saturday, the 2nd of April, the Emperor assembled his marshals and generals, to whom he communicated what had taken place at Paris on the entrance of the Allies, at the same time enjoining them not to disclose these events to the army. He then reviewed, in the great court of the Chateau, the second and the seventh corps of the army, and after passing through the ranks, finding them full of enthusiasm, ordered the officers to make known the capitulation of Paris: and, desiring the officers and under officers of his guard to form a circle round him, and addressing them in a very energetic manner, said that the enemy had stolen three days' march upon them, and had arrived at Paris. I have offered the Emperor Alexander peace, purchased by great sacrifices—France, with its ancient limits, and to renounce all the conquests made since the Revolution. Not only has he refused, but has listened to the suggestions of a faction, composed of emigrants whom he had pardoned, and persons whom he had enriched; who on his entrance encircled the Emperor of Russia, and by their perfidious insinuations, obtained his permission to assume the white cockade. But, continued Napoleon, we will preserve our own—in a few days I will march upon Paris. “Je compte sur vous:—Ai je tort?” “Paris! Paris! Paris!” was the yell which burst from all the ranks, and the most savage zeal was expressed to march, with the avowed purpose of storming the metropolis, and slaughtering all those of the inhabitants who should not declare for *their* Emperor.

During the night, the superior officers, instead of retiring to rest, deliberated among themselves on the probable effects of this determination of Napoleon. The city, doomed to destruction, contained the habitations of the parents, wives, and families of many of them; its magnificence was the pride of their country; and even should he succeed in retaking, and wreaking his fury on it, no other result would be obtained than the gratification of his personal vengeance; and that, so far from terminating the war, it would only be the means of removing its horrors into other parts of France, which had not yet experienced them. These considerations determined them *not* to march against Paris; and, in the morning of the 3rd, some of them intimated this to him. He saw also that indecision had supplanted the ardour of the preceding day in nearly the whole army.

Count Letort, general of division of the dragoons of the Imperial

guard, assured me, it was the general opinion at Fontainebleau, that if Bonaparte, instead of announcing his intention to the army, and giving them time for deliberation, had, on forming his determination, marched them to within four or five leagues of Paris, and there informed them what had taken place, and proposed instantly storming the city, they would have rushed on and perished in the ruins. This attack of Paris was to have been made on the 5th.

On the 4th, the *Moniteur* of the preceding day, containing the decision of the Senate, and the formation of a government *pro tempore*, was received at Fontainebleau; when the Marshals Ney, Macdonald, and Oudinot agreed, that, after the review, Bonaparte should be made acquainted with these events. Ney accordingly undertook the task and, accompanied by the other two Marshals, followed the Emperor to his closet, where he made known to him the decree of the Senate, which declared the forfeiture (*déchéance*) of the throne; and, at the same time, declared it was their determination to adhere to the decision of the government at Paris. Napoleon affected to disbelieve the news. "C'est faux" was his immediate reply. Ney then produced the paper, and advised him to acquiesce, and abdicate. Napoleon took the *Moniteur*, feigned to read, turned pale, and appeared much agitated, (but did not shed tears as the newspapers reported.) He seemed not to know in what manner to act; alternately wheedling, and haughtily threatening them for rebelling against him. Ney told him he might be certain they had not proceeded so far, without being determined not to recede. Napoleon said, the army would remain faithful to him; but Ney replied, they would follow their generals. He then asked: "Que voulez vous?" Ney answered: "Il n'y a que l'abdication qui puisse vous tirer de là." The Emperor proposed a regency, securing to his son, when of age, succession to the throne; and deputed Macdonald, Ney, and Caulincourt to treat, on this basis, with the allied sovereigns, and the government at Paris. During the altercation, Marshal Lefevre, Duke of Dantzic, came in; and upon the Emperor's expressing astonishment at what had been announced to him, said, in a rough manner, you see what has resulted from not listening to the advice of your friends to make peace; but, you may think yourself well off, that affairs have terminated as they have. Napoleon finished by offering to abdicate in favour of his son, and charged Marshals Ney, and Macdonald, and Caulincourt, to carry this act to Paris. The Marshals even promised, that if they could not obtain this by treaty, to return to him and try to obtain it by force of arms.

At this time, there were four Corps d'Armée at Fontainebleau. The corps of Oudinot, Duke of Reggio, composed of six thousand men; those of Marshals Ney and Macdonald, and General Girard, forming together six thousand more; and the old Imperial Guard, amounting to between six and seven thousand. That these troops formed the

total of force that remained with Napoleon was confirmed to me by many persons who were at Fontainebleau.

On the night of the 4th, some officers of Oudinot's corps observed gens-d'armes lurking about the Duke's quarters. They communicated this circumstance to him, and their suspicions that these fellows were watching an opportunity for executing some secret order against him. Oudinot went immediately to Bonaparte, declaring to him what had been observed, and boldly advised him to desist from such practices, as the evil might be retorted upon himself. Napoleon flew into a passion, and called Oudinot *un misérable*; who replied, that, as he was no longer his sovereign, he would not put up with such language. "Vous êtes un ingrat," exclaimed Napoleon. The Duke spurned at the accusation, at the same time declaring that he had served him faithfully so long as it was his duty so to act.

On the following day (the 5th) the Emperor appeared on the parade; but finding a marked indifference on the part not only of the officers but the troops, he in about ten minutes retired to the palace, and appeared no more before the army, as their master.

Oudinot, from motives of personal safety, as well as from apprehension, that the Imperial Guard might attempt to seduce the rest of the army marched the latter towards Essonne.

The deputation returned from Paris at between twelve and one in the morning of the 6th, when Marshal Ney informed the Emperor that an unconditional abdication of the throne was required of him, and that *his personal safety* depended on this measure\*. This, for some time, Napoleon persisted in refusing to accede to; at length he enquired whither he was expected to go? "To the Isle of Elba, and with a pension of two millions of francs." This, he said, was too much; for, since I am to become a simple soldier, a Louis d'or per diem is sufficient. The abdication was signed the eleventh, on a small

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\* Napoleon's personal danger was far greater than a brave soldier like Ney could possibly have contemplated, as De Maubreuil's mission will show. I questioned, in 1819, M. Roux Laborie, secretary to the Gouvernement Provisoire relative to this mysterious affair, with which I became acquainted from being present at the pleadings in the Courts of Justice in Paris in 1817. He admitted the intention of having Napoleon and his son murdered; and that De Maubreuil, from his extravagant conduct on the day of the entrance of the allied army into Paris, was deemed a very likely person to undertake and execute the mission. He was therefore sent for by Talleyrand, and M. Roux Laborie was present at the interview between them; at which it was proposed, by authority of the provisional government, that he should form a gang of fifty men for the accomplishment of the scheme; five hundred thousand francs was offered as the recompense; the whole of which sum was to be paid to the survivors, even should but one remain after perpetrating the deed. To this proposition he said De Maubreuil acceded, and returned on the 13th of April to inform him that he had completed his troop, and was ready to set out, but that he stated, that as Bonaparte had signed his abdication, his murder was no longer necessary. This is Laborie's account; a man who, at the same time, vaunted the excellence of his memory, which he said was so tenacious that he never forgot the date of any action of his life, nor the most

circular mahogany table, having a pillar leg painted green like bronze, in a room of white and gold, and hung with red and gold rich silk—two windows.

minute circumstances of the event, even to the furniture of the room and colour of the waistcoats of the persons present.

Now for the other statement; which is the result of what I heard at the trials, and which proves, from the dates of the orders given by the different ministers, &c., that Napoleon's abdication *did not put an end* to the plots for his assassination. Jaques Marie Armand, Guerry de Maubreuil, Marquis d'Orval, aged thirty, is of an ancient and noble family of Brittany, twenty-two of whom had been killed fighting in the Bourbon cause. His father, who also was killed, had for his second wife the sister of the celebrated Messrs. de La Rochejaquelein, and De Maubreuil himself received the decoration of the Legion of Honour, for having saved the life of the colonel of his regiment in the Peninsula war. In consequence of being sent for by Talleyrand, De Maubreuil waited on him at seven in the evening, and was received with great politeness; Laborie also was in the room. Talleyrand stated to him, that there could be no safety for those who had espoused the cause of the Bourbons, or tranquillity for France or Europe, while Napoleon was suffered to exist;—that although he was allowed the Island of Elba and the title of Emperor in order to pacify Austria, yet the Gouvernement Provisoire and the Emperor of Russia had determined on the destruction of him and all his family; and that the King of Rome should be carried to a place which should be indicated to him. For the execution of this plan he offered him the title of Duke, the rank of lieutenant-general in the army, the governorship of a province, and two hundred thousand francs a-year for life. Maubreuil replied, he would consider on the means he could find for executing the project, and give him an answer the next day; he immediately went to his relations M. de St. Aignan and M. de Caulincourt, to whom he divulged the whole conversation. They advised him to feign acquiescence, lest on his refusal some one should be found to execute it. He waited on Talleyrand according to appointment, telling him he accepted the mission. Talleyrand then introduced him to the Emperor of Russia, by whom he was most graciously received; and the manner of executing their project being discussed, it was agreed that Napoleon should be murdered as he crossed the Fontainebleau forest, on his way to Elba; and the King of Rome carried off on his way from Rambouillet, which offered greater difficulties, as there was a probability he and his mother would have a considerable Austrian escort. On quitting Talleyrand, he went to a royalist club, held at M. Vantaux's, a man of a good family, but necessitous and unprincipled. He there announced that he was charged by the Gouvernement Provisoire with a mission of such importance that he was authorized to confer the rank of colonel on those he employed and with whose conduct he was satisfied. On being questioned as to the nature of the enterprise, he replied he was not at liberty to divulge it. M. Dasies, a gentleman about twenty-eight years old, at once offered to join him. Having completed his troop, he waited on Talleyrand, and on the 17th of April received his full instructions, and permission to distribute as much of the treasure the imperial family was carrying off with them, as he thought proper among his troop. Maubreuil mentioned that the Queen of Westphalia had among her trinkets a miniature of a lady with whom he had formerly been connected, and which he was desirous of possessing. "Take it," said Talleyrand, "and any thing else you think proper, so that you do but execute the grand object of your mission!" The orders, signed by the different authorities, were then delivered to him, one signed by the Minister of Police, Angles; a second by the Minister of War, Count Dupont; a third by the Director of Post-horses, Bourienne; a fourth by the Russian Baron Sacken; a fifth by the Prussian Baron de Brokenhausen. Maubreuil had official duplicates of these orders in case of accident, and Dasies had exactly similar, in case they were obliged to separate in the execution of their project.

At the audience, which the deputation had with the Emperor of Russia, Marshal Ney expressed some dissatisfaction that the senti-

Copy of the Orders that were read at De Maubreuil's trial :

## I.

"Ministère de la Police Générale.—Il est ordonné à toutes les autorités chargées de la police générale de France, aux commissaires généraux, spéciaux, et autres, d'obéir aux ordres que M. de Maubreuil leur donnera, de faire et d'exécuter à l'instant même tout ce qu'il prescrira, M. de Maubreuil étant chargé d'une *mission secrète* de la plus haute importance.

"Le Commissaire Provisoire au Département de la Police Générale,

"L. S. (Signé) ANGLES.

"Paris, 16 Avril, 1814.

"Commissariat de la Police Générale."

## II.

"Ministère de la Guerre.—Il est ordonné à toutes les autorités militaires, d'obéir aux ordres qui leur seront données par M. de Maubreuil lequel est autorisé à les réquérir et en disposer selon qu'il jugera convenable, étant chargé d'une *mission secrète*. M. M. les commandants des corps veilleront à ce que les troupes soient mises sur le champ à sa disposition, et qu'il n'éprouve aucun retard pour l'exécution des ordres dont il est chargé pour le service de Sa Majesté, Louis XVIII.

"Le Ministère de la Guerre.

"Paris, 16 Avril, 1814.

L. S. (Signé) Le Général Comte DUPONT."

## III.

"Directeur Générale des Postes et Relais de France.—Le Directeur Général des Postes ordonne aux maîtres de postes de fournir à l'instant à M. de Maubreuil, chargé d'une importante mission, la quantité de chevaux qui lui sera nécessaire, et de veiller à ce qu'il n'éprouve aucun retard pour l'exécution des ordres dont il est chargé pour le service des postes.

"Le Directeur Général des Postes et Relais de France.

"Hotel des Postes, Paris, 17 Avril, 1814." L. S. (Signé) BOURIENNE.

"P.S.—Le Général ordonne aux inspecteurs et maîtres de postes de veiller avec le plus grand soin à ce que le nombre des chevaux demandé par M. de Maubreuil lui soit fournir avant et de préférence à qui que soit et qu'il n'éprouve aucune espèce de retard.

"Paris, 17 Avril. L. S. (Signé) "Le Directeur Général, BOURIENNE."

## IV.

RUSSIAN ORDER.—FRENCH LITERAL TRANSLATION.

"M le Général de Maubreuil étant chargé d'une haute mission, d'une très grande importance, pour laquelle il est autorisé à requérir les troupes de Sa Majesté Impériale Russe, M. le Général en chef de l'Infanterie Russe, Baron Sacken, ordonne aux commandants des troupes de les lui mettre à sa disposition, pour l'exécution de sa mission, dès qu'il les demandera.

"Le Général en chef de l'Infanterie Russe, Gouverneur de Paris.

"Paris, 17 Avril, 1814. L. S. (Signé) Baron SACKEN."

## V.

PRUSSIAN ORDER.—FRENCH LITERAL TRANSLATION.

"M. le Général Maubreuil étant autorisé à parcourir en France pour des affaires d'une très grande importance, et pour l'exécution de très hautes missions; que dans son besoin il peut avoir occasion de requérir les troupes des Hautes Puissances, en conséquence, et suivant l'ordre de M. le Général en chef de l'Infanterie Russe, Baron Sacken, il est ordonné à M. M. les commandants des troupes alliées de lui fournir, sur ses demandes pour l'exécution de ces hautes missions.

"Le Général d'Etat Major.

"Paris, 17 Avril, 1814. L. S. (Signé) Baron de BROKENHAUSEN."

Furnished with these orders, (the object of which those who gave them dared not

ments of the army had not been consulted. Alexander replied: "*Je ne trait qu'avec des Rois ou des Peuples. Ici je trait avec le Peuple.*"

mention,) and that put at their disposal the police of France, the French troops, those of the Allies, and all the Post-horses, Maubreuil and Dasies (the latter with the title of Commissaire du Gouvernement) quitted Paris on the 18th. They joined their troops on the road, and waited in Fontainebleau forest until they saw the Emperor Napoleon pass in safety. They then went on the Montescan road, and on the 21st, about a furlong before the village of Fossard, stopped the Princess Catherine, daughter of the King of Wirtemberg, and wife of Jerome Buonaparte, King of Westphalia; she was travelling from Blois with a numerous train of servants, carriages, and camp equipages. De Maubreuil, dressed as a colonel of Hussars, at the head of his troop, composed of Mamelukes of the late Imperial Guard, and soldiers of the Imperial Guard, in all about one hundred and twenty, rode up to the Queen, to whom he was previously known, and told her he had orders to seize the cases containing the treasure she was carrying away. They took eleven cases; in one of them were eighty-four thousand francs in gold, another contained her husband's dressing case, in which were jewels to the value of one hundred and sixty thousand francs. The Queen and the Westphalian Minister, Maubreuil and Dasies, dined together at the inn at Fossard. She continued her journey; he went to Chailly, a village on the Paris side of Fontainebleau, from whence the cases, except that containing the jewels, were sent, under a military escort, to M. de Vantaux, at Paris, where they arrived at nine in the morning of the 22d. Maubreuil and Dasies having slept at Chailly on the 21st, went, the next day, to Versailles, to obtain information relative to the King of Rome; while there Maubreuil sent for a locksmith to open Jerome's dressing-case. Maubreuil and Dasies went to Paris, and arrived late at night at Vantaux's, where they found Semallé, and saw the cases in a closet behind Vantaux's bed. Maubreuil delivered them the dressing-case. Vantaux was, at that time, called Inspecteur des Tresors de la Couronne; and Count de Semallé was a creature of Blacas, and an intriguing adventurer, without the means of existence, employed by the Bourbons at this critical moment with the title of Commissaire du Roi. The next day Dasies went to Semallé's who asked to see the orders he had received from him. These he attempted to keep; but was prevented by the superior strength of Dasies, who, however, permitted him to take copies. This ill-timed act of Semallé gave the alarm to Maubreuil and Dasies to place these orders in a place of safety. On the 25th, at night, these cases, which had remained concealed, were officially examined, and as the grand object of the mission had been frustrated, it was now pretended that the only end of it was to recover the treasure which the Bonaparte family was taking out of France, and that Maubreuil had kept some of it for himself; as, in the case which De Maubreuil said contained eighty-four thousand francs in gold, only four thousand were found in silver. De Maubreuil and Dasies were taken to the Prefecture of Police. A few days afterwards, four of their agents and servants were taken up.

On Maubreuil's arriving at the Prefecture of Police he was commanded to deliver up the different orders which had been given to him: on replying that he had them not, he was instantly stripped naked to search for them! He was then placed *au secret*, and from this hour began a system of atrocious cruelty, mockery of justice, violation of every established legal form of procedure, unequalled at any period of French history. Fifteen days after he had been *au secret*, his lodgings, in the Hôtel de Virginie, Rue St. Honoré, were searched without (as the law expressly requires) either himself or his servant being present; and in the room in which the servant slept, an ear-ring, a diamond, a ruby, and an emerald, were found wrapped in a bit of writing paper, on which were some words that a servant of the Queen of Westphalia declared to be in her hand-writing. After Maubreuil had been *au secret* seven weeks, a spy of the police, named Huet, offered a gold comb, set with diamonds, for sale:—it was bought. A few days after, this same Huet offered a second; this excited the shopkeeper's suspicion;

It was Macdonald who defended the interests of Napoleon the most warmly and earnestly, trying to obtain a regency for the young

he sent for the commissary of police, and Huet, in reply to his interrogation, said that he was angling in the Seine, near the steam-engine at Chaillot, and brought up the comb; that three days after he went again to the same place; he brought up a second. The river was then dragged at this spot, and the jewels of the Queen of Westphalia found wrapped in a cloth: they were examined by the jewellers who set them, and others of the same trade, who declared, from their appearance, that they could not have been under water but a few days, and de Maubreuil had been *au secret* for seven weeks. Huet, the police spy, was committed to the prison of La Force, where, after he had remained some time, he began to grow tired of the confinement the part he had been made to play had brought upon him, and said to some fellow-prisoners, that if he was not set at liberty soon he would take the gag out of his mouth. On the 10th of October, Dasies was taken from the prison of La Force, put into a carriage, as it was said, to take him to M. Dufour, the judge of instruction, appointed to examine him previous to trial. On crossing the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, the carriage stopped; the door was opened by three persons, who informed him he was at liberty; he got out, went to his counsel, M. Couture, and from thence wrote to the Chancellor and the judge of instruction what had taken place, adding, that if they had any charge against him he would surrender; but no notice was taken of him or his letter. On the 3d of December 1814, De Maubreuil was brought before the tribunal of the premier instance of Paris, which declared that the imputation against de Maubreuil did not come within their jurisdiction, as it appeared to be the abuse or negligence of an order emanating from superior and military authorities; upon this he was sent to the military prison of the Abbaye, where he remained *au secret* one hundred and six days; but in the month of March 1815, when Napoleon was rapidly approaching Paris, the government, dreading lest Maubreuil should get into Napoleon's power, an order was sent on the 18th of March to set him at liberty, which was done. Colville and the others not being in the secret of the proposed murder were suffered to remain. Maubreuil, on recovering his liberty, went to his friend Count Danes, mayor of St. Germain, in whose house he was taken up on the 23d of March, by the police of the Emperor Napoleon, and again conducted to the Abbaye. Dasies was taken up and put in the Abbaye. On the 24th the minister of war sent an order to convoke a court-martial to try De Maubreuil, Dasies, Colville, Barbier, Muller, Fraitur, Mouton, and Huet. On the 28th the court-martial assembled and declared itself incompetent, none of the persons being military men. On the 2d of April, 1815, the affair was brought before the council of state, and a report published of the sitting. The third article says:—

“Le Sûreté de Napoleon, de la famille impériale était garantie (Art. 14 du traité de Fontainebleau) par toutes les puissances; et des bandes d'assassins ont été organisées en France, sous les yeux du gouvernement Français et même par ses ordres, comme prouvera bientôt la procédure solennelle contre le Sieur de Maubreuil, pour attaquer l'Empereur, et ses frères et leurs épouses, &c.”

Every means was taken to get the secret out of De Maubreuil; every offer, every threat was made, but he would not make any declaration, or answer any questions; as for the others they knew nothing of the plot. Notwithstanding the firmness of de Maubreuil, Fouché was apprehensive, that at last they might obtain information which it would not suit the part he was playing that they should possess; he therefore facilitated his escape. His friend, the Marquis Debrosse, conveyed a file and rope to him: he sawed through the bars of his prison at the prefecture of police, and let himself down at night into the court-yard. He immediately set off for Ghent with the Marquis Debrosse, but was arrested on the 4th May, at Brussels, by order of Semallé, and sent to prison at Ghent, where he attempted suicide, by opening four of his veins; from thence he was transferred to Liège, Semallé denouncing him to the

Napoleon. Michaud, the author, told me that at this time he never quitted Talleyrand, and that at this interview the Emperor of Russia,

government of the Netherlands as an assassin, sent by Bonaparte to kill the King of France; but Baron Eckstein, chief of the police, soon found he had been the dupe of Semallé, and set De Maubreuil at liberty, who returned to France about the same time that Louis XVIII. arrived at Paris. While he was absent, the Court of Cassation, on the 28th of June, sent the business, as far as related to Maubreuil, Dasies, and Barbier, before the Procureur du Roi, and ordered Colville and the others to be set at liberty, as were Dasies and Barbier at the end of 1816. The Procureur du Roi sent it to the Police Correctionnelle; the Avocat du Roi, at the Police Correctionnelle, declared that this tribunal was not competent to try the affair.

De Maubreuil, on his return to France, determined to make the whole plot known, but refrained at the solicitation of M. de la Rochejaquelin, and he retired into the country, near St. Germain, where he remained unmolested until the 11th of June 1816, when he was taken up, brought to Paris, and thrown into a dungeon in the prison of La Force, where he remained, *au secret*, except the hours he was taken out to be tormented by interrogations. On the 12th of January 1817, his friend the Marquis Debrosse petitioned the Chamber of Deputies that he might be tried, as the Procureur du Roi had decreed that the Police Correctionnelle was competent; the Chamber of Deputies sent this petition to a committee, and the result was, that on the 10th of April, De Maubreuil was brought before the Police Correctionnelle at Paris, after a confinement in a dungeon of five hundred and fifty-two days, *au secret*, without communication with any human being, until the last fifteen days, when his counsel and the Marquis Debrosse were allowed to see him in the presence of four witnesses. I was present at this trial. De Maubreuil presented a most ghastly appearance, with a frightful wildness in his eyes, his skin of the unnatural whiteness of the lower part of celery or endive, and from the same cause,—seclusion from light; the contrast from what he now was to what he was when last I saw him galloping about the streets of Paris on the 31st of March, 1814, was most awful. The Court consisted of the president and two judges. The President, M. Maugis, behaved in a more mild, gentlemanly manner than judges usually do in Paris; but far otherwise was the demeanour of M. Vatismenil Avocat du Roi, a young coxcomb who wore mustachios, that, when not in his advocate's dress, he might be mistaken for a military man. This King's advocate gave an account of the whole affair, but said, that though the charges were "*prodigious*," and the mass of information vast, as might be judged from the quantity of papers now before me, (and there most certainly was full a ream of paper,) yet M. de Maubreuil need not deny these charges, "*car nous n'affirmons aucun*;" he concluded by requiring of the court to declare its incompetency. The President asked M. de Maubreuil what he had to say as to the competency? He was going to speak as to the facts; this the President said was useless. He said that he had the most important revelation to make, but that he feared being made away with in prison, and that his counsel would be persecuted by the police; he required that his friend Debrosse, who yesterday had resigned his rank in the army to defend him, should not be sent out of Paris during his trial. The Court said that "*la justice*" should protect him and his counsel. But, replied De Maubreuil, *la police n'est pas la justice*; I have to complain of a system of espionage sans example on the part of M. le Comte d'Artois over all who would defend me; and that the prefect of police yesterday seized all my papers. The Court then named M. Couture as his counsel, and adjourned to that day se'nnight. On the sitting of the 17th of April he divulged, what he had not yet done, the real object for which he had received the orders; and such was the interest and consternation it excited in Court, that though the gens-d'armes, between whom he was placed, received orders to make him sit down, yet they did it so mildly and reluctantly, that he had time to finish his declaration. He now said, let them thank themselves, for wishing to destroy my reputation, and making me pass for a robber. He also said that his friend, the

notwithstanding his flourish of treating with the people, was so completely persuaded by the Marshals and Caulincourt, and at the same time *influenced by fear* of the result of a battle, that he determined to abandon the cause of the Bourbons, and retreat from Paris with his army. Dessoles was the person who persuaded him to remain, saying that if he retreated he hoped he would grant passports to all the

Marquis Debrosse, had been sent out of Paris. The President very mildly told him to be silent. M. Couture then made a most interesting and eloquent statement of the whole affair, and spoke for two hours and twenty minutes. He said, why do not those who signed the orders come forward and say what their object was? Why, if his orders were not of a most uncommon nature, was he set at liberty before the return of Napoleon, while the inferior agents were suffered to remain in prison?

The Avocat du Roi, M. Vatismenil, then replied. He began: "he was very wrong last sitting, in treating De Maubreuil as a robber;" and admitted that the setting him at liberty on the 18th of March, was from "*une raison de haute politique!!!*" but now that De Maubreuil has asserted what the object of his mission was, he has shown himself doubly culpable, first by accepting, and then in being so perfidious as not to execute it. Maubreuil again spoke; his counsel Couture also. The Court adjourned to the 22d of April, on which day it was still more crowded than on the former occasion. Marshal Oudinot was present. The Court then pronounced its incompetency. On the 21st of May the "Cour Royale de Paris, Chambre des Appels de Police Correctionnelle" heard the cause. De Maubreuil was brought in, surrounded by eight gens-d'armes, instead of the usual number, two. This was the appeal of De Maubreuil against the decision of the Police Correctionnelle, which had declared itself incompetent. M. Couture pleaded for Maubreuil. Maubreuil himself was very calm, but did not speak. The cause was adjourned until the 23d, to hear M. Hua, the advocate-general. On this day De Maubreuil was seated between two gens-d'armes, and guarded by six others; the court, which is very large, was crowded with ladies and persons of distinction. The Court was composed of a president and ten judges. M. Hua began by saying it was not the guilt of M. de Maubreuil the Court was to decide upon, but whether what he was accused of came under the cognizance of the criminal or the correctionnel tribunal; he required that the Court should declare its incompetence, for as a robbery had been committed, it came under the cognizance of the criminal court. Maubreuil replied, it was very true that there had been a robbery, but that the robbers were M. de Semallé, M. Vantaux, and M. de Vitrolles. The President, in a very mild, conciliatory tone, said he was not called a robber, but only that he was *prévenu d'un vol*. The Advocate-general said the same, and that he mistook the meaning of legal terms. Couture, his counsel, then replied: that if the object of the mission had been the recovery of the treasure which was then carrying away by the Imperial family, a commissary of police, with few guards was sufficient, as, at the same period, twenty-eight millions had been taken from Joseph Bonaparte near Orleans. Couture concluded by saying, he was only kept in prison, and thus treated as a scarecrow to government agents. The Court retired, and remained out an hour and a quarter, and on re-entering, declared its competence. The 28th of May, the Procureur-general appealed to the Court of Cassation to destroy the decree of competency. In June, the Court of Cassation sent De Maubreuil to Rouen to be tried; the Court of Rouen sent him, on the 20th of September, to Douai to be tried, which Court condemned him on the evidence of Semallé and Vantaux, for a breach of trust, without determining the nature of the trust reposed in him, and of taking the 84,000 francs in gold, but never mentioned the diamonds, &c. From the prison at Douai, he was allowed to escape, came to England, where he deposited a protest before the Lord Mayor of London, dated 16th May, 1818, and lodged his papers in the archives of the city, and sent a copy of his protest to the different English Peers. He ventured to return to France in June 1825, and was again sent to prison.

Bourbonists to follow him. The 6th, the Emperor of Russia went alone to consult the King of Prussia on this subject.

From the 1st of April to the 5th, the Emperor appeared in public, and on the parade to review his troops in the accustomed manner. During this period, petitions in greater numbers than usual were presented to him by his officers. Instead of giving these to an officer in attendance, his ordinary practice on like occasions, he kept them himself, and carried them with him to his own apartment.

During the period of residence at Fontainebleau, after his abdication, Bonaparte confined himself almost entirely to the library, alternately reading or conversing with Maret, Duke of Bassano, who was constantly with him. Sometimes he would come into the gallery and enter into conversation with the officers who were in attendance there, on the events of the day, and what the public prints said of him, admitting the truth of certain observations and denying others. One day he arrived with a newspaper in his hand, and holding it out, exclaimed, with great indignation: they say "que je suis lâche." At other times he would discuss the politics of the day as a person having no more than a common interest in them; and the restored King was a frequent subject of his discourse. With an air of candour he asked M. Lamezan what was meant by insinuations which appeared in the newspapers relative to the death of Pichegru, declaring that he had never heard of them before. In one of the papers were some details of the ill-treatment which the Pope had experienced. He said, "C'est vrai le Pape a été maltraité. Plus mal que je ne voulais." To General Sebastiani he said: "Ce n'est pas les Russes ni les Alliés qu'ils m'ont conquises, c'est les idées liberales que j'ai trop opprimé en Allemagne." \*

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\* Had he said in France also he would have solved the problem. The thralldom of the French press, and the artificial moulding of public opinion to the imperial despotism, will appear from the following curious document, with which I was furnished by M. Manget, a literary gentleman, editor of the *Publicist*, a daily newspaper; which, in consequence of being conducted on rather more liberal principles than the others, was suppressed *par ordre supérieur*, in October 1810, the sale being then about three thousand: Messrs. Suard and Guizot and Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan, now Madame Guizot, were among the habitual writers for it. During the fifteen months which preceded the suppression of this paper, the editor never could obtain the sight of a single English newspaper, nor even of a Spanish one, and yet the latter were manufactured under the direction of King Joseph's police. The English articles, which appeared in the *Publicist*, were sent from the Secretary of State's office, and were so badly and literally translated, that the interpretations there inserted were glaringly evident. Private letters directed to them were stopped at the post-office, and the articles of news they contained sent to papers in greater favour with government. M. Manget was obliged to attend daily on Charles Lacretelle, jun. the censor of the *Publicist*, at his office, at the Ministers of Police, to receive orders in what manner to direct the public opinion, and what feelings he was to manifest. When Holland was united to France, Lacretelle said to Manget that it was a most atrocious act, and a severe blow at civilization, but at the same time ordered him to write an article in form of a letter from Rotterdam, saying that this union was of the greatest advantage to the Dutch, as they were too

Speaking of the Bourbons to the same general, he said, the French will be enthusiastic for them for six months, then cold for three, and at the end of the year, adieu.

poor to keep up their dykes, that their commerce would now flourish, as Holland would be attached to Europe, and her canals conducted to the centre of France.

*Prohibitions to the Publicist from the Minister of Police.*

To announce any nomination before it appeared in the *Moniteur*. Ever to mention the ancient name of the French provinces, such as Normandy, Languedoc, Touraine, Burgandy, &c.

To announce the launching of any ship of war.

To mention any accident which might be attributed to neglect on the part of the police, such as murders, robberies, fires, persons run over, tiles or flower-pots falling on the heads of persons in the streets, or suicides; as the common people very frequently destroy themselves, and this evinces the misery of the times.

Want of rain, or too much, inundations, hail-storms, &c. There was a very considerable inundation in the department of the Ain in the spring of 1810; they received special orders not to mention this, as no distress must be supposed to exist in the empire.

The motions of the army, or even of any military officer of high rank.

To criticise the public monuments erected by the government. Some buildings were begun in time of war; but being first exhibited, cleared of the scaffolding, and finished when peace existed with the power over which they were intended as monuments of triumph. In 1810, when the triumphal arch on the Place Caroussel was opened, France was at peace with Austria, and all the bas-reliefs represented the degradation of that power: they were ordered only to speak of it as a work of art, but not to mention the subjects of the sculpture or the inscriptions.

Forbidden to use the word Poland, always to term it the Grand Duchy of Warsaw.

Forbidden to notice the Swedish navy. Ordered to say that the Swedes would not trade with England; and that whenever the Danes attacked the English they were always victorious.

Forbidden to mention Spain, or to copy any article from the French provincial papers of the departments adjoining Spain; this prohibition came in consequence of the *Journal des Landes* giving an account of some success obtained by the National Guards over the Spaniards, in the valley of Aran, as this showed that the Spaniards were in force on the frontiers of France.

Forbidden to mention the state of the Russian colonies in the South of Europe; and ordered to say that the workmen who had gone there had been misled, deceived, in the greatest misery, and seeking every means of returning to their native country, and many were seen begging their way back; that this would not have been noticed but to expose the wickedness of the German newspapers; who, from hatred of the French, try, by delusive statements, to lure others to similar ruin.

Forbidden to mention the successes of the Russians over the Turks, because it must not be known that Russia was powerful; or, on the other hand, any advantages gained by the Turks, as at that time (1810) the Porte was disposed to quarrel with France. Ordered to insult Mr. Adair, the English ambassador at Constantinople, and to treat him as a "vile intrigant."

They received a private letter from Professor Rehfuß, of Stutgardt, a man of considerable merit, containing an accurate statement of the Russian forces, showing them to amount to thirteen hundred thousand men; on this being inserted, came a violent threatening letter from the police, and orders to contradict it in the manner that would produce the greatest effect: upon this they fabricated a letter from Riga, saying, that this statement was false, and the production of one of those German newspaper visionary scribblers, who were ever indulging their fondness for peopling Europe by strokes of the pen in a manner best suited to their rigmorole speculations.

A few days after his abdication he walked in the garden of the Palace for two hours with Marshal Macdonald, and spoke of the new constitution, of what he considered its advantages and defects. He said that during the last twelve years he had been furnished with a daily bulletin of the actions of Louis XVIII. allowed that he was an honest man, and that the opportunities which his residence in England had given him of becoming acquainted with her institutions, would be extremely useful to him; adding, that possibly he should not remain long in Elba, but visit England, and study the great and liberal establishments of that country.

General Sir Edward Paget and Lord Louvain, who were at Paris, both informed me that Lord Castlereagh, at that time also in Paris, told them, that in pursuance of this idea, Bonaparte had written to him for permission to retire to England, "it being the only country of great and liberal ideas."

To some of his officers, on their taking leave of him, Napoleon gave letters of commendation, with injunctions to serve the King with the same zeal and fidelity they had manifested towards himself. In the letter he gave to Monsieur de Caraman, one of his officers d'ordonnance, were these passages:—"J'autorise M. de Caraman de me quitter. Je n'ai point de doute que son nouveau souverain n'auroit q'utiles services à tirer de lui et à se louer de son zèle, de ses talents, et de son dévouement."

He gave a similar letter to Monsieur Lamezan, another of his orderly officers.

For General Kosokouski he wrote: "Je déclare avec plaisir mon cher Général, que vous m'êtes restez attaché et fidèle j'usqu'au dernier moment."

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Forbidden to copy from the German papers, that in a journey which the Imperial Family of Austria made, they would not allow any fêtes being made for them, and that they lived with the greatest simplicity.

Most positive prohibition to mention the Empress Josephine, Madame de Stael, the King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, unless it was to treat him as a madman, which they were ordered to do. Never to bestow the smallest eulogium on the Queen of Prussia, of which the German papers were full.

Ordered to manufacture an article, dated Berlin, saying, that the marriage of Napoleon with the Archduchess Maria Louisa produced the best effect there, as it proved that the Germans had come to their senses and saw their real interests, as a short time since the news of this marriage would have been badly received.

Forbidden to give the account from the German papers of Maria Louisa's quitting her family, as they said she wept.

Forbidden to copy from the Strasburgh paper, the address, which the mayor of that city presented to Maria Louisa on her arrival there, because it terms the Germans *moitié compatriots*, and says, that by this marriage they will be rendered *doublement compatriots*.

Encouraged to insult and ridicule the second class (Académie Française) of the Institute. Full liberty was given to ridicule the decinal prizes, with the intention of rendering literature contemptible.

He told M. de Caraman that he had never had time to study ; but that he now should, and meant to write his own memoirs.

On learning that the Emperor of Russia had visited the Empress Josephine, Bonaparte observed, it was doubtless with a view to insult her.

Isabey had made a portrait in water-colours of the Empress Maria Louisa and her son, which she presented to the Emperor on new-year's-day, 1814. The drawing was at this time in Isabey's possession, who hearing from Caulincourt that Napoleon had expressed a desire to have it, repaired to Fontainebleau, and arrived there on the 19th at noon. On being introduced, he found Bassano and General Bertrand in the apartment ; the latter reading aloud the description of some place, but ceased on Isabey's approach. Bonaparte exclaimed : " Hah ! Isabey ! quelles nouvelles ! " He replied, that he was come to thank him for all the favours he had conferred upon him, and to take leave of him ; and that having heard the Duke of Vicenza mention his wish to have the portrait, he had brought it with him. Napoleon received it with an air of indifference ; merely saying, " C'est bien."

Isabey, being in the uniform of lieutenant of grenadiers of the National Guard, Bonaparte, in his habitual rough manner, said : " What, are you in the National Guard ? " He replied, that although he had a son in the army, who had fought in the plains of Champagne, and of whose fate he was ignorant,\* yet he thought it his duty to serve himself in Paris. Napoleon making no answer, Isabey retired.

On the 16th, the Commissioners, who, at the desire of Napoleon, were appointed by the allied powers to accompany the Emperor, (as they were ordered by their respective courts to style him,) to the place of embarkation, arrived at Fontainebleau. General Koller, who was sent by Austria, and, like all those who are attached to the staff of the Continental armies, had the habitual facility of arranging business of police, or other espionage, soon, by his spies, became perfectly acquainted with all that passed in the interior of the palace of Fontainebleau. By this means it was known that Napoleon had contracted a syphilitic complaint since his residence there. This piece of intelligence he instantly communicated to the other Commissioners.

When the Commissioners were presented to the Emperor on the 17th, he received them separately. To Count Schuwaloff, the Russian, and to General Koller, the Austrian Commissioners, he gave an audience to each of five minutes ; while to Count Waldbourg-Truchess, the Prussian, of not more than one. But with Colonel Neil Campbell, the audience lasted a quarter of an hour. This, it was believed by them, had been a matter of previous arrangement.

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\* He was killed.

The same distinction towards the English Commissioner was kept up during the journey. Sir Neil Campbell told me, that in the course of conversation with him, Napoleon remarked—though many considered he ought to commit suicide, yet he thought it was more magnanimous to live. That the Emperor of Russia had conferred the order of St. Anne on Lescourt, one of the greatest Jacobins in France. But he made no mention of the mandate, which Lescourt pretended was brought to him to blow up the powder magazine at Grenelle, on the 30th of March; though it was his boasted disobedience on this occasion which had procured him the Russian distinction. He expressed some surprise that Maria Louisa did not join him before his departure. He acknowledged that he had cordially hated the English; but that he was now convinced there was more magnanimity and liberality in their actions than in those of any other government. He was very desirous of taking his passage to Elba in an English frigate. Colonel Campbell wrote to Lord Castlereagh on the subject, and received a favourable answer. Napoleon seemed to rely upon England for the fulfilment of the treaty.

The Emperor's departure was fixed for the 20th of April, and expected to be at eight in the morning. The carriages were in waiting at that hour. The Imperial Guard was drawn up in the great courtyard called Le Cheval Blanc, before the Palace, and a multitude of the town's-people assembled. Colonel Campbell said he saw him at eight in the morning in *deshabille*, unshaved, and covered with snuff. He remained in his room, in conversation with those officers who remained with him. At length, General Bertrand observed to him, that it was eleven o'clock, and every thing was ready for their departure. He replied haughtily: "Since when am I to regulate my actions by your watch? I shall set off when I please—perhaps not at all."

Colonel Campbell and the other Commissioners were waiting in the ante-room of Napoleon's cabinet, in which he was in conversation with M. de Flahaut and General Ornano. At last, Bertrand announced the Emperor. Those present ranged themselves on each side of his passage, according to the usual etiquette, which was kept up to the last. The door opened—Napoleon was coming forward—but suddenly returned. Colonel Campbell, notwithstanding what the Emperor had said, told me that he expected every instant to hear the report of a pistol; but in a short time he came out, passed along the gallery, and, at twelve o'clock, descended the great central steps into the court-yard: the drums rolled as soon as he appeared on the steps. He caused them to cease, by a commanding, dignified motion with his hand; then advancing into the court, the Commissioners attending him, he called the officers around him, and took leave of his troops in the following words:—

"Officiers, sous-officiers, et soldats de la vieille garde, je vous fais mes adieux.

"Depuis vingt ans je suis content de vous. Je vous ai toujours trouvé sur le chemin de la gloire.

"Les puissances alliées ont armé toute l'Europe contre moi : une partie de l'armée a trahi ses devoirs, et la France elle-même a cédé à des intérêts particuliers.

"Avec vous et les autres braves, qui me sont restés fidèles, j'aurois pu entretenir la guerre civile pendant trois ans ; mais la France eût été malheureuse, et ce n'étoit point le but que je m'étois proposé. Je devois donc sacrifier mon intérêt personnel à son bonheur : ce que j'ai fait.

"Soyez fidèles au nouveau souverain que la France s'est choisi ; n'abandonnez pas cette chère patrie trop longtemps malheureuse. Ne plaignez point mon sort ; je serai toujours heureux des que j'apprendrai que vous l'êtes. J'aurois pu mourir ; rien n'était plus facile, mais non, je vivrais pour vous aimer encore et j'écrirai ce que nous avons fait.

"Je ne puis vous embrasser tous, mais j'embrasserai votre chef. Venez général ! [General Petit, whom he then embraced.] Qu'on m'apporte l'aigle ! [He took the eagle, pressed it to him, and kissed it with emotion.] Cher aigle, que ces baisers retentissent dans le cœur de tous les braves !

"Adieu, mes enfans ! adieu, mes braves !"

Buonaparte shed tears, and the whole army wept. Colonel Campbell acknowledged to Colonel Pelley and to myself, that he and every one who heard it, melted into tears.

The Emperor immediately ascended his carriage, accompanied by Bertrand, and preceded by one, in which was General Drouet, and followed by the four carriages of the Commissioners ; and eight of the Emperor's carriages, with his people, closed the train, which employed sixty post-horses.

Five carriages had gone forward on the 19th ; these crossed Mont Cenis, went by Carmagna, and embarked at Savona.

At five in the afternoon they all arrived at Montargis, and passed, without stopping, through the town, at the further end of which post-horses were in waiting ; the Emperor's own horses having brought him from Fontainebleau. About two hundred cavalry were here drawn out to receive him : these he addressed from his carriage, thanked them for their services, which he assured them he should always remember, though he no longer had the power to recompense. They shed tears at this speech, especially the officers ; some of whom broke their swords as they re-entered the town. The effect of this scene, the Hon. Algernon Percy, who witnessed it, told me, was heightened by Napoleon's own emotion ; who, the instant he ceased to address the troops, ordered the postilions to drive on.

The Emperor arrived at eight o'clock in the evening at Briare, where he slept at the Inn of the Post. On Thursday the 21st\* they left Briare between one and two in the afternoon, and proceeded to Nevers, where they dined and slept at the Inn of the Post.† A hussar of his own guard was placed as sentry at the door of the Emperor's apartment, in which he slept alone. He set off the next morning between six and seven o'clock: in this arrangement he was left perfectly to his own will. The Commissioners waited upon him down stairs. General Bertrand went in the carriage with him. At the foot of the stairs, some persons belonging to the inn saluted him with "Vive l'Empereur!" but of this he took no notice. About two hundred and fifty persons were assembled in the street, and the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" was reiterated, without appearing to excite his attention. The white cockades, which the inhabitants had worn when he arrived on the preceding day, they now displaced by their own accord. From hence he was escorted to Villeneuve sur Allier, by fifty hussars of the Imperial Guard; and some infantry who were quartered at Nevers, turned out and presented arms as he passed, but there were no allied troops either in the town or escort.

After his departure the Commissioners returned to their apartments, having their dispatches to finish; Colonel Pelley, who was at Nevers on his return from Moulins, where he had resided as prisoner of war, took charge of these to Lord Castlereagh and the other Plenipotentiaries at Paris. The Colonel, who is an intimate friend of Colonel Campbell, with whom, and the Prussian Commissioners, he supped at Nevers, told me that the Commissioners did not appear to act as if they considered themselves as responsible for Napoleon's person, or as guards upon him; his escape, if he had intended it, being extremely practicable: the sentry being placed at his chamber door as a military honour only. On the Commissioners quitting Nevers, they were hooted by the inhabitants.

On entering Moulins, the Emperor was escorted by some cuirassiers of the allied army. They were met by a carriage, in which was the Mayor and another gentleman going out an airing. Two of the cuirassiers rode up to the carriage, and announced to them the approach of the Emperor; telling them, at the same time, to take the white cockades from their hats. He passed through Moulins without even stopping to change horses. Some of the town's-people vociferated, "Vive l'Empereur!" as he went along.

\* The Emperor invited Colonel Campbell to breakfast at Briare, during which he was very inquisitive relative to Lord Wellington's private character; often saying to the Colonel's answers: "C'est comme moi;" and said he should like very much to be in company with him. He asked, if he possessed great talent in haranguing his troops; and upon the answer that he never did harangue them, expressed great surprise; and still greater, when he told him, that if an English officer was to attempt haranguing his troops, they would laugh at him.

† A large inn just before entering the town on the side next Paris.

They slept that night at Roanne, and set off the next day at ten in the morning.

On Saturday the 23d, Monsieur and Madame Guizot saw him at Tarrare, while he changed horses there. He spoke to the people who were assembled round the carriage, quite *en souverain*, asking them, If they had work? If they had suffered by the war? Some cried, "Vive l'Empereur!" There was no escort.

At Dardilly, the last post before arriving at Lyons, they supped. The Emperor having finished before the Commissioners, walked forward on the road, and there accosted the curé, M. Tillon; asked him if his parish had suffered from the war; then, pointing to the stars, he said, that formerly he knew the names of all the constellations, but that he had forgotten them; and pointing to one, asked if he knew which it was. The curé replying he never knew, their conversation ended.

The same night, about eleven o'clock, he arrived at Lyons. They did not stop at the post-house in the city; but, from precaution, crossed the Rhone by the Pont de la Guillotiere, and changed horses in the faubourg of that name, at a place called Madelaine: some carriages belonging to the Emperor had passed through Lyons in the morning. The people were waiting Napoleon's arrival during the whole day; on his passing the bridge, some few called out "Vive l'Empereur!"

From Lyons Colonel Campbell went forward to see if there was an English ship of war either at Marseilles or Toulon. Finding the Undaunted, Captain Usher, at the former, he showed his authority from Lord Castlereagh to order it to Frejus, whither the frigate sailed, and Colonel Campbell proceeded by land.

On Sunday the 24th, about twelve o'clock, meeting an avant courier near Valence, Napoleon stopped him, and asked to whom he belonged. On replying, to Marshal Angereau; he ordered him to return, and tell the Marshal that the Emperor would speak to him. When the carriages met, they both alighted. Napoleon saluted the Marshal by taking off his hat; then, taking him by the arm, they walked for nearly a quarter of an hour towards Valence. Bonaparte began by, "Ou va tu comme cela; à Paris, à la cour?" Angereau replied: "Sire, pour le moment je vais à Lyons." Buonaparte:—"Ne te gênes pas je ne suis plus Sire pour toi, j'ai lu ta proclamation. Elle est platte; Louis XVIII. t'en jugera d'après cela."\* He then continued reproaching him. Upon which the Marshal began to tut-toyer the Emperor, justified himself, and reproached him with having sacrificed every thing to his insatiable ambition;—adding: "Il y a une grande vérité dans ma proclamation; c'est que tu n'a pas su

\* This proclamation, dated April 16, was manufactured by the government authorities at Lyons, who sent it to Angereau to sign; for, silly as it is, he, poor man, was not capable of writing it, or any thing else.

mourir en soldat.'” Notwithstanding this altercation, Bonaparte, on quitting him, said: “*Va, je ne t'en veux pas.*” I am indebted for this anecdote to the wife of General Letort, and the chief of the letter post-office at Lyons, who saw Augereau on his arrival at that city.

At Donzere, which they passed late in the evening, the outcry against Napoleon began: “*A bas Nicholas! a bas le Tyran! a bas le Corse! le coquin! le mauvais gueux!*” were the only salutations he received during the rest of his journey.

He arrived at Avignon on the 25th, at between five and six in the morning; where the civil authorities had done every thing in their power to prevent tumult, as it was known to be the intention of the people to sacrifice him to their vengeance; yet when the carriages stopped without the city walls to change horses, about a hundred persons had assembled in a tumultuous manner; sabres were brandished, and positive violence to the person of Napoleon was only prevented by the exertions of the Urban Guards; one of whose officers harangued them with great firmness, which somewhat appeased their fury. In the interval the horses were put to; the guard tore the people from the wheels, the officers ordered the postilions to drive off, which they did at full gallop. The other carriages, on account of the Allied Commissioners, were respected.

Sir Neil Campbell told me, that he arrived at Avignon at four in the morning; and notwithstanding it was not yet light, found the people assembled in considerable force. They questioned him relative to the Emperor's passage, saying, that several thousand persons had waited the whole of the preceding day with the intention of sacrificing him.\* The Colonel remonstrated with them, urging that he was no longer dangerous; that he was quitting France by a treaty; and, above all, that he was under the protection of the Allies.

On arriving at the post-house which stands before the entrance to Orgon, a small town, round whose ancient walls the road winds, they found the people assembled in the most outrageous manner, and a figure in French uniform, covered with blood, suspended to a tree. The rabble, who even in this country of barbarians, are famed for their ruffian manners, surrounded the Emperor's carriage, and loaded him with every kind of abuse, in which the women were particularly violent. When the horses were put to, the figure was dragged to another tree, where it was again suspended, and then shot at. The mob prevented his carriage from proceeding, climbed up on both sides of it, tore off Napoleon's decoration of the Legion of Honour, and spat in his face; one fellow insisted on his crying out “*Vive le Roi!*” with which he complied.—Encore “*Vive le Roi!*” the Emperor again acquiesced. Some stones were thrown, the marks of which

\* What an assemblage of the bigotted, ruffian, inhabitants of Avignon is capable of perpetrating, the subsequent unpunished murder of Marshal Brune, has fully evinced.

on the carriage, Bertrand pointed out to Colonel Campbell on their way to Elba. Count Schuwaloff harangued the mob, asking them if they were not ashamed to insult an unfortunate being without defence, who, after dictating laws to the universe, was now at their mercy and their generosity!—"Leave him to himself; contempt is the only arms you should employ against him." This produced the desired effect, and prevented further violence. An ancient chevalier of St. Louis, named Lambert, contributed also, by addressing them in some degree to calm their rage.\*

M. de St. Perest, and Major John Vivian were at Orgon a few days after, and spoke to the man who boasted of having forced the Emperor to cry "Vive le Roi!"

This affair so alarmed Napoleon, that when he had proceeded about a quarter of a league from Orgon, he changed his dress to an old blue great coat and a round hat with a white cockade, quitted his carriage, mounted on horseback, and galloped forward as a courier.

At Saint Canat his carriage was surrounded by a turbulent rabble, and Bertrand, who alone was in it, was saved from their rage by the energetic conduct of the mayor of that place.

Having preceded his carriage, the Emperor, in company with the courier, entered a large but bad muleteer's inn, called La Calade, situated on the right side of the road, about four miles before arriving at Aix. The courier led the horses to the stable, Napoleon entered the inn, and asked for a room, announcing himself as Colonel Campbell. The landlady showed him one, having, as is usual in the south of France, with those on the ground-floor, windows protected by iron bars, apologising for its being low and dark, saying, that it was the only one she had. He replied, it would do. While she was putting it in order, she asked him if he had seen Buonaparte on the road. On his replying, No, (as she told Major John Vivian, a few days after this conversation, from whom I received the information,) she poured forth a torrent of abuse against him; saying, she hoped, that if he escaped being massacred on the road, that he would be thrown into the sea in going to his island. To this abuse he replied, that many things were said of him which were not true. This conversation had such effect upon him, that when the Commissioners arrived at the inn, they found him leaning on the table, with his face on his hands, and on raising his head, they perceived his eyes were full of tears. Here they all dined. Sir Neil Campbell told me that the Commissioners assured him that after dinner, they being in the room, and at table, that the Emperor took a tumbler of water to the fire-place, and there made use of it as

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\* So completely are the people of Orgon ashamed of their conduct, that on my questioning them in April, 1825, on the spot where the outrage was committed, they denied it, and said, that it had been the fashion to calumniate their town. On Napoleon's return from Elba, many of the inhabitants of Orgon fled, conscious of having merited the vengeance of his soldiers.

an embrocation for the inconvenience he had contracted at Fontainebleau. In consequence of the fears of Napoleon they did not leave La Calade until near midnight, and he then persuaded the aid-de-camp of General Schuwaloff to put on the old great coat and round hat in which he had arrived, Napoleon determining to pass for an Austrian colonel; he put on General Koller's uniform, and his order of St. Theresa, with Count Waldbourg Truchess' travelling cap, and General Schuwaloff's cloak. When he was thus accoutred, the whole party went out huddled together, and the assembled spectators who surrounded the door could not discover the object of their solicitude. Some gens-d'armes, whom the mayor of Aix had sent to preserve order, drove the crowd from the carriages, and all went off peaceably. Napoleon was fully of opinion that the French government had arranged the plan to assassinate him at Orgon\*. After Napoleon's return from Elba, in March, 1815, the inn was repeatedly pillaged by the soldiery. The landlady quitted the country for safety.

The next day they dined at the chateau of Bouillidou, near Luc, belonging to M. Charles, a member of the Chamber of Deputies. Here he met his favourite sister Pauline, Princess Borghese, who resided there for her health, to whom he recounted all his dangers and disguises. The 27th, they all arrived at Frejus, and there found Colonel Campbell with the English frigate, the Undaunted, of thirty-eight guns, Captain Thomas Usher. The 28th, Napoleon embarked on board the Undaunted at St. Rapheau, and sailed at eleven o'clock at night; taking with him only two horses, one of which, Sir Neil Campbell told me he purchased on the road, and two carriages. On arriving on board, Captain Usher took off his hat, and bowed in the most respectful manner; the yards were manned, and the crew gave three cheers, which so affected the Emperor that he burst into tears, saying that no adulation he had ever received from the base sycophant French was so genuine or so grateful to him. Sir Neil Campbell said that Napoleon was in very good spirits during the voyage, but spoke with the greatest bitterness of the French in general; but the individuals he was most inveterate against were Marmont, Talleyrand, and Bernadotte. "The French," said he, "now abuse me in pamphlets and in the newspapers, without ever admitting how willingly they seconded my wishes in every thing, and went beyond them in every act of rigour."† Captain Usher was astonished at the quantity of

\* The former plot having been frustrated by De Maubreuil.

† A few examples of this zeal in one class only will show what those put in authority will do when they can.

M. La Vieville des Essassarts was Prefect of the department de la Mayenne, of which the principal town is Laval. A conscript presented himself, having six toes, to the examining officer de Santé, who declared he ought to be exempted, as he was incapable of long marches. The Prefect ordered that the sixth toe should be amputated. The lad said he would relinquish his plea of exemption. The Prefect decided that

nautical information which Napoleon evinced during the voyage. One day he asked him whether all the sails were set that the frigate could carry, and on being answered in the affirmative; "yet," said the Emperor, "if you were in chase of a French frigate would you not hoist one more?" "Yes, the sky-scraper." "Oui, oui, do let us have it up." Captain Usher complied with his desire. The strict discipline kept up by Captain Usher was highly admired by the Emperor, who complained that he had in vain attempted to introduce it in the French navy; "where," continued he, "the commander will laugh and joke with all the crew, even to the cabin-boy, and the sailors are suffered to sprawl about the quarter-deck, and play at cards, backgammon, dominos, or what they please." He asked the captain's opinion of the Toulon fleet; who replied, that in bad weather there was plenty of confusion on board of it. Napoleon laughed at this, and said he never intended they should risk an action. Captain Usher said that Napoleon was in good spirits the whole of the voyage. He one day came up to the crew while at dinner and tasted their peas, and made himself very popular with the sailors by his familiar manner. He said, more than once during the voyage: "*Ces pauvres Bourbons ils ne resteront pas dix mois, il ne sauront par gouverner les Français.*" He often expressed the same idea to Colonel Campbell while at Elba, but he always spoke quietly of them.

The Undaunted arrived before Elba in the afternoon of the 3rd of May. General Drouet was sent on shore that evening to the Governor General Dalesme, and the next day, at two in the afternoon, fixed for the disembarking and entrance of the Emperor. Early in the morning of the 4th, the Emperor seeing through a telescope a pretty country house on the opposite side of the bay from Porto Ferrajo, he wished to go and visit it; the ship's boat took him there, accompanied by Captain Usher, Colonel Campbell, and General Bertrand. On arriving at the house, they found it shut up. Some one was dispatched to Porto Ferrajo for the key; and while waiting for it, Napoleon evinced the most childish impatience for this trifling delay of the gratification of his whim. While waiting, Campbell and Usher left the Emperor, and strolled up to a vineyard behind the house, where they entered into conversation with a man who was at work. He was aware the vessel had brought the Emperor, but did not know he was

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this he could not do as it had been declared to incapacitate him. It was instantly amputated, and the conscript died.

M. de Girardin, Prefect of the department of the Seine Interieur, sent four young men belonging to the first families in Rouen, and one of them son of the President of the Tribunal of Commerce, to the army, for hissing a bad actor.

M. de Miramont, a noble of the *ancient regime*, Prefect of the department of the Eure, sent young gentlemen to the army, as *Gardes d'Honneur*, who were thirty-four and thirty-five, which was ten years above the age that exempted them.

The government required of the Prefect of the Department of the Arriège five hundred men; he sent fifteen hundred.

then so near. Campbell sounded him on the subject of Napoleon. He worked himself into a most violent passion, and with true Italian pantomime, seized his own throat, and made a motion of cutting it with his pruning-knife, signifying that thus he wished to serve the Emperor. The Englishmen had the greatest difficulty in pacifying him. Sir Neil told me that after Napoleon had resided a short time in Elba, the lower classes of the Elbese liked him very much on account of the employment he gave them, but the better sort always held him in aversion.

Napoleon returned on board; and at between two and three o'clock in the afternoon he quitted the ship, and landed at Porto Ferrajo. He was received by the inhabitants, conducted to church, then to his residence at the Hôtel de Ville, where Colonel Campbell and Captain Usher dined with him; the latter remarked that he ate very heartily.

May the 26th, the four hundred officers and soldiers who were allowed to the Emperor as his guard by the treaty of April 11th, and who set out from Petiviers two days before he quitted Fontainebleau, proceeded by Lyons, where the officers were invited to a handsome dinner, given at a restaurateurs in the Broteaux, by some young gentlemen of that city: crossed Mont Cenis, and instead of entering Turin, went to Carmagnole, &c., from thence to Savona. On their arrival at that port, General Cambrone sent off a small vessel to Elba, which arrived there two days after. They were conveyed in five English vessels; these were four days getting ready; they beat about the Roads for seven more, and were two upon the voyage. Napoleon declared, that the interval between the arrival of the *Aviso* and that of the transports, was that of the greatest anxiety and misery he ever experienced.

Napoleon's carriages and horses, and those of the cavalry, were all disembarked in the course of the morning by the English sailors, without the smallest accident, or the loss of a single screw. Napoleon was present the whole time, and expressed his admiration and astonishment at the style in which this was done. "Had they been French sailors," said he, "they would have been at least four days about it; every carriage would have been broken, and half the horses lamed."

A few days after, Captain Usher quitted Elba. On his taking leave of the Emperor, he presented him with a gold snuff-box, on which was his portrait, surrounded by twenty-two diamonds, each of the value of one hundred pounds. Captain Usher refused five thousand pounds for the box.

Sir Neil Campbell remained at Elba the whole time of Napoleon's stay, with occasional short visits to the Continent, during one of which Napoleon left the island. His intention of so doing, Sir Neil Campbell told me, was most probably known only to Drouet; that none of the other persons of his Court were acquainted with the plan but a few hours before; and that even Napoleon himself had no such intention a fortnight previous.

## THE REGENCY AT BLOIS.

The last *recorded acts* of the Regency of the government before quitting Paris, are inserted in the Bulletin des Lois, vol. XIX. 4th series. No. 566 of the work, and No. 10,253 of the Imperial Acts.

Décret Impérial qui présent des mesures d'Execution pour la levée des conscrits de 1815, dans les departemens occupés en totalité ou en partie par l'ennemi.

*Au Palais des Tuileries, le 26 Mars, 1814.*

By this decree, which consists of twenty-two articles, the young men born from the 1st of January 1795, to the 31st of December of the same year, are to be taken for the army, and the mayors for *this year* are invested with the same, and full powers of prefects and councils of recruitment. If the lists of conscripts or registers of their births, or his rules and instructions how to act are lost, he is to replace them by oral communication and former experience. But this will give him very little trouble or responsibility, as the 8th article says, that all conscripts hitherto exempted from not being of the requisite height, from illness or infirmities, or who, from weakness of constitution, had been declared incapable of supporting the fatigue of war, and also those who, by former laws, had been placed at the end of the roll, should now march.

That the decisions of the mayors should be definitive for these lads to march, and that they should be subject to the visits of the Conseil de Recruitment, when circumstances would permit; and that no substitute should be received by the mayors.

Pour l'Empereur.

En vertu des pouvoirs qu'il nous a confiés.

(Signé)

MARIE LOUISE.

Par l'Impératrice, Regent.

(Signé)

Le Duc de CADORE.

Le Ministre d'Etat Secrétaire de la Régence.

The act which terminates the collection of laws and decrees of the imperial government, and forms part of the laws of France, is of the same date, No. 10,254. It gives permission to a man to change his name.

On the 29th of March, as before stated, page 16, the Empress Maria Louisa, and her son, the King of Rome, quitted the palace of the Tuileries, and slept that night at the royal castle of Rambouillet; on the 30th, at Chartres, on the 31st at Chateaudun; arriving on Friday the 1st of April, at three in the afternoon, at Vendôme, where she slept, continuing her journey the next day. From Vendôme to Blois the road had been recently made, but was not then finished.

The carriages were obliged, for the space of half a league, to be dragged up to their axletrees through the mud. This rendered it necessary to unite the strength of all the horses to a small number of carriages, and when these were extricated from the mire, to return for those which had been left behind; and thus the flight of the Imperial Court was conducted.

The baggage, principally fourgons, began to arrive at Blois in the morning of the second of April. The Empress got to Blois at five in the afternoon. The Prefect, M. Christiani, went out a league from the town to receive her, and attended her to her residence at the Prefecture. Napoleon's brothers—Joseph King of Spain, Louis King of Holland, and Jerome King of Westphalia, were lodged in the town. The Ministers and Court, with great difficulty, obtained lodgings for themselves, on account of the smallness of the place, and the accommodations for the whole party were not of the most splendid description: the greater part of the fugitives here assembled had the precaution to provide themselves with necessaries of every description, but the Prince, Arch-chancellor Cambaceres had only a single change of linen. Blois, the chief town of the department of Loire et Cher, is situated on the right bank of the Loire, which is so steep that carriages cannot be used in most of the streets; there are no coach-houses in it; the carriages of the fugitive government were therefore left in the open space before the hotel of the Prefecture. The number was considerable, as the train of the Empress alone consisted of two hundred horses. The appearance of the carriages thus exposed and covered with dirt and mud collected on the journey was curious. The rain performed what the servants in the present fluctuating state of things did not think proper to attend to. Even the ponderous state-carriage was treated with equal disrespect and neglect.

The diligences which quitted Paris on the 31st of March, at six in the morning, arrived at Blois at eleven in the morning of the 1st of April, two hours later than usual; from the passengers the event of the battle was learned, and that though the gates of Paris were occupied by the National Guards when they passed out of them, yet, in a few hours, they were to be replaced by the Allies. Shortly after a courier arrived at the Prefecture; in consequence of this the Prefect began to remove, and preparations were made to receive the Empress and King of Rome in the hotel of the Prefecture, formerly the Bishop's Palace; and the principal inhabitants received orders to prepare their houses for the reception of the Kings Joseph, Louis, and Jerome, for the Arch-chancellor, and for the ministers and chiefs of the different government offices. At three o'clock in the afternoon the Prefect set out to meet the Empress on the road.

Sunday the 3d, mass was said at the Prefecture, by the curé of the parish of St. Louis, at Blois, as none of the priests of the imperial chapel at Paris arrived with the court. After mass, the Empress received the different civil officers, and the clergy of Blois, but there were no addresses or speeches on either side.

During the first days of her residence Maria Louisa was very desirous of joining her husband, and following him and the army.

Bonaparte wrote to the council of regency from Fontainebleau, announcing his intention to march against Paris with the force he had

with him, and his determination not to survive the battle if he should lose it. When this was communicated to the Empress, she was so much affected as to be obliged to retire from the council. However, on the next day, to the great astonishment of every one, she appeared perfectly calm. It afterwards transpired, that she had received a private letter from the Emperor, of a date subsequent to that addressed to the council, in which was disclosed the important fact that the army refused to march against Paris. In the personal safety of her husband thus assured to her, she lost sight of his glory.

M. D'Hausonville, the Chamberlain, told me that there was a constant communication between the Emperor and Empress, and that she daily sent him from three to four hundred thousand francs in specie; more she could not, as it was to be done with great secrecy.

Of what was going forward at Paris every one at Blois, except the imperial family and the ministers, was in a state of absolute ignorance; as neither letter, newspaper, nor traveller were permitted to arrive. It was not until the 6th that the newspapers from Paris were communicated generally to the Court at Blois; they were then read aloud by M. Molé, the grand judge. It had, however, been suspected, from the growing politeness of the Ministers to the rest of the Court, that their power had received a severe check.

On the 6th, two Paris mails arrived that had been detained at Orleans by the Prefect of that department, (the Loiret,) formerly a hosier at Nismes, as contemptible a miscreant as any the French Revolution had produced. The mails were stopped by order of the Duke of Rovigo; but a spirited inhabitant of Orleans had forced the Prefect to deliver up the letters and newspapers for that town, which were the first regular communication received from Paris since the 31st of March.

Rovigo, during the whole time of the residence of the Imperial Court at Blois, acted with a degree of relentless vigour, which formed a remarkable contrast to his conduct during the three preceding months. It was owing to his detaining the English Colonel Cooke, and the French Colonel St. Simon, that the battle of Toulouse took place; Lord Cathcart and the *Gouvernement Provisoire* dispatched these officers to the Marshals Soult and Suchet, and Lord Wellington, with advice of what had taken place at Paris, and the *déchéance* of Napoleon. They arrived at Orleans in the morning, and were at breakfast at the inn, having been joined by Mr. Thompson, formerly Member of Parliament for Evesham, and then a *détenu* in Orleans. A *gens-d'armes* entered the room with a message from General Chassereau, commandant of the military division of France, in which this town is situated, desiring to see them. Colonel St. Simon said, that himself and Colonel Cooke were respectively bearers of dispatches to Marshal Soult and Lord Wellington, announcing the *déchéance* of Napoleon; and not having any dispatches for the general, they would

wait upon him and give him the newspapers as soon as they had breakfasted. The gens-d'armes returned in a few minutes with a mission, demanding their immediate presence; they went, and returned under an escort, in about twenty minutes, to finish their breakfast; after which they proceeded in their carriage, accompanied by an aid-de-camp of General Chassereau's, and guarded by a dragoon, to Blois, where they were detained so long under arrest that they could not arrive at Toulouse until after the battle had taken place.

Early in the morning of the 7th the following proclamation was seen stuck up about the streets of Blois:—

Français !

Les événements de la Guerre ont mis la Capitale au pouvoir de l'étranger.

L'Empereur accourut pour la défendre, et à la tête de ses armées si souvent victorieuses.

Elles sont en présence de l'ennemi sous les murs de Paris.

C'est de la résidence que j'ai choisie, et des ministres de l'Empereur qu'emaneront les seules ordres que vous puissiez reconnoître.

Toute ville au pouvoir de l'ennemi cesse d'être libre; toute direction qui en émane est le langage de l'étranger, au celui qu'il convient à ses vues hostiles de presager.

Vous serez fidèles à vos sermens, vous écouterez la voix d'une Princesse qui fût remise à votre foi, qui fait tout sa gloire d'être Française, d'être associée aux destinées du Souverain que vous avez librement choisi.

Mon fils étoit moins sûr de vos cours au tems de nos prospérités.

Ses droits et sa personne sont sous votre sauve-garde.

Blois, 3d Avril, 1814.

MARIE LOUISE,

Par l'Impératrice Régent.

MONTALIVET,

Le Ministre de l'Intérieur faisant fonctions  
de Secrétaire de la Régence.

Notwithstanding its date of the 3d, this proclamation never was heard of until the 7th; nor could it have been known much earlier, as it was only drawn up at the council of the 6th.

It was sent to the constituted authorities in every department, where the counsel of Regency had the power or the means left them to get it admitted. It arrived at the Prefecture at Nismes on the 10th; the Prefect had it stuck up. No further news arrived at Nismes until the 15th, when a merchant of Lyons sent, by way of the Rhone, an extract of the Moniteur of the 7th; this produced great sensation. The same day a man arrived at Nismes from Avignon, having a white cockade; this he hung to the balcony of the inn. This signal was received with great joy by the people; and on the 17th, early in the morning, the regular post arrived, being the first which had been received since the 6th of April.

*Good Friday, the 8th of April.*—Between eight and nine in the morning, Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte, having ordered two carriages to the gate of the prefecture, entered the Empress's apartment, and addressed her in these terms. "Madame, Il faut que vous veniez avec nous." Upon this, the Empress enquired where and why; for, added she, "Je suis très bien ici." Jerome replied: "C'est ce que

nous ne pouvons pas vous dire." The Empress then asked if it was by order of the Emperor that they acted; and on their answering in the negative, she said: "Dans ce cas je n'irai pas." "Nous vous forcerons," replied Jerome. She then burst into tears; which, however, did not prevent their seizing her person, and dragging her roughly towards the door. She cried out, and M. D'Hausonville, the chamberlain, General Cafferelli, M. de Bausset, Préfet du Palais, and some officers of the household, came to her assistance. Cafferelli sternly desired the brothers to desist from offering violence to the Empress. One of them asked him: "*Savez vous à qui vous parlez?*" "*Oui!*" contemptuously replied the General. The Empress requested it might be ascertained whether the officers of the guard would countenance violence to her person. Monsieur D'Hausonville flew to the court-yard with such precipitation, that he fell down stairs, and, addressing himself to them, asked if it was their intention to obey the brothers, or the Empress Regent? They said they would obey the Regent; and on his proposal they swore to this declaration. M. D'Hausonville then returned to the Empress, announcing that "the troops were at the orders of her Majesty." The royal brothers then retired. It was their intention to carry her to Romorantin or Bourge, and from thence into Auvergne or the Limousin, there to keep her as a hostage. From the moment of this outrage she expressed no further desire of joining her husband.

Napoleon's opinion of his brother Jerome, whom he had placed on the throne of Westphalia, the following private conversation between them will show.

After the battle of Leipsic, Jerome, accompanied by all his court, fled from his newly made kingdom to Paris. At the latter end of December, 1813, the Emperor sent for him into his closet, and thus addressed him:—

*Napoleon.* "Je vous envoyais chercher afin de vous parler à cœur ouvert. Avez vous acheté une terre comme je vous ai dit?"

*Jerome.* "Oui, près de Montrichard."

*Napoleon.* "Allez demeurer là."

*Jerome.* "C'est un exile."

*Napoleon.* "Vous pouvez l'appeller ce que vous fait plaisir, mais je ne veux pas que vous soyez près de moi; vous m'êtes odieux; votre conduit me déplait; Je ne connois personne aussi vile, aussi plat, aussi poltron; vous êtes sans vertu, sans talens, sans moyens. Je vous detest autant que je detest Lucien. Vous êtes entouré de vos Allemandes."

*Jerome.* "Mais ils m'ont suivis."

*Napoleon.* "Ils ont raison peut-être; vous aussi, mais cela me déplait pas moins. Je ne veux pas avoir près de moi ceux qui m'ont vu dans ma prospérité. J'ai une faiblesse pour Joseph—j'ai toujours eu depuis mon enfance. Va t'en!"

On leaving the Emperor, Jerome immediately sent for his private secretary, M. Brugueire, to whom, for reasons best known to himself, he dictated this singular conversation, and kept the record.

After he had quitted France, he wrote to M. Bruguière, "Je ne puis vous delier de vos sermens de fidélité, car ce seroit un renunciation formel de mon royaume de Westphalie et au droit eventuel au couronne de la France."

A few years after, Jerome's throne was purchased by the keepers of the Café des Mille Colonnes, in the Palais Royal, and the celebrated belle lémonadiere was nightly seen seated on it, exhibiting her charms, as in the early part of her life she had at the corners of the streets of Paris.

It was to Jerome that Napoleon said: "If the majesty of kings is imprinted on their countenance, you may safely travel incognito."

The same day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Count Schuwaloff, without escort, arrived at Blois, and went to the Inn La Galere.

From this period, the government of the Regency may be said to have been dissolved; for the Count came to conduct the Empress from Blois.

Before the ministers and other members of this body dispersed, they had the precaution to require of the Minister of the Treasury a distribution of the forty-five millions of francs in specie which had been brought from Paris, after payment of what they considered their own arrears. They issued three months' pay to the troops\*. Joseph and Jerome modestly took a million each, as their own shares, and six hundred thousand francs were assigned to the absent Empress, Josephine; but she never received them. The two brothers wished a complete division of the booty, and especially of the diamonds of the Crown; but the Baron de la Bouillerie, *trésorier de la Couronne*, resolutely refused to deliver them up.

Louis Bonaparte, who, since his abdication of the crown of Holland, in July, 1810, took the name of M. de St. Leu, from his estate in the valley of Montmorency, near Paris, took no part in this disgraceful scene. Indeed, during the whole time of the residence at Blois, he always appeared with that tranquillity which his good conscience secured to him. He was seen at mass in the church of St. Louis, at Blois, on Sundays and on the holidays.

When the spoil was divided, the next step taken by the Ministers, was to secure the safety of their own persons, by returning to Paris, to offer their adherence to the new government.

They and the imperial court accordingly applied to M. Bruère, Mayor of Blois, for passports, which he granted to the number of four

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\* Of which they were in great want, as General Letort, of the Dragoons of the Impérial Guards, told me he had not received any pay, except two hundred and fifteen francs, since August, 1813; and that several of his officers were obliged to sell their horses to pay for their dinners.

hundred, which they presented themselves to Count Schuwaloff for his signature, to enable them to pass with safety through that part of the allied army that was between Blois and Paris. When the Duke of Rovigo placed his passport before him, he coolly put his pen through the title, and inserted the name of Savary in the margin. Besides the Ministers, there were at Blois, the President and Vice-President of the Senate; the Chancellor of the Senate; Count de la Place, with the seals; (these were carried from Paris in the vain hope that no act of the Senate would be availing, unless they were affixed to it;) the President of the Corp Législatif; the President of the Court of Cassation.

It was intended that the Empress should leave Blois the next day, but when M. D'Hausonville waited upon her to receive her orders respecting the carriages, she said "that the horses could not be put to; as, *of all the servants, one only would now obey her.*" The others, on hearing the news from Paris, had abandoned her. However, by means of the authority of Schuwaloff, the Empress, the King of Rome, and the court attendants, with the French troops that came with them, set out on Saturday, at between ten and eleven o'clock, for Orleans, where they arrived at six in the evening: the Empress in the same brown riding-habit in which she quitted Paris, and which she had worn the whole time.

Mass was said on Easter Sunday before the Empress Maria Louisa, at the Bishop's palace, and before Madame Mere at her lodgings; but the prayer for the Emperor was omitted.

Although Madame Mere's share of the plunder was three hundred and seventy-five thousand francs, yet the Abbé Mirault obtained a piece of twenty francs, in the collection for the poor, with difficulty from her.

Joseph and Jerome arrived at Orleans with Maria Louisa. Jerome staid there four days, and then went to the chateau de la Motte Beuvron. Louis went from Blois to Lausanne, where he arrived on the 15th of April. Joseph remained at Orleans until the 18th of April. Madame Mere quitted Orleans for Rome with Cardinal Fesch.

On Tuesday the 12th, Prince Esterhazy arrived at Orleans from the Emperor of Austria, and the Empress set off with him the same day for the chateau of Rambouillet, having six carriages for herself, her son, and their attendants, but no military escort. While at Rambouillet, she sent several small tokens of remembrance to different persons at Paris. To Gerard the painter, she sent her mahogany easle; to Isabey, the celebrated miniature painter, who was her drawing-master, she gave a little memorandum book she carried about her; drawing a pencil through her notes, and then wrote, with ink, in the first page: "Donné à Isabey, le 20 d'Avril, 1814, Par un de ses élèves, qui aura toujours de la reconnoissance pour les peines il s'est donné pour elle.

LOUISE."

This my friend Isabey showed me a few days after.

I have seen very pretty compositions of figures by her, far better than young ladies' drawings generally are.

Unprejudiced persons who approached her, agreed that she was good-natured and kind, but bashful and very timid, never interfering with her husband on any subject. He always conducted himself to her with the most marked politeness; very different from his free manner with the Empress Josephine. She was very fond of Napoleon; in speaking of him she always termed him *mon ange*. It was very generally reported that she had an aversion for her son; I certainly never could learn she evinced any affection for him; and Napoleon, who was a most fond and indulgent father, would sometimes joke with her on this subject in company.

During her pregnancy it was insinuated, by a certain party, that in case of the birth of a female child, it would be changed; and from the day of the birth of young Napoleon until the overthrow of the Emperor, reports were very currently circulated that he was not the son of Maria Louisa; and some went so far as to surmise that even her pregnancy was feigned. The real circumstances were, that, on her being taken in labour, the great officers of state and persons belonging to the court were assembled, and after waiting nearly all night, Napoleon said to them, that Dubois, the accoucheur, had announced the labour-pains had gone off, and it might be some hours before the delivery would take place; and that, as the ladies (who were teasing Dubois with their affected importunities and impertinent advice) must be fatigued, they had better all retire, and they should be sent for as soon as any symptoms of approaching delivery occurred. Shortly after, the pains suddenly returned, and the Empress was delivered, though the labour was a very difficult one, in consequence of an unusual presentation. The event was made known to the capital, and to those who had retired, by the firing of one hundred cannon from the terrace of the Invalids. It had previously been announced, that should the Empress be delivered of a girl, only twenty-one guns would be fired; but if of a boy, one hundred.

I witnessed the anxiety of the people as soon as the cannon began, and the joyous shout with which the twenty-second was hailed. I never saw more joy on the faces of the common people; and there were few besides on the boulevards at the hour it took place.

But what places the whole beyond doubt, is the evidence of the Empress's nurse, Madame Blaise, who had the greatest reputation for skill as a midwife. She said to Madame ———, a Bourbonist, whom she was attending in May, 1814, and who told me, "That though it was to her interest to confirm the report of the King of Rome not being the child of Maria Louisa, yet she would tell the truth; which was, that she was present when M. Dubois delivered the Empress; and that M. Dubois, in his agitation, had mislaid the

scissors intended to cut the umbilical cord, and that she held the child while he sought for them. There can be no doubt of the nature of this evidence, from the way in which women in France are delivered; Dubois having been ordered, by Napoleon, to treat the Empress exactly as he would a bourgeois of the Rue St. Denis.

Several medical men assured me, particularly M. Auvity, who attended her, that there cannot be the smallest doubt of his being her son.

#### NARRATIVE OF THE LOSS OF THE KENT.\*

If this little book had not too much both of the manner and matter of an Antinomian Tract written to be thrown down cellar-steps, and given in exchange for hare and rabbit skins at back-doors, we should have thought it our duty to return nothing but thanks to the author who has favoured us with this narrative of his experience. The catastrophe of the Kent was of a kind to give a further insight into human nature. That which increases the complication of powerful feelings necessarily exhibited on such an occasion, viz. the preservation of the ship, at the same time has luckily preserved to us an historian of them: the fortunate incident of the succour of the Cambria not only let in the light of hope and joy upon the crowds of sufferers on board the Kent, but has made us spectators of the agonizing scenes which usually pass amidst the solitude of the ocean without witness, and are swept into oblivion without record. The newspapers have given the letters of the captain of the Cambria, and some other documents, to the public, as well as a sketch of the transaction; it is only, however, to be learnt in its interesting details, from the *tract* before us, written by a passenger in the Kent, a soldier and an officer, bearing the name, if we may judge from internal evidence, of Major Macgregor.

Our readers are aware that the Kent was carrying to India not only her own cargo and crew, consisting of one hundred and forty-eight men, but had on board a very considerable part of the 31st regiment, viz. twenty officers, three hundred and forty-four soldiers, forty-three women, and sixty-six children, together with twenty private passengers, when she was discovered to be on fire in the Bay of Biscay, on the 1st March; that she ultimately blew up and sank, the chief part of the individuals on board having been previously rescued by the timely arrival of the Cambria.

On the night of Monday the 28th February, when the Kent was in

\* A Narrative of the Loss of the Kent East Indiaman, by fire, in the Bay of Biscay, on the 1st of March, 1825, in a Letter to a Friend. By a Passenger. Third edition, Edinburgh, 1825, 12mo. 2s. 6d.

lat.  $47^{\circ} 30'$ , long.  $10^{\circ}$ , a violent gale blew from the west, and gradually increased during the following morning. The rolling of the vessel became tremendous about midnight, so that the best-fastened articles of furniture in the principal cabins were dashed about with violence, and the main chains were thrown at every lurch considerably under water.

It was a little before this period that one of the officers of the ship, with the well-meant intention of ascertaining that all was fast below, descended with two of the sailors into the hold, where they carried with them, for safety, a light in the patent lantern; and seeing that the lamp burned dimly, the officer took the precaution to hand it up to the orlop deck to be trimmed. Having afterwards discovered one of the spirit casks to be adrift, he sent the sailors for some billets of wood to secure it; but the ship in their absence having made a heavy lurch, the officer unfortunately dropped the light; and letting go his hold of the cask in his eagerness to recover the lantern, it suddenly stove, and the spirits communicating with the lamp, the whole place was instantly in a blaze.—(P. 10.)

It so happened that the author, after having read to Mrs. —, at her request, the 12th chapter of St. Luke, went into the *cuddy* to observe the state of the barometer, when he received from Captain Spence, the captain of the day, the alarming information that the ship was on fire in the after hold.

As long as the devouring element appeared to be confined to the spot where the fire originated, and which we were assured was surrounded on all sides by the water casks, we ventured to cherish hopes that it might be subdued; but no sooner was the light blue vapour that at first arose succeeded by volumes of thick dingy smoke, which speedily ascending through all the four hatchways, rolled over every part of the ship, than all farther concealment became impossible, and almost all hope of preserving the vessel was abandoned. "The flames have reached the cable tier" was exclaimed by some individuals, and the strong pitchy smell that pervaded the deck confirmed the truth of the exclamation.

In these awful circumstances, Captain Cobb, with an ability and decision of character that seemed to increase with the imminence of the danger, resorted to the only alternative now left him, of ordering the lower decks to be scuttled, the combings of the hatches to be cut, and the lower ports to be opened, for the free admission of the waves.

These instructions were speedily executed by the united efforts of the troops and seamen; but not before some of the sick soldiers, one woman, and several children, unable to gain the upper deck, had perished. On descending to the gun-deck with Colonel Fearon, Captain Bray, and one or two other officers of the 31st regiment, to assist in opening the ports, I met, staggering towards the hatchway, in an exhausted and nearly senseless state, one of the mates, who informed us that he had just stumbled over the dead bodies of some individuals who must have died from suffocation, to which it was evident that he himself had almost fallen a victim. So dense and oppressive was the smoke, that it was with the utmost difficulty we could remain long enough below to fulfil Captain Cobb's wishes; which were no sooner accomplished than the sea rushed in with extraordinary force, carrying away, in its resistless progress to the hold, the largest chests, bulk-heads, &c.

Such a sight, under any other conceivable circumstances, was well calculated to have filled us with horror; but in our natural solicitude to avoid the more immediate peril of explosion, we endeavoured to cheer each other, as we stood up to our knees in water, with a faint hope that by these violent means we might be speedily restored to safety. The immense quantity of water that was thus introduced into the hold, had indeed the effect, for a time, of checking the fury of the flames; but the danger of sinking having

increased as the risk of explosion was diminished, the ship became water-logged, and presented other indications of settling, previous to her going down.

On the one hand stood death by fire, on the other death by water; the dilemma was dreadful. Preferring always the more remote alternative, the unfortunate crew were at one moment attempting to check the fire by means of the water; and when the water became the most threatening enemy, their efforts were turned to the exclusion of the waves, and the fire was permitted to rage with all its fury.

The scene of horror that now presented itself, baffles all description—

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell;

Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave.

The upper deck was covered with between six and seven hundred human beings, many of whom, from previous sea-sickness, were forced on the first alarm to flee from below in a state of absolute nakedness, and were now running about in quest of husbands, children, or parents. While some were standing in silent resignation, or in stupid insensibility to their impending fate, others were yielding themselves up to the most frantic despair. Some on their knees were earnestly imploring, with significant gesticulations and in noisy supplications, the mercy of Him, whose arm, they exclaimed, was at length outstretched to smite them; others were to be seen hastily crossing themselves, and performing the various external acts required by their peculiar persuasion, while a number of the older and more stout-hearted soldiers and sailors sullenly took their seats directly over the magazine, hoping, as they stated, that by means of the explosion which they every instant expected, a speedier termination might thereby be put to their sufferings.\* Several of the soldiers' wives and children, who had fled for temporary shelter into the after-cabins on the upper deck, were engaged in prayer and in reading the Scriptures with the ladies, some of whom were enabled, with wonderful self-possession, to offer to others those spiritual consolations, which a firm and intelligent trust in the Redeemer of the world appeared at this awful hour to impart to their own breasts. The dignified deportment of two young ladies in particular, formed a specimen of natural strength of mind, finely modified by Christian feeling, that failed not to attract the notice and admiration of every one who had an opportunity of witnessing it. On the melancholy announcement being made to them that all hope must be relinquished, and that death was rapidly and inevitably approaching, one of the ladies above referred to, calmly sinking down on her knees, and clasping her hands together said, "even so come, Lord Jesus," and immediately proposing to read a portion of the Scriptures to those around her; her sister with nearly equal composure and collectedness of mind selected the 46th and other appropriate Psalms, which were accordingly read, with intervals of prayer, by those ladies alternately to the assembled females.

One young gentleman, of whose promising talents and piety I dare not now make farther mention, having calmly asked me my opinion respecting the state of the ship, I told him that I thought we should be prepared to sleep that night in eternity; and I shall never forget the peculiar fervour with which he replied, as he pressed my hand in his, "my heart is filled with the peace of God;" adding, "yet though I know it is foolish, I dread exceedingly the last struggle."

Amongst the numerous objects that struck my observation at this period, I was much affected with the appearance and conduct of some of the dear children, who, quite unconscious in the cuddy cabins, of the perils that surrounded them, continued to play

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\* Captain Cobb, with great forethought, ordered the deck to be scuttled forward, with a view to draw the fire in that direction, knowing that between it and the magazine were several tiers of water casks; while he hoped that the wet sails, &c. thrown into the after-hold, would prevent it from communicating with the spirit-room abaft.

as usual with their little toys in bed, or to put the most innocent and unseasonable questions to those around them. To some of the older children, who seemed fully alive to the reality of the danger, I whispered, now is the time to put in practice the instructions you used to receive at the Regimental School, and to think of that Saviour of whom you have heard so much; they replied, as the tears ran down their cheeks, "O Sir, we are trying to remember them, and we are praying to God."—(P. 15.)

All hope had departed! the employment of the different individuals indicated utter despair of rescue—one was removing a lock of hair from his writing desk to his bosom—another was searching for paper to address a hurried scrawl to his father, which he intended to inclose in a bottle—others were awaiting their fate in stupor—some with manly fortitude—others bewailing it with loud and bitter lamentation—and part were occupied in prayer and mutual encouragement.

It was at this appalling instant, when "all hope that we should be saved was now taken away," and when the letter referred to was about being committed to the waves, that it occurred to Mr. Thomson, the fourth mate, to send a man to the foretop, rather with the ardent wish, than the expectation, that some friendly sail might be discovered on the face of the waters. The sailor, on mounting, threw his eyes round the horizon for a moment,—a moment of unutterable suspense,—and waving his hat, exclaimed, "a sail on the lee bow!" The joyful announcement was received with deep-felt thanksgivings, and with three cheers upon deck. Our flags of distress were instantly hoisted, and our minute guns fired; and we endeavoured to bear down under our three top-sails and fore-sail upon the stranger, which afterwards proved to be the *Cambria*, a small brig of 200 tons burden—Cook—bound to Vera Cruz, having on board twenty or thirty Cornish miners, and other agents of the Anglo-Mexican Company.

Up to this moment the history is sad and painful—had it been nothing more, probably neither the book nor this account of it would have been written.

The agony which wrings the human frame and tortures the human imagination at the visible approach of death, may be an instructive object of contemplation, but it is not one which we should choose for exhibition. The subsequent scenes of this catastrophe, on the contrary, present no ideas but such as are most honourable to human nature generally, and to our countrymen in particular, and afford the brightest and most precious examples of noble bearing and true gallantry in a season of the most severe trial. Let those who talk of the age of chivalry being gone, read this narrative, and they will learn to despise the romantic cant which refers all that is great and good to the periods of darkness and barbarism: of all the instances recorded of magnanimity and generosity, we know of none more consolatory to a lover and admirer of his race, than the whole conduct of the officers and men as it is here described. Others may glory in descriptions of splendid passages of arms, but no military ardour or chivalrous exploit can convey such deep satisfaction to the well-regulated mind, as does the glorious contest of courage and nobleness displayed in the history of this shipwreck.

For some time the *Kent* was not observed by the stranger; the roaring of the sea drowned the report of their distress guns; but at length the ascending volumes of smoke attracted the attention of the

brig, and announced the nature of her situation. The brig hoisted British colours, and crowded all sail to the relief of the ship on fire.

Although it was impossible, and would have been improper to repress the rising hopes that were pretty generally diffused amongst us by the unexpected sight of the Cambria, yet I confess, that when I reflected on the long period our ship had been already burning—on the tremendous sea that was running—on the extreme smallness of the brig, and the immense number of human beings to be saved,—I could only venture to hope that a few might be spared ; but I durst not for a moment contemplate the possibility of my own preservation.—(P. 23.)

When it is remembered that the decks were crowded with between six and seven hundred persons just snatched from the fear of death, it might have been easily supposed that the extremity of the danger would have instantly dissolved all ties of affection, duty, and discipline, and that nothing would have occurred to the mind but ideas of self-preservation. Had this been the case, the weak would have been sacrificed to the strong, women to men, children to both ; and the scene exhibited would have been a horrible and ferocious scramble for life, which, in most instances, would have been defeated in its purpose ; or it might have been supposed that the superior officers, taking advantage of their command, would have used it in order to secure their own safety. Again, in the case of the way being given to the weak, and security being offered first to those who were least able to arrive at it by their own exertions, the opportunity might have been seized with indecent haste or with ill-feigned hypocrisy. Let us turn to the narrative, and be instructed.

While Captain Cobb, Colonel Fearon, and Major Macgregor of the 31st regiment, were consulting together, as the brig was approaching us, on the necessary preparations for getting out the boats, &c. one of the officers asked Major M. in what order it was intended the officers should move off? to which the other replied, "Of course in funeral order;" which injunction was instantly confirmed by Colonel Fearon, who said, "Most undoubtedly the juniors first—but see that any man is cut down who presumes to enter the boats before the means of escape are presented to the women and children."

To prevent the rush to the boats, as they were being lowered, which, from certain symptoms of impatience manifested both by soldiers and sailors, there was reason to fear, some of the military officers were stationed over them with drawn swords. But from the firm determination which these exhibited, and the great subordination observed, with few exceptions, by the troops, this proper precaution was afterwards rendered unnecessary.

Arrangements having been considerably made by Captain Cobb for placing in the first boat, previous to letting it down, all the ladies, and as many of the soldiers' wives as it could safely contain, they hurriedly wrapt themselves up in whatever article of clothing could be most conveniently found ; and I think about two, or half-past two o'clock, a most mournful procession advanced from the after-cabins to the starboard cuddy port, outside of which the cutter was suspended. Scarcely a word was uttered,—not a scream was heard—even the infants ceased to cry, as if conscious of the unspoken and unspeakable anguish that was at that instant rending the hearts of their parting parents—nor was the silence of voices in any way broken except in one or two cases, where the ladies plaintively entreated permission to be left behind with their husbands. But on being assured that every moment's delay might occasion the sacrifice of a human life, they successively suffered themselves to be torn from the tender

embrace, and with the fortitude which never fails to characterise and adorn their sex on occasions of overwhelming trial, were placed, without a murmur, in the boat, which was immediately lowered into a sea so tempestuous, as to leave us only "to hope against hope" that it should live in it for a single moment. Twice the cry was heard from those on the chains that the boat was swamping. But He who enabled the Apostle Peter to walk on the face of the deep, and was graciously attending to the silent but earnest aspirations of those on board, had decreed its safety.

Although Captain Cobb had used every precaution to diminish the danger of the boat's descent, and for this purpose stationed a man with an axe to cut away the tackle from either extremity, should the slightest difficulty occur in unhooking it; yet the peril attending the whole operation, which can only be adequately estimated by nautical men, had very nearly proved fatal to its numerous inmates.

After one or two unsuccessful attempts to place the little frail bark fairly upon the surface of the water, the command was at length given to unhook; the tackle at the stern was, in consequence, immediately cleared; but the ropes at the bow having got foul, the sailor there found it impossible to obey the order. In vain was the axe applied to the entangled tackle. The moment was inconceivably critical; as the boat, which necessarily followed the motion of the ship, was gradually rising out of the water, and must, in another instant, have been hanging perpendicularly by the bow, and its helpless passengers launched into the deep, had not a most providential wave suddenly struck and lifted up the stern, so as to enable the seamen to disengage the tackle; and the boat, being dexterously cleared from the ship, was seen, after a little while, from the poop, battling with the billows; now raised, in its progress to the brig, like a speck on their summit, and then disappearing for several seconds, as if engulfed "in the horrid vale" between them.

The *Cambria* having prudently lain to at some distance from the *Kent*, lest she should be involved in her explosion, or exposed to the fire from our guns, which, being all shotted, afterwards went off as the flames successively reached them, the men had a considerable way to row; and the success of this first experiment seeming to be the measure of our future hopes, the movement of this precious boat—incalculably precious, without doubt, to the agonized husbands and fathers immediately connected with it—were watched with intense anxiety by all on board. The better to balance the boat in the raging sea through which it had to pass, and to enable the seamen to ply their oars, the women and children were stowed promiscuously under the seats; and consequently exposed to the risk of being drowned by the continual dashing of the spray over their heads, which so filled the boat during the passage, that before their arrival at the brig, the poor females were sitting up to the breast in water, and their children kept with the greatest difficulty above it.—(P. 23.)

The boat arrived safe and returned. The feelings of oppressive delight, gratitude, and praise, experienced by the married officers and soldiers, on being assured of the comparative safety of their wives and children, (says the author,) was such as to render them, for a little while, totally insensible either to the storm that beat upon them, or to the active and gathering volcano that threatened every instant to explode under their feet.

The removal of the women and children was continued. It not being possible for the boats, after the first trip, to come alongside, a plan was adopted for lowering them down by ropes from the stern, by tying them two and two together. From the heaving of the ship, and from the extreme difficulty in dropping them at the instant the boat was underneath, many of the poor creatures were unavoidably plunged repeatedly under water. No woman was lost by this process; but

the sacrifice of children was deplorable, who expired under the violent means which only reduced their parents to exhaustion or insensibility. Orders were at length given that a certain portion of the soldiers should be admitted into each of the boats along with the females; several of whom, in their eagerness to take advantage of this permission (*and not before*) threw themselves overboard and were drowned. One poor fellow of this number, a very respectable man, had actually reached the boat, and was raising his hand to lay hold on the gunwale, when the bow of the boat, by a sudden pitch, struck him on the head, and he instantly went down.\*

Amid the conflicting feelings and dispositions manifested by the numerous actors in this melancholy drama, many affecting proofs were elicited of parental and filial affection, or of disinterested friendship, that seemed to shed a momentary halo around the gloomy scene.

Two or three soldiers, to relieve their wives of a part of their families, sprang into the water with their children, and perished in their endeavours to save them. One young lady, who had resolutely refused to quit her father, whose sense of duty kept him at his post, was near falling a sacrifice to her filial devotion, not having been picked up by those in the boats until she had sunk five or six times. Another individual, who was reduced to the frightful alternative of losing his wife or his children, hastily decided in favour of his duty to the former. His wife was accordingly saved, but his four children, alas! were left to perish. A fine fellow, a soldier, who had neither wife nor child of his own, but who evinced the greatest solicitude for the safety of those of others, insisted on having three children lashed to him, with whom he plunged into the water; not being able to reach the boat, he was again drawn into the ship with his charge, but not before two of the children had expired. One man fell down the hatchway into the flames, and another had his back so completely broken as to have been observed quite doubled falling overboard. These numerous spectacles of individual loss and suffering were not confined to the entrance upon the perilous voyage between the two ships. One man, who fell between the boat and the brig, had his head literally crushed to pieces; and some others were lost in their attempts to ascend the sides of the Cambria.—(P. 29.)

As the day was rapidly drawing to a close, and the flames were spreading, it became necessary to facilitate the means of passing from the ships into the boats. With this view a rope was suspended from the extremity of the spanker-boom, along which the men were recommended to creep, and thence slide down by the rope. By this place the greatest number seem to have been removed, though with much inconvenience and very serious risk: from the great swell of the sea, and the constant heaving of the ship, it was impossible for the boats to preserve their station for a moment, so that the person upon the rope was dashed about, and much bruised, before he could find the

\* There was a peculiarity attending this man's case that deserves notice. His wife, to whom he was warmly attached, not having been of the allotted number of women to accompany the regiment abroad, resolved, in her anxiety to follow her husband, to defeat this arrangement, and accordingly repaired with the detachment to Gravesend, where she ingeniously managed, by eluding the vigilance of the sentries, to get on board, and conceal herself for several days; and although she was discovered, and sent ashore at Deal, she contrived a second time, with true feminine perseverance, to get between decks, where she continued to secrete herself until the morning of the fatal disaster.

boat, and frequently was plunged into the water three or four or even five times. This process presented appalling difficulties only to the landmen\*; the sailors appear to have effected their escape without much trouble or danger. Their desertion of the ship and subsequent unwillingness to return to the rescue of the landmen, is the only blot upon this fine story†. Many of the soldiers, alarmed at the danger of descending the rope, continued to throw themselves out of the stern windows, preferring the more precarious chance of reaching the boats by swimming.

When the greater part of the men had been disposed of,

The gradual removal of the officers was commenced, and was marked by a discipline the most rigid, and an intrepidity the most exemplary: none appearing to be influenced by a vain and ostentatious bravery, which, in cases of extreme peril, affords rather a presumptive proof of secret timidity than of fortitude; nor any betraying an unmanly or unsoldierlike impatience to quit the ship; but with the becoming deportment of men neither paralysed by, nor profanely insensible to the accumulating dangers that encompassed them, they progressively departed in the different boats with their soldiers;—they who happened to proceed first, leaving behind them an example of coolness, that could not be unprofitable to those who followed.

But the finest illustration of their conduct was displayed in that of their chief, whose ability and invincible presence of mind, under the complicated responsibility and anxiety of a commander, husband, and father, were eminently calculated, throughout this dismal day, to inspire all others with composure and fortitude. Never for a moment did Colonel Fearon seem to forget the authority with which his Sovereign had invested him; nor did any of his officers, as far as my observation went, cease to remember the relative situations in which they were severally placed. Even in the gloomiest moments of that dark season, when the dissolution of every earthly distinction seemed near at hand, the decision and confidence with which orders were issued on the one hand, and the promptitude and respect with which they were obeyed on the other, afford the best proofs of the stability of the well-connected system of discipline established in the 31st regiment, and the most unquestionable ground for the high and flattering commendation which His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief has been pleased to bestow upon it.

The writer speaks most favourably of the state of feeling among the soldiers. Under the circumstances, the two following anecdotes are highly creditable.

Every individual was desired to tie a rope round his waist;

While the people were busily occupied in adopting this recommendation, I was surprised, I had almost said amused, by the singular delicacy of one of the Irish recruits, who, in searching for a rope in one of the cabins, called out to me that he could find none except the cordage belonging to an officer's cot, and wished to know whether there would be any harm in his appropriating it to his own use.

\* The utility of gymnastic exercises may be very forcibly illustrated by this fact. A gymnast, one who had mastered the art in M. Voelker's school, we have no hesitation in saying, would have saved his life on this occasion comparatively without difficulty.

† One anecdote is told of them, which is characteristic enough of the British seaman. One of the sailors, who had taken his post with many others over the magazine, awaiting with great patience the dreaded explosion, at last cried out, as if in ill humour that his expectation was likely to be disappointed: "Well! if she won't blow up, I'll see if I can't get away from her," and instantly jumping up, he made the best of his way to one of the boats, which it is believed he reached in safety.

Again:—

As an agreeable proof too, of the subordination and good feeling that governed the poor soldiers in the midst of their sufferings, I ought to state, that towards evening, when the melancholy groups who were passively seated on the poop, exhausted by previous fatigue, anxiety, and fasting, were beginning to experience the pain of intolerable thirst, a box of oranges was accidentally discovered by some of the men, who, with a degree of mingled consideration, respect, and affection, that could hardly have been expected at such a moment, refused to partake of the grateful beverage until they had offered a share of it to their officers.

As the sun was setting and darkness approached, a singular change took place in the feelings of those men who remained. The natural impatience to depart, which, however subdued, had in the course of the day agitated their hearts, gradually changed into an extreme reluctance to leave the ship. Towards evening it was with the utmost difficulty that the men could be prevailed upon to brave the dangers of the descent and the passage to the brig; so that the officers and leaders, who had felt it at first their duty to exhibit a backwardness in departing, and who had expressed publicly their determination to remain till the last, found it necessary to show an example of a willingness to go. The author describes his own descent in detail: the description will give a very lively notion of the difficulty and danger—difficulty and danger which, we repeat, would have been comparatively light to a German gymnast.

The spanker-boom of so large a ship as the Kent, which projects, I should think, 16 or 18 feet over the stern, rests on ordinary occasions about 19 or 20 feet above the water; but in the position in which we were placed, from the great height of the sea, and consequent pitching of the ship, it was frequently lifted to a height of not less than 30 or 40 feet from the surface.

To reach the rope, therefore, that hung from its extremity, was an operation that seemed to require the aid of as much dexterity of hand as steadiness of head. For it was not only the nervousness of creeping along the boom itself, or the extreme difficulty of afterwards seizing on, and sliding down by the rope, that we had to dread, and that had occasioned the loss of some valuable lives, by deterring the men from adopting this mode of escape; but as the boat, which the one moment was probably close under the boom, might be carried the next, by the force of the waves, 15 or 20 yards away from it, the unhappy individual, whose best calculations were thus defeated, was generally left swinging for some time in mid-air, if he was not repeatedly plunged several feet under water, or dashed with dangerous violence against the sides of the returning boat,—or, what not unfrequently happened, was forced to let go his hold of the rope altogether. As there seemed, however, no alternative, I did not hesitate, notwithstanding my comparative inexperience and awkwardness in such a situation, to throw my leg across the perilous stick; and with a heart extremely grateful that such means of deliverance, dangerous as they appeared, were still extended to me; and more grateful still that I had been enabled, in common with others, to discharge my honest duty to my sovereign and to my fellow soldiers;—I proceeded, after confidently committing my spirit, the great object of my solicitude, into the keeping of Him who had formed and redeemed it, to creep slowly forward, feeling at every step the increasing difficulty of my situation. On getting nearly to the end of the boom, the young officer whom I followed and myself were met with a squall of wind and rain, so violent as to make us fain to embrace closely the slippery stick, without attempting for some minutes to make any progress, and to excite our apprehension that we must

relinquish all hope of reaching the rope. But our fears were disappointed : and after resting for a while at the boom end, while my companion was descending to the boat, which he did not find until he had been plunged once or twice over head in the water, I prepared to follow ; and instead of lowering myself, as many had imprudently done, at the moment when the boat was inclining towards us,—and consequently being unable to descend the whole distance before it again receded,—I calculated that while the boat was retiring I ought to commence my descent, which would probably be completed by the time the returning wave brought it underneath ; by which means I was, I believe, almost the only officer or soldier who reached the boat without being either severely bruised or immersed in the water. But my friend Colonel Fearon had not been so fortunate : for after swinging for some time, and being repeatedly struck against the side of the boat, and at one time drawn completely under it, he was at last so utterly exhausted, that he must instantly have let go his hold of the rope and perished, had not some one in the boat seized him by the hair of the head and dragged him into it, almost senseless and alarmingly bruised.

Captain Cobb, in his immoveable resolution to be the last if possible to quit his ship, and in his generous anxiety for the preservation of every life intrusted to his charge, refused to seek the boat, until he again endeavoured to urge onward the few still around him, who seemed struck dumb and powerless with dismay. But finding all his entreaties fruitless, and hearing the guns, whose tackle was burst asunder by the advancing flames, successively exploding in the hold into which they had fallen,—this gallant officer, after having nobly pursued, for the preservation of others, a course of exertion that has been rarely equalled either in its duration or difficulty, at last felt it right to provide for his own safety, by laying hold on the topping-lift, or rope that connects the driver boom with the mizen-top, and thereby getting over the heads of the infatuated men who occupied the boom, unable to go either backward or forward, and ultimately dropping himself into the water.

We cannot spare room for further extract, but must refer the reader to the book itself for many interesting details and anecdotes, together with much instructive observation. The circumstances subsequent to the removal of the passengers to the *Cambria* are also narrated by this author. Our readers must not imagine that the sufferings of the men ended with the departure from the *Kent*. Owing to the continued violence of the gale, and to the bulwarks on one side of the brig *Cambria* (merely a small vessel of two hundred tons) having been driven in, the sea beat so incessantly over the deck, as to render it necessary that the hatches should only be lifted up between the returning waves to prevent absolute suffocation below, where the men were so closely packed together, that the steam arising from respiration excited, at one time, an apprehension that the vessel was on fire. The humanity of the captain, passengers, and crew on board the *Cambria*, was exerted in a most exemplary manner upon the crowds of half-naked, horror-struck individuals who crowded their decks, and forms the last act of this series of transactions, which bear a more glorious testimony in honour of *British* human nature than perhaps any other crisis on record.

In a former number, we gave to the public a most interesting narrative of the rescue of fourteen of the individuals who remained on the *Kent* after the departure of the boats of the *Cambria*, and who probably formed part of the remnant whom no persuasion could induce to descend from the spanker-boom ; these men, it will be remembered,

were preserved by the heroic exertions of another small band of British sailors. The narrative of this last eventful scene, as we gave it from a most authentic source, form, together with a few lines of introduction which we prefixed to it, the principal part of the Appendix to this little volume, and which the author has copied without the slightest acknowledgement of the work to which he is indebted for it. As he assures his readers, in the lines prefixed to the narrative, that it is derived from an authentic source, it would but have been honest in him to say on what authority he gave such assurance, as he himself could know nothing of the matter.

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## LETTERS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

*Pera of Constantinople, 16th July, 1825.*

I HAVE been exceedingly well received here, and have seen and visited the principal English houses, where reign frankness and hospitality, and where is banished a great deal of that absurd, heartless etiquette, so fashionable in the land of freedom. The English are few here: they are wise, and they abolish those forms which clog, and indeed prevent, social intercourse. I am domiciliated with Mr. C. from whom I have experienced the greatest kindness; he is an intelligent young man, and perhaps the most learned of the English here, being master of the Oriental languages, which are not generally studied among the Frank residents. I have dined at the English Palace, with Mr. Turner, the *Chargé-d'affaires*, who has an exceedingly pretty wife, and a fine garden—two very comfortable things. I dine again there to-day, with a party of English travellers. Now then for Constantinople. Lady Mary Montague says it looks like a toy-shop, with the toys ranged one above the other in pretty order; and so it does, at first, to English brick-and-mortar optics, but the eye becomes accustomed to the style of building, and then it certainly is incomparably beautiful.

I went yesterday to see the Grand Signor go to mosque by water, which is a sight most elegant; his boat is perhaps as splendid, and at the same time as light and tasteful a thing as could be made; the jewels in it are dazzling; he himself is a good-looking man, about forty; his countenance is free from the ferocity generally expressed by Turkish countenances, and which I have observed to remain even in sleep: the few that are free from this seem to have been touched and humanized by sorrow. The smiles, and unquenched, unquenchable gaiety, are monopolized by the Greeks, though I daily see insults offered to them which makes my blood boil. It is even galling to the pride of an Englishman to walk through streets where he is looked upon as something inferior to men, whom he in his turn (and perhaps as wisely) looks down upon as brutes. On this side of the river, where alone Greeks and Franks

are allowed to reside, I may return a curse bestowed upon me by a Turkish porter, but I must pocket a blow; in Constantinople I must not return a curse, unless I desire to sign my own immediate death-warrant; yet, by a little proud civility, I have already acquired a Turkish bowing acquaintance.

I have fallen into already that useful and intelligent habit of drawing into one side of my mouth the heated fumes of tobacco, and amusing myself by watching them curling out of the other; the fact is, I found it more troublesome to be always refusing a pipe than to learn this estimable art. I also drink, with my pipe, at the cafés, coffee without cream or sugar; but, indeed, smoking is divested of all that is disagreeable; the tobacco is like the perfume of a flower, and then it is neither accompanied by the horror of a spittoon, or the deep potations attendant on it in England, nothing but coffee being drunk with it, and that not always; and there is something pleasant enough in sitting in a bower of vines, and with a long, amber-headed pipe, enveloping oneself in the smoke "*that so gracefully curls—*."

It would be nonsense to tell you what I have seen at Constantinople; I have seen but what I have read descriptions of, and you have read the same, and my letter will not admit of any speculations on the Turkish character; it is better and worse than I had formed a notion of.

Mr. C. has married a Mainote Greek; she is beautiful as an angel—but a dark one. I am not surprised at Englishmen marrying women of this country—an English beauty looks insipid here. Heaven forbid that I should pay disrespect to English beauty; and, indeed, I do not mean it: no Englishman, I believe, would marry a Greek, were she alone among his countrywomen in England; but I feel assured if I wanted the article of a wife here, I would have a native, notwithstanding they wear no stays, have a waist between the shoulders, sit with their legs and feet upon a sofa which goes all round the room: this last custom is general, and, to my laziness, is most luxurious. I need not fear being told here, as I used to be when a boy: "Sit up, do: how can you be so idle? Whom else do you see sprawling in that way." I am not much prepossessed in favour of Odessa by Mr. C. who has been there, but I am not discouraged—

Whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for every fate.

When you approach Constantinople within three or four miles, you may smell the fumes of tobacco wafted from the city, which looks for all the world like London smoke; but then a hay-field is not sweeter. Another excuse for my smoking is, that I am told it is a preventative to plague. I am just arrived when it generally breaks out, and I believe it is ascertained that it already exists in a slight degree, but the Franks are not at all alarmed, nor am I. We only wait for a wind to take us on to Odessa, so I can say nothing of my departure.

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*Pera of Constantinople, 20th July, 1825.*

I have to-day sent off a letter to you by a vessel sailing to-day, in which I announced my arrival here on the 11th. We are still waiting for want of a wind to take us up the Bosphorus, and we may have to wait a month longer, as northerly winds generally prevail at this season. This delay is fortunate for me, as it gives me opportunities of seeing all that is seeable here. I have seen a view which is considered by many as the finest in the world; it is from a hill called Boogerloo, opposite to Constantinople, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus; from this hill you see Constantinople, the Bosphorus winding through gardens embroidered with palaces, the whole of the sea of Marmora, Mount Olympus, and the plains of Asia; it is indeed most sublime. Previous to visiting this hill I inspected a chiushk (or summer-house) of the Grand Signor, which is situate on the Bosphorus, and is one of those superb, luxurious haunts, where his sublimity smokes his pipes, admires the scenery, and his own proper unearthliness; the back of it looks on to a reservoir of water, into which are several jets d'eau, and beyond and around this is a garden crammed full of the most beautiful flowers, loading the air with perfume.

I proceeded from the hill (on horseback by-the-bye, with confounded Turkish stirrups, poking the knees up till they almost prop the chin) to that famous burying-ground mentioned in Anastasius—a world of cypress-trees and tomb-stones. From thence I went to a place called Fenel Batchki, where is a reservoir of fresh water on a neck of land stretching into the sea; into the reservoir plays a fountain, and in the water are several golden fish; there are some of the finest trees to shade it, and beneath them sit the Turks smoking and drinking coffee, of which amusement I partook, and found so much favour in the eyes of an old Turkish gentleman that he offered me some tobacco for my pipe from his own private bag; this compliment I accepted with a profound reverence, whereupon he smiled upon me, just as we smile upon a favourite dog, if it appear pleased with a bone which we may have condescended to give; I after this mounted my horse and went home. Mr. C. had gone to the islands for a day, (you do not know what the islands are, but I will tell you by-and-bye,) so in the evening I strolled to what is called the small burying-ground, which is a public promenade here, as indeed are all the burying-places, and there I laid me down, and fell asleep; and when I awoke it was dark, and the people had gone, and as I opened my eyes they fixed themselves upon a tomb-stone, with a turban on the top, which I took for a human being, and it was some time before I could persuade myself that the stone turban was not going to address me; it stood so still, and seemed to fix its countenance (though countenance it had none) so steadfastly upon me; when, however, I found it had nothing to say, I got up and walked home.

It is a most awkward thing to be in ignorance whether you will have received my first letter when you have this. How can you know what I mean by the islands, and what relation can you find between my going to the burying-ground, and Mr. C.'s going to the islands, unless you have my first letter?—I must therefore recapitulate.—I am residing in the house of Mr. C., and Mr. C. has a country-house in the islands, called Prince's Islands, which are in the sea of Marmora a little way from the entrance to the Bosphorus: now, as I dared not leave Pera for so many hours, in fear of the wind changing, and my being obliged to start, I could not accompany Mr. C. But I have been to these islands. Lord Byron describes them somewhere as an earthly paradise, and I am half of his opinion. The Turks are not permitted to go there, so that the Greeks give full scope to their ever-living gaiety; they dance and sing under the trees, till it makes one wish almost to be a slave, a debased, degraded slave like them. There is a guard of *three* Turkish soldiers in each of these islands—the other Turks were not permitted to visit them on account of the quarrels they got into with the Greeks, who being in greater number, sometimes licked the faithful—this prohibition was better, at any rate, than slaying the population of the isles, *en masse*; which, however, one would have thought to be the summary proceeding to be first adopted by the Turks.

I have to-day been round the walls of Constantinople—the old Roman walls: it is a scene of departed glory on every side. On the left are the walls crumbling amidst tall trees, on the right, the whole way round, are Turkish tombs for miles, canopied by cypresses; and under the footsteps of the traveller, before and behind, are the skeletons—don't be alarmed—not of human beings, but of dogs and horses, with their fellow dogs feeding on the least bit of flesh which may remain; but then these dogs do not kill their fellow dogs, they only turn to account what else would be wasted, which is wise. We superior beings kill one another, merely for the purpose of waste, and would think it shocking to feed a starving horse with a dead man's arm. I saw the remains of what is said to be Constantine's Palace, or *Constantine's Seraglio*, as my guide called it. I should rather take it to be barracks for Constantine's soldiers.

Where have I read of the "happy valley"?—because I was in it to-day. It is a few miles from Constantinople, and is a beautiful level plain, with a shady river running through it, and surrounded by barren hills: the effect of this, as it bursts upon you in approaching the brow of the hills, is enchanting, and called to my mind some story I have read of the "happy valley," I believe I mean the one in Rasselas: this place has, however, as pretty a name—it is "the Sweet Waters." I stopped there some time, and smoked my pipe, and took coffee under the shade of the trees, and watched the

shepherds washing their flocks in these same sweet waters. I am perfect in that intellectual art of smoking, and can swallow the fumes, and curl them forth through my nostrils in true Turkish fashion.

I was at the house of an English merchant, the other evening, who married a Greek lady; and while the gentlemen were lying on the sofa smoking, the servant enters with preserves, and water, and coffee—up rises the lady of the house, and carries round to the gentlemen the preserves, of which we, the gentlemen aforesaid, condescend to taste; then comes her sister with a glass of water; then another lady with coffee; the gentlemen all this while smoking most contentedly, without any of those impertinent “allow me, madam, I cannot see you rise,” &c. so common in England. This you will call barbarous—but perhaps it is as it should be. I must conclude—I believe I go to-morrow.

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Off Odessa, 26th Aug. 1825.

After leaving Constantinople, we lay for three weeks in the Bosphorus, about midway, waiting for a wind. Here I made the acquaintance of Captain M. master of a large English ship, lying near us, who is a very superior man to the generality of merchant captains; he was, in fact, companionable. Our time was spent in planning and executing excursions to see the country; to fish in the Bosphorus; to go down to 'change at Constantinople, in a fine eight-oared boat; and in the evening in chatting over our grog and *tchibouks*. Ah, but, say you, what are *tchibouks*? *Tchibouks* are pipes then. Alas! you would sigh over my depravity, could you but see me the moment that breakfast is done, aye, even at eight o'clock in the morning, on the instant Captain Gotham utters the words, “Tchibouk, tchibouk,” respond, like a hardened sinner as I am, “Aye, tchibouk, tchibouk!!” and at once, companions in wickedness, we seize the fuming instrument, and breathe the sin around. One evening, while in the Bosphorus, about nine, a Turk, with a Greek servant, came on board our vessel. We invited them below, and gave them pipes, and offered them wine. Now the Turk, loving wine, and not daring to drink openly, got his Greek to taste it first; and the Greek, understanding him well enough, called it *rum*. The Turk's conscience was eased; the Prophet did not specify *rum* in his injunction; so the Turk drank like a Christian. We met this Turk afterwards in the village off which we were lying, and he would have us go with him to a coffee-house, where he treated us with coffee, and pipes, and water-melons. Here we met an old Turk who had been abroad, *i.e.* as far as Gibraltar. He asked us very coolly if Bonaparte was alive yet, and if England was as big as Constantinople, and if Malta belonged to England, and if England had two hundred ships? &c. Yet this man was certainly better informed than most Turks; he spoke Italian, in which language he asked us these sage questions.

I was told that some Turks were at a ball, given by one of the Ambassadors, and seeing the ladies dancing, much to their amusement, one of them turned to a Frank, and asked him how much they paid the women for dancing. On another occasion I paid a visit to a Turkish house, and was by invitation; this is an honour to which Franks are seldom admitted. We were lying near a very beautiful country-house of a grandee; and he came one evening, with five or six others, to invite us to go and see him when we liked. Accordingly, we went one evening, and after going through a pretty garden, came to the door of the chiosk, or summer-house, where we pulled off our shoes, and marched in. It was a large room, about forty feet square, with windows, and a low sofa the whole way round. A few feet from the entrance, was a marble fountain. The ceiling was blue, with a trellis work of carved oak over it. On the sofas were three Turkish gentlemen seated round a large wooden bowl of boiled rice, all eating out of this same bowl with wooden spoons. They invited us to partake; this we declined; they then ordered pipes and coffee for us. The Turks, after eating out of wood, washed themselves in silver basins, which were handed to them by servants. The master of the house then invited me to sit next to him; and, after a little time, presented to me the pipe which himself was smoking; he certainly just wiped it with his pelisse. This honour I could not refuse, it being the greatest ever offered, even to each other. Captain G. soon left us; and I remained the whole morning with them, teaching them English, and they teaching me Turkish; they were curious to understand the economy of my dress, and were particularly struck with my gloves. I never saw so splendid a collection of pipes—some amber, as thick as the wrist at the mouth-piece, some jewelled, some enamelled. In the course of the morning I think I smoked eight different ones, and took two dolls' cups of coffee; but, such coffee! a Turk would think you intemperate if you drank more than this quantity. I left them at last, after receiving a pressing invitation to go again; but I was not able, as we sailed soon after. The cleanliness of the Turks is admirable; it appears their greatest virtue. The commonest Turkish tradesman is always delicately nice, more so than most English gentlemen. The ignorance of the Turks is astonishing, and they are proud of it. I think it was the Ibrahim Pacha, who is now in the Morea, the son of the Pacha of Egypt, who, I am told on good authority, *could* speak Italian, but *would* only do so when his officers were not present, in order that they might not know that he was so degraded as to know any language but Turkish.

## LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

WE have been truly glad to see the subject of the inutility of the Library of the British Museum, as it is at present managed, become the subject of animadversion in the public newspapers. From one of them we extract the following complaint, every word of which our own experience assures us is well founded.

When once admitted, noted a few books, which you have occasion for in the first instance, and handed your note to one of the servitors, you will most probably have to wait, at least half or three quarters of an hour, before you can have even one of the books you have written for; nor is it at all unlikely that the same man, or some other, may at length come to inform you that he could not find this or that book, and to request you would set down the date (of publication, marked on the back of several of the books,) as a direction for further search, or else bring you an edition quite different from the one you had ordered, although set down precisely from their own catalogue. The writer of this article, who mentions not one circumstance but from actual experience, declares, that when he was in the habit of visiting the reading-room of the British Museum, a few years back, he had, on several occasions, to wait full three quarters of an hour for a particular book, out of which he had taken extracts the preceding week, when, each time, the messenger came back to tell him it could not be found! The written orders are always sufficient to remove any uncertainty respecting a book applied for by one person being then in other hands. And as he never went there for the purpose of lounging, but to make the best possible use of the time, if he happened to be there just at ten, when it is open (which was usually the case,) he often thought he had reason to bless his stars, if he could, before the eleventh hour, have even one of the books he had written for, although there were, perhaps, not half-a-dozen persons more present. He had no other means of employing the tedious interval than in looking over the confused, ill-digested catalogues, or feasting his eyes with a number of bearded and beardless phizzes placed up near the ceiling round the room. And that is generally the case, unless when one desires the books he is then using to be laid by for him against the next day. This must be owing either to a want of proper classification of the books, of catalogues of reference to their places, or to laziness and inattention on the part of the messengers, or possibly to a combination of all three. As to the catalogues in the reading-room, which are the only guides the readers have (and were the readers as blind as the guides both would be in the ditch), they differ in no respect from those of a bookseller or auctioneer, except in a total want of clear, distinct arrangement, and that in a bookseller's catalogue the prices are usually annexed. They only look to the letters of the alphabet, according to which they set down sometimes the author's or editor's name, and sometimes the title of the work. This mode of alternate, or rather promiscuous entry, may do well enough, and must be followed, in many cases, but not in all. There is a medium and a method which can alone prevent confusion. I remember, in two instances, when the person who makes the entries could not find a book from his own entry. How then could another person? With regard to works of which duplicates, triplicates, and very often quadruplicates, have been presented to the Museum, a reader is always sure to have the worst copy put into his hands; yea, and if there had been a worse than the worst, he should have it. What might have become of the best copies it is not my business to enquire.

The library of the British Museum is the finest in the kingdom; it is a national library, for it is supported at the expense of the people, and yet this fine national library is positively monopolized by a few nameless literati, who are paid by the public, provided with habita-

tion, and partly with provision, to keep it in order and administer to the wants of the readers; but whose real employment is either to do nothing, or to turn the stores of which they are the keepers to their own account. We have not observed an officer connected with the books (we are not certain that we might not be more general) who does not appear to consider that he is placed in the Institution as a sort of ornament to the place, or who, if applied to in relation to his duties, does not bear the air of one disturbed from his private studies by impertinent intrusion. Except the actual runners, we should be glad to learn that a single librarian, or under-librarian, ever attends to the business of the library in the most cursory manner possible, unless perhaps the occasional favour of his presence, even then employed upon his own private pursuits, may be so termed. The truth is, that the frequenters of the reading-room, admitted as a favour, through the medium of the officers of the Institution, are considered as interlopers, permitted, tolerated, or rather neglected—while the librarians themselves, who ought to be the servants, are in fact the lords of the place.

The extract which we have quoted, relates only to difficulty of procuring books, when admitted into the reading-room. There are many other circumstances which limit the general utility of the place. A principal one is the hours of admission, which are from ten o'clock to four, in winter and in summer. These are the hours of actual business in this metropolis—the marrow of the day, which none but professed authors or loungers can give to reading. To the immense number of individuals who, being engaged in the middle of the day, might beneficially pursue their studies in the morning or evening, the great building in Russel-street is a blank—rubbish—a heap of bricks and mortar. Why are the hours thus limited? Because archbishops, and chancellors, and various other very great and very careless persons, leave the matter to those whose interest it is to make a sinecure of the place. But even this slender allowance of six hours a day does not extend over the six working days of the week. Saturday is a sacred holiday. No one is admitted on that day. Are they Jews? No: the place must be cleaned forsooth; and one day in the week is dedicated to that purpose. What then are the servants of this huge Institution doing in the summer from five to ten in the morning, or from four to nine in the evenings? even in the winter there are three good hours for dusting and brushing the venerable pile. But this is not all; these indefatigable dusters and brushers must have a vacation; they must retire to the sea-side, or to their native counties, to invigorate their constitutions, after the trying labours of the season. The length of this vacation we do not happen to have ascertained; but that there is one we are certain, for we well remember having had the ill-luck to apply for admission, when we were refused by the porter, who gave us to understand, that the establishment was out of town.

This is the Institution upon which hundreds of thousands have been,

and continue to be, lavished by the legislature ; and which not only is supported by taxes in money, but, on the plea of its national utility, claims a copy of every book that is published.

It is well known that the books of the British Museum are not permitted to be taken from the place ; they are consulted on the spot, not in the library, but in a room appropriated to that purpose. We do not complain of this ; though we are well aware that it is next to an impossibility for a student to derive the full benefit from a book in a public room : it is right that there should be a grand library of reference, to which a man may apply with a certainty of the book being at home. But the amount of duplicates in this library at the present moment is very considerable, and an immense number have been sold ; out of all these might have been formed a library of circulation, which would have conferred a most signal benefit upon the studious portion of the community. It may be said that circulating libraries are numerous ; it is true, but what is the kind of book which they circulate. It is needless to state that they circulate few or none of the books which a person pursuing any course of reading whatever, excepting a course of novel-reading, would wish to procure. They circulate few or none of the books which would form the bulk of a well-selected library of from five to ten thousand volumes, and such are the books which we should wish to see spread. The number of literary, well-informed, and most respectable people, who have no access to a library beyond a collection of two or three hundred classical English volumes, is immense in this metropolis. If such persons wish to pursue a line of historical, theological, or any other line of reading, how are they, except by purchase or by loan, ways perhaps equally impossible, to proceed. To mention an example : suppose an individual is desirous of reading such books as Spon and Wheeler's *Travels in Greece*, Brucker's *History of Philosophy*, Ralph's *History of England*, or Harris's *Lives*, where is he to get them ? We know that this is an evil severely felt, and if the government will not assist, by more wisely disposing of the funds which they expend upon literature, the only plan is for the people to look after their own interests, and to effect their own purposes by association. An excellent opportunity was lately lost in the disposal of the King's library. This collection of books, which would have made an admirable nucleus for a library at the west end of the town, (for the city is already not ill supplied,) has been carted into Russel-street : they might as well have carted thither so much rubbish. The danger of loss arising from the circulation of the books is not great ; the plan is tried at Paris, and in other institutions in London : whereas the danger from non-circulation seems to be tremendous ; if we are to believe the runners at the British Museum, every other book is lost. The number of books lost at the London Institution, where the books do not go out, or ought not to go out, is, we believe, much greater than at the Russel Institution, where the subscribers have the right of taking

books home. Having mentioned the London Institution, we may refer to its library as being one of the best selected, and the most complete for its size, we may say, in Europe. In this place, too, the evil of the non-circulation of the books is somewhat counteracted by the extent of the room, and by the easy access which each visitor has to the books themselves; not to blank tickets, and a bell which summons lazy, over-fed, mis-named *runners*, as in the British Museum. This liberty is a circumstance which consoles us for the inactivity or absorption in their own private pursuits, of the librarians, who indulge in the natural propensity of English officials to turn their places into sinecures.

Knowing, as we do, the great want of a library of really good books over the whole metropolis, it is with singular pleasure that we observe the number of institutions for collecting libraries and delivering lectures which are forming in every direction; still, these institutions are designed for a class of persons somewhat different from that we have in view. The objects, for instance, of such a society as the one lately proposed to be established, and we trust that we may say now established, the Western Literary Institution, though excellent in themselves, and though one of them is expressly the collection of a library, could never be made to embrace the wants of a very large class of the reading inhabitants of the western part of London.

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#### CHIT-CHAT OF THE TIMES OF CHARLES II.\*

Bonus bene ut malos descripsit mores!—*Plautus Mil. Glor.*

In the early part of the reign of Charles II, there resided in the parish of St. Olave, in the city, a gentleman, who was of so great importance in his own eyes, that he deemed his most trifling actions worthy of being registered in a journal, and never even changed his suit, or cast his perriwig, without making a memorandum of the circumstance—"O yes—he put on his clothes at eight o'clock, and at nine tied his knee-strings—he is the sober citizen in the Spectator—I know him well." No, you are mistaken—This person was a man in public life, and engaged in business of importance. He was usually on foot the better part of every day, and saw and conversed with a great number of people during the course of it. But the conversation did not always turn on business; he was a man of pleasure too, in an innocent way, and had as keen a relish for amusement, as a boy let loose from school. A happy soul—he never knew a moment's melancholy—but shook off his load of care, as easily as a bird does the rain-drops on its wings—and, when he resumed it again, Issachar under his burthen was not more patient. He was a great play-goer—a great church-goer—a fre-

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\* See Diary of Samuel Pepys, Esq. Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. &c. 4to. 2 vols. 1825, London.

quenter of the Park—often at court—and sometimes at the Bear Garden. Wherever two, or three, were met together for amusement, he seldom failed to be in the midst of them. In his busiest days you might have met him in the Mall, or Fox Hall, or Spring Garden, or espied him in the middle of a crowded pit, at a cock-fight, or a prize-fight—or perched upon the wheel of a cart, witnessing an execution. It mattered not to him what the occasion was—a play or a sermon—the king in Hyde Park, or the great boy at Charing Cross—wherever men were, there he found himself at home. He was naturally in all things curious, and thought men and manners as well worth studying at Bartholomew Fair as at Whitehall. This capability of extracting amusement from every scene of life, indicated an easy, good-humoured, social turn of mind—no pride—no aristocratical coldness. To be sure, he was fond of the company of great people, for his humility deemed it an honour—but he was equally fond of the company of little people, for he loved to unbend in fun and frolic. He was happy to dine with a lord;—he was not too proud to drink with a Merry-Andrew. Discourse he loved above all things—and wisely followed where others led—and thus skimmed the cream of each man's conversation. The soldier told his battles—the mariner his voyages—the traveller his wonders—each one after his kind—he listened with pleasure to all, and, engaged in such rare discourse, would prolong the night deep into the morning. Music, too, he delighted in.—He never confessed it—but I believe the anthem sometimes drew him to church or chapel, when the sermon would not have done it. Of the effect of music upon his senses, he told once a singular instance. The wind-music in the Virgin Martyr made him, he said, really sick, just as he had been formerly when in love with his wife. For you are to understand that he was a married man—and, strange to say, was in love with his wife, not only before, but even after marriage—aye, a long while after. It was a sad imprudent match—she only fifteen—a pretty wild bird, just out of her convent cage. But a powerful relation befriended the young couple. They lived in a sort of garret in his house, where the bride cooked her husband's dinner and washed his linen, with her own dainty hands. They used to talk of these times to one another, and enhance the comforts of their more prosperous days by the contrast. They had no children—a circumstance that kept them young and merry much longer than they might otherwise have been—there is nothing like a family for planting wrinkles on the brow or cares in the heart. If they happened to be without company, their dinner was soon dispatched, and away on the wing they flew, to enjoy themselves in the air—the Park—or at the play; for you are aware that play-hours were more seasonable in those days—nine o'clock was reckoned a late hour for breaking up; and it was common enough to take a ride in the Park afterwards, where the ladies and gentlemen of the court would walk in full dress—gallantly great.

Shall we go with them to the theatre?—I have introduced you..... What's the play?—"The Silent Woman."—Excellent wit—often as I have seen, and old as it is—I am more and more taken with it, the more I see it. I do think there be more wit in it, than goes to ten new plays. And besides, we shall see Kinaston. What an inimitable boy!—To think of his appearing in three different shapes!—I scarcely know in which to admire him most—whether in his ordinary clothes, as a poor woman, to please Morose—or in fine clothes, as a gallant. Did he not in his feminine dress seem to you the prettiest woman in the whole house? Ye—yes—my dear, and I thought that in his man's dress he was also the handsomest man in the whole house. But did you observe my Lady Castlemaine lean over the other ladies, and whisper the King in the ear? Yes, but I don't think you saw what followed—you were too much taken up with Kinaston. Do you know, she rose out of the box, and went into the King's, and sat herself on his right hand, between him and the Duke of York! I thought it put the King out of countenance—I am sure every body else was. Indeed—I wondered to see her in the King's box when I looked round; for it was not five minutes before that I had seen her in her own. I thought the King looked ill-pleased. But he was even with her I warrant him. Did you mark how he looked up continually at Davis, and her smiling to him? Yes—and my lady saw it too, for I observed her follow the King's eye, and then she looked up. But, Lord! how she threw her head back, when she saw who it was, and then grew quite melancholy, and seemingly out of humour—I do not think she smiled once the whole play after. But what an impertinent slut that Davis is! She has got a ring, they say, worth 700*l*. which she shews every body, and owns that the King did give it her. Is it true that he hath furnished a house in Suffolk-street for her? Yes—and done it in the richest manner possible, the more's the shame! But to leave talking about that, I cannot reconcile myself to the new fashion of the hair at all—there was Mrs. Stewart, with her locks done up with puffs, as you call them—she never seemed to me so little beautiful as she did this night, finely as she was dressed. That's because you don't understand fashions, my dear—did you not perceive that several other great ladies had their hair done so? I like it mightily. Yes, you like it mightily, because it is the fashion, and for no other reason that I can see. But did you observe my Lord Rochester, and his lady, Mrs. Mallet? Did I!—yes, poor man!—what a Benedict look he had! "the married man" was plainly enough written on his forehead. However, it was a great act of charity in her to marry him, for I believe he has seen the end of his estate. He did not seem quite to like Lord John Butler's smiling at his lady, and she at him; Lord John?—He was a servant of Mrs. Mallet's, was he not? What did they mean by rising up when he came into the pit? Nay, I cannot tell—perhaps—but is it not strange that she should have consented

to marry my lord, after his seizing her at Charing-cross, and in sight of her grandfather too? Why, as for that matter, they do say—but that's neither here nor there—my poor Lady Sandwich hoped to have got her for Lord Hinchingbroke; but it seems he did not like what he saw of her conduct at Bath. What was it she used to report of her servants? that my Lord Herbert would have her—my Lord Hinchingbroke was indifferent to have her; my Lord John Butler might not have her, my Lord Rochester would have forced her, and Sir—I forget who—would do any thing to have her;—was not that it, or something like it? Aye, vain creature!—like enough.

But talking of my Lady Sandwich, you never told me what passed at my Lady Wright's yesterday. How come the lovers on? Are they better acquainted yet? Acquainted! Lord! I do think he is the most awkward man ever I met with in my life, as to love matters. He answered well enough to my Lord Crewe, when he asked him of his travels—but not a word to the lady all supper time, nor after, when we got to talk again. My Lord would have had me consent to leave them together to begin their amours—but I thought it better not—it might have surprised poor Lady Jemima too much. When I went with him to his chamber, where I stayed a little, to know how he liked the lady—he said, mightily—but Lord! in the dullest, most insipid manner that ever lover did; so I bid him good night, and down to prayers with the family. A most unpromising commencement, truly! But what happened the next morning? Why I thought it as well to tell Mr. Carteret what was expected of him. So as we walked in the gallery—what a noble gallery it is! I told him what to do—to take the lady always by the hand to lead her—and that he must make these and these compliments—you know, my dear—and that he ought to do the like to Lord Crewe and Lady Wright. What said he to that? Why, he thanked me, and owned that he stood in need of some teaching. Well, but did he profit thereby? I cannot say much for that.—After breakfast we went to church—where there was a man, that underwent the church's censure for his wicked life—but I don't believe he had courage to take his lady once by the hand either coming or going; so the only way for us was to contrive to leave them together. So, after dinner, my Lady Wright and I went out—and then my Lord Crewe, he not by design—and lastly, my Lady Crewe. And, could you believe it? a little pretty daughter of my Lady Wright's most innocently came out afterwards, and shut the door, as if she had done it, poor child, by inspiration! O, they had instructed her.—No, I don't think so; but, however, in going to church in the afternoon, he led her into the coach, and into the church. Had you any talk with my young lady? O, yes. Before we went, I took her apart, and would know how she liked the gentleman, and whether she was under any difficulty concerning him. She blushed, and hid her face awhile, but at last I forced her to tell me. She answered, that she could

readily obey what her father and mother had done, which was as much, you know, as she could say, or I expect. When is the wedding to be? Why, soon I should imagine. My Lord Sandwich desired me to see it dispatched as soon as possible, that no disappointment may happen herein.

Did you see Mrs. Carter?—Yes, and what do you think was the sum of her discourse to me? That you would get her a new gown? No, that I would get her a good husband, which I promised to do, though I don't know when I shall be able to perform it. Upon my word, Mr. Pepys, you are become match-maker general to your friends! How did Lady Jemima look?—does she wear a patch?—I think her father said he would have her do so. She had none on when I saw her; but then it might be because of my Lord Craven—he loves not the fashion of the Court—nor for that matter, indeed, do I myself, at least, this new one of patches. Lord! Mr. Pepys, I think they are very becoming. I wish you would allow *me* to wear them. It looks so strange, now that every body wears them, to be without. With all my heart, if it will content thee—but harkye, no light coloured curls—I bar them. And yet they are quite the fashion. Why, so they are—and do you know I hear the king is going to wear a perriwig. I observed the other day, how grey he was grown. They say it will become quite the fashion. The duke said to me this morning: “Mr. Pepys, is that you? I hardly knew you in your perriwig.”—But, Lord! it came on a shower of rain as we were walking in the Mall, and I behoved to lend him my new camlet cloak—I fear me it is spoiled—nothing but disasters to-day—as I was coming out of Sir. W. Coventry's door this morning, the latch caught hold of my silk vest, and made a great rent. My brother Tom must take it home with him to my —: \* but Lord! see there's Sir H. Cholmley. Sir Henry Cholmley, welcome to London—How do you do Mr. Pepys?—how do you do madam?—Why, I hardly expected you so soon from the country. I heard how merry you were at Cranbourne, the other day. Why, I was not there myself, but I was told that they were all drunk; and among other things, I heard, that Armerer swore to the King, “Sir,” says he “I hear you have not been so kind to the Duke of York of late as you used to be”—“Not I,” says the king. “Why so?” “Why,” says he, “if you are, let us drink his health.” “Why, let us,” says the king. Then he fell on his knees and drank it; and having done, the king began to drink it. “Nay, Sir,” says Armerer, “by God, you must do it on your knees.” So he did, and then all the company; and having done it, all fell a crying for joy, being all maudlin, and kissing one another, the King the Duke of York, and the Duke of York the King; and in such a maudlin pickle as never people were: and so passed the day.

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\* His father was a tailor.

## LETTERS FROM PARIS.

BY GRIMM'S GRANDSON.

No. XII.

*Paris, Nov. 18th, 1825.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The chief subjects of public interest this month, are the increasing probability of M. de Villèle's fall; the opening of a new Italian Opera House; and the attempt to assassinate M. Emanuel de Las Cases, the same man who distinguished himself last winter in London by certain violent proceedings with regard to Sir Hudson Lowe. It is rather a singular coincidence, that this well-known man had been at Passy, the village in which M. de Las Cases and his father reside, for a fortnight before this attack.—What renders the downfall of M. de Villèle extremely probable is, that out of the four hundred and thirty members of the Chamber of Deputies, three hundred and seventy are indemnified emigrants, to whom M. de Villèle pays three per cent.; while a former minister, M. le Comte Roy, Peer of France, entreats that he may have the place of Minister of Finance, and promises to pay them five per cent. This difference of two per cent. in every hundred francs of indemnity, of course appears an unanswerable argument in his favour, to the illustrious three hundred and seventy.

Since the death of Lord Byron, fate seems to have marked out for premature death the few men of merit who adorn our unhappy Europe, whilst it draws out to the latest period the existence of those men who are most mischievous to their species—such, for instance, as the King of Naples. One of these cruel strokes is just about to fall on M. de Girardin, a man of the most awakening and sprightly eloquence. As a Frenchman is greatly in fear of being ridiculous, and not at all of being odious, M. de Girardin's adversaries trembled before his talents for ridicule. It is also said that General Foy, a man who has equalled Mirabeau, is attacked with aneurism of the heart.

The attention of "the higher circles" has been especially occupied by the opening of a new Italian Opera House. The Salle Louvois, which is now abandoned, was proscribed by the priests. It stands in the square formed by the pulling down the Opera-house in Rue Richelieu. It was in that edifice, now demolished, that the Duke de Berry was assassinated; and, above all, that he received the last offices of the church. When the priests brought the Eucharist to the opera, they obtained a promise from Louis XVIII. that the pomps and vanities of the devil should never be suffered to appear again in that building. It was accordingly pulled down; but as the power of the priests has increased, not content with this concession, they have demanded that the Theatre Louvois, which looked upon the fatal spot, should be abandoned likewise.

M. Sosthènes de la Rochefoucault, aid-de-camp and favourite to the King, and, moreover, *chargé* of the fine arts, has spent sixteen thousand francs in the purchase and fitting-up of the Théâtre Favart. For a month past every Marquise of the Faubourg St. Germain has been saying to herself: "Shall I have a box at the Théâtre Favart?" M. Sosthènes' great object has been to exclude the middling classes; he has therefore made the pit of the theatre ridiculously small. M. le Chargé does not perceive that the pit is the heart of a theatre. There we must look for the animation; sometimes, indeed, the extravagancies, and always the unexpected sallies which keep alive the interest and spirit of a performance. The pit of the Favart is cowed by its smallness, and dares not applaud; so that nothing can be more cold than the performances which have taken place there since the 12th of November. M. Hitorff, the architect, as he could not make the theatre beautiful, has made it rich and showy. It is painted and gilded like a boudoir of the eighteenth century—so that it is already christened *La bonbonnière Favart*.

On the evening of the 12th, a literary event occurred which troubled M. Sosthènes' triumphs. I transcribe two little official documents which will explain this matter to you at once. The last page of the *Mercure* of the same day, Nov. 12th, contains a postscript in the following terms:

Our subscribers are informed that we yesterday entered into an engagement to the following effect:—

"I acknowledge to have received one thousand five hundred francs on account of the *Mercure*, on condition that the said paper shall not, for the space of one year, dating from this day, attack either the administration of the King's household, or the person of the Viscount Sosthènes de la Rochefoucault.

"Paris, Nov. 11, 1825.

(Signed) THE EDITOR."

Being at full liberty to dispose of the sum which we acknowledge above to have received, we have deposited it in the hands of the Treasurer of the Greek subscription, whose receipt we subjoin.

"I, undersigned, acknowledge to have received from the Editor of the *Mercure* the sum of one thousand five hundred francs in aid of the subscription for the Greeks.

(Signed) For M. TERNAUX.

"Paris, Nov. 11, 1825.

H. CLIQUOT, his nephew."

This affair, by which M. Sosthènes stands convicted of *an infamous attempt to corrupt public morals*, as it was justly proclaimed by the *Globe*, does the highest honour to M. de la Touche, the new editor of the *Mercury*. He has shown great address, coolness, and decision; for his honour was irrecoverably gone, if M. Sosthènes had got the start of him, and published the treaty in the *Etoile* of the evening of the 11th. Besides the receipts which he has laid before the public, M. de la Touche has by him a treaty signed by M. Hugo, the *âme damnée* of M. Sosthènes. Infinite address must have been required to get M. Hugo, *an ultra poet*, to commit the extremely incautious blunder of signing such a treaty.

A fortnight ago M. de la Touche stamped immortal ridicule upon the Count Peyrounet, Minister of Justice, and a celebrated bully, by calling him *beau grenadier*. Even the King himself can call M. Peyrounet nothing but *beau grenadier*: (these words contain an allusion to a low song, and to the *crapule* in which the illustrious M. Peyrounet lived for a long time at Bourdeaux.) M. Sosthènes dreaded a similar fate. He allows an Adjutant-Major, named *Chapuis*, a pension of nine hundred francs a year, not to kill him. This is the sum and substance of an affair which all Paris knows, but which M. Sosthènes had no inclination to see handled by M. de la Touche. M. Sensier, a notary, is the man who executed the deed of this fatal pension to the terrible Adjutant-Major. M. Sosthènes being grievously offended at the publication of the document above, begged the celebrated Madame Recamier to procure him an interview with the formidable M. de la Touche; when, incredible to relate, he tried to excuse himself to M. de la Touche. This is a splendid triumph of public opinion over the favourite of the King. Recollect, that not more than a century has elapsed since the Chevalier de Rohan, when offended by Voltaire, had him cudgelled. M. de la Touche has been blamed by some narrow-minded people. If I were not afraid you would accuse me of falling into *emphase*, I should say that the factitious honour of monarchies was here seen opposed to true integrity. M. Sosthènes has avowed that he has eight or ten *liberal* writers in his pay. M. de la Touche, who forms so noble an exception, is the author of *Olivier Brusson*, the best imitation of Walter Scott we have. The first volume, which describes the court of Louis XIII. and the character and habits of the celebrated Mademoiselle Scudery, is really very good. He has also written some excellent Satires against the *Classiques*. The effect of his great talents is somewhat impaired by obscurity.

The documents I have quoted explain the eulogiums which have been lavished on the new theatre by all the journals. Although it is extremely aristocratical, having been built very small for that express purpose; although almost all the places are let, and care has been taken to admit as few untitled women as possible, the aristocracy themselves turn it into ridicule. The reasons for this are, that the favour bestowed on M. Sosthènes by the king, excites jealousy—that he is essentially ridiculous—and, lastly, that *even* the aristocracy is becoming enlightened. It has reason to be proud of a work which one of its members has just produced. I mean *Edouard*, a novel, in two volumes, by the Duchess de Duras. The incidents are supposed to happen in the year 1785. A young man, the son of an advocate of Lyons, consequently not a noble, falls in love with the widow of a man of quality. She returns his affection, but rather than degrade her in public opinion, by taking advantage of the weakness which would lead her to marry him, he embarks for America, where he is killed at the battle of Brandywine. His mistress dies of grief in

France. There is truth and nature in this novel—nay, it is said that the author describes what passed in her own family. It is, however, to be regretted, that Madame de Duras has often withheld the expression of a touch of feeling, because she did not find an appropriate form of words, invented or sanctioned by some female and fashionable writer. In spite of this singular caution, our expiring aristocracy are so inveterately hostile to the press, which is their mortal foe, that I hardly know whether they will forgive the Duchess de Duras, even though she has had only fifty copies of her work printed in a magnificent style, as presents for her friends. Nobility is fast declining before the increasing progress of trade and commerce; as, happily, we have no law of entail, all our young and wealthy noblemen are becoming manufacturers. At the head of our iron-masters, we find the Prince de Broglie and the Marquis de Louvois.

But the old women of the faubourg St. Germain, who are the creators and the destroyers of female reputations, (as are the old women of all countries,) will never forgive a Duchess for having printed a book.

I don't know whether there are any three women in Paris comparable for talents to the Duchess de Duras, Madame de Castellane, and the Duchess de Dino; (the latter is a German of the Courlande family.) The men of rank give us our revenge—they are as silly as they are well bred. The literary prudery is a great stumbling block to our poor authoresses. Nothing can be more notorious than the extreme corruption of manners which prevailed at court up to the year 1789. Madame de Duras having occasion to mention a rather light expression used at that time, thought it incumbent on her to write an exceedingly lengthy note to justify herself for so great a freedom:—and in the eyes of whom? why, of those very women who, in 1789, were so frivolous, (to say no worse,) and who are now become such intolerable prudes. I think, however, our young women who have the blood of crusading forefathers in their veins, and fortunes of a hundred thousand francs a-year, will imitate neither the levity nor the prudery of their mothers. They frequently come in contact with bankers' wives, who are their equals in fortune; and, as to manners, in thirty years these two classes will be perfectly undistinguishable, to the infinite honour of the aristocrats of Vienna and London—probably the only specimens of the race that will be in existence in the year 1850.

Your fashionable novels appear to us truly astonishing; they reveal to the *lower orders* the little “manners and customs” of noble drawing-rooms; our Duchesses try, on the contrary, to paint the passions. From this I infer, that our great ladies have more sense than yours.

This may be said of Madame de Duras, and the society she frequents; but there is another set in the faubourg St. Germain, who are very busy in the manufacture of a new religion. A great event to these good people is the publication of the second volume of Benjamin

Constant's *Esprit de Religion*. Its theoretical part is quite as obscure, or as crazy (if you will) as Creuzer's Symbolical Mythology, translated into French by M. Guigniault, which I think I mentioned to you. But M. B. Constant redeems himself in the historical part of his second volume, which is not so tiresome as the first. The Greeks, much less absurd than the Indians or the Egyptians, adored beauty. Instead of believing in monstrous incarnations, like the stupid people of the east, they deified illustrious men. They borrowed their divinities from this earth. This sort of religion is very injurious to priestcraft—very propitious to the arts. Thus the Greeks have bequeathed to us models of consummate grandeur and beauty, and the immortal names of Phidias and Praxiteles, instead of recollections of ferocious asceticism and persecution, and insatiable rapacity.—We, less fortunate in this respect, cannot separate from the glory of Raphael and Michael Angelo, the infamy of Gregory VII. This is the only amusing thought I have been able to find in M. B. Constant's second volume.

The public are so surfeited with religion by the Jesuits, that nobody reads M. Constant's books. I think it very inferior to the great and solid works of M. de Potier, of Brussels, (author of the curious life of Scipione Ricci.) Only, unfortunately M. de Potier writes French as ill as M. B. Constant writes it well. It is not, however, for pathos, but for acuteness, point, terseness, that M. B. Constant claims so distinguished a place among our writers.

Duke Matthieu de Montmorency, on the other hand, has about as slender pretensions on the score of intellect as any man in France, and unhappily, this is no secret. Yet members of the Academie Française have thought him not the less eligible as one of their body, and on the 3d of November gave him the place which the public voice adjudged to General Foy, or to Benjamin Constant. The poor Academy, under the guidance of M. Roger and M. Lemontey, has made a very considerable step downwards in reputation by this election. Public contempt has assailed it from all quarters. A new paper, called the *Frondeur*, has distinguished itself in this little war. The *Frondeur* diverts people of all countries. Have you any thing comparable to it in England? It is not a Blackwood's Magazine—a John Bull. The *Frondeur* makes us laugh without ever departing from the tone of good society. It has, consequently, several subscribers in the Tuilleries. This delightful little paper, which will perhaps be suppressed in a fortnight, is edited by Messrs. de la Touche and Année. We are indebted to them for the information that M. de Montmorency, who owes his seat in the Academy to his birth, is *not* a Montmorency, but the descendant of one of our small gentry, who married a daughter of the house of Montmorency. Is not this somewhat like the genealogy of one of your illustrious Dukes, Duke Smithson? The celebrated lame Marshal de Luxembourg, who died in 1695, was the last Montmorency. It is said, that with the exception of the families of Rohan and Praslin all the nobles who

enjoy the greatest wealth and favour at this moment are quite of the petite noblesse. There is some rumour of a very curious book on this subject, and if I can get a copy of it I will send you some extracts. The ridicule M. de Montmorency has brought upon himself by soliciting a place for which he was so obviously and so notoriously unfit, may stand in the way of his appointment as governor to the Duke de Bourdeaux. The new academician is a very well-bred man, very devout, and, moreover, General of the Jesuits of the *robe courte*, who, as you know, reckon one hundred and eight afflicted members in the Chamber of Deputies. The eighteen academicians who voted for him, hope, through his interest, to be received as Jesuits. Several of them will probably get subordinate appointments about the Duke de Bourdeaux.

If the whole French academy does not consist of *low intriguers*, like M. Roger, most of its members are in an understanding to puff each other. For ten years they have all been at work to get up an immense reputation for M. Villemain, whose merits really are those of a very clever sixth-form boy. The *Classique* party seeing itself completely overpowered by the new school, in consequence of the success of the Count de Ségur's Russian War, Mignet's History of the Revolution, and Clara Gazul's Plays, urged M. Villemain, who is now its only hope, to publish something. M. Villemain, after a regular six months' puffing in every Paper and Review, has at length published *Lascaris*, to which is annexed, an Historical Essay on the State of Greece, from the time of the Mussulman Conquest, to this day.

This work is a complete failure. Nothing can be more flat—nothing can be more polished. It is still more insipid, still more falsely coloured, than the History of Cromwell, by the same author. Do you remember the elegant and courtier-like manner in which Racine travesties Homer's terrible Achilles? Setting aside the difference between the immense talent of the poet of Louis XIV. and the pretending inanity of the author of *Lascaris*, he has handled the fall of the Byzantine empire in the same style. With the false and finical elegance of the academy, he dares not say, when speaking of Orloff, in the historical essay at the end of *Lascaris*,—Before Catherine loved him, he was a soldier—but “he was in the lowest ranks of the profession” (*la milice*.) This attempt to ape Tacitus is so much the more ridiculous in French, because *milice* has, like militia, in English, acquired a restricted sense, and is become the proper name of the national guard anterior to the Revolution. *Lascaris* is, in reality, another imitation of Walter Scott, but, an academical imitation. Now, Walter Scott is relished among us—relished *more than he is in England*, precisely because he refreshes us after the stilted, factitious style of the academy. What can be more ludicrous than to try to unite contraries?—So, in short, nobody has had the fortitude to get through *Lascaris*.

This failure has dealt the final blow on the academy. It infamized itself by the election of Duke Matthieu de Montmorency—but it had still some literary lustre remaining. The fall of its hero, M. Villemain, the Achilles of the *Classiques*, has now rendered its imbecility as conspicuous as its greatness.

The jokes of the Frondeur and the Débats have driven our Ministers to desperation. They are furious; and if they retain their places, they will present a law to the Chambers for instituting a *Cour Royal de la liberté de la presse*. The Members of this singular tribunal will be unremovable, and highly paid. The Ministers would select them from amongst their most impudent hacks. This court being permanent, would give law to the successors of the present Ministers; it would, however, have no jurisdiction over the Peers of France. The Ministry has introduced, by means of their *âmes damnées*, Messrs. Lourdoueix and the Abbé Mutin, a law-suit respecting literary property, the secret object of which is, to give the government the exclusive right of reprinting Voltaire and Rousseau. The present Chamber, the most stupid, as M. de Talleyrand says, that has existed since the Revolution, would pass these two laws, or any others, if they were but satisfied on the score of the *indemnity*, (that is to say, if the three per cents., now at 68, were got up to 78; or if it were paid in five per cents.)

According to the stupid law now in force, the heirs of an author lose their property in his works ten years after his death. The families of the great Corneille, and of Lafontaine, are in abject poverty; that of Racine is by no means in affluence; while the actors of France have accumulated a capital of two millions of francs, by the representation of Corneille's and Racine's tragedies. The descendants of the former have obtained from the King a munificent pension of six hundred francs, (£24 a year,) while Talma spends fifty thousands francs a year in building.

Twenty years ago, when a middling poet, named Ducis, then very popular, wanted to sell three volumes of tragedies, he had great difficulty in getting six thousand francs (250*l.*) for them. M. de Chateaubriant has been offered four hundred and twenty-five thousand francs for a collection of his works, in which there is nothing new but the *Rencontre de Grénade*, a delicious novel, which I have already mentioned; and a very dull tragedy called *Moses*. The noble peer, always poor, like a true poet, asks five hundred thousand francs.

There is a great deal of talk about a new sort of paper, made of hemp stalks, which is to give the death blow to the aristocracy and the Jesuits. It is to be so cheap, that a handsome octavo volume of four hundred and eighty pages, is to be manufactured and sold for one franc, fifty centimes, (one shilling and two-pence halfpenny English.) The invention is already matured, and the inventor is looking out at Paris for partners. The Jesuits will probably do their utmost

to thwart this terrible invention, and your aristocracy will of course lay an enormous duty on the hemp-stalk paper. Calculate what the octavo edition of Evelyn's Memoirs, which I have been waiting these two years to buy, would cost, if the whole expenses and profits of the paper-maker and the printer were eighteen-pence on an octavo volume of four hundred and eighty pages.

I shall only slightly notice, by way of calling your attention to it, a master-piece of M. Magendie, our celebrated physiologist, whom your Mr. Martin abuses for his cruelty in so diverting a manner, (see the debates in Parliament of the 24th of February, 1825.) This barbarian stupidity is really more than usually ridiculous, in a year when so many people in all parts of Europe, have died with hydrophobia; for which frightful disease, M. Magendie is on the point of discovering a remedy, the result, it is true, of his *cruelty*. M. Magendie's admirable work is entitled, *Precis élémentaire de Physiologie*. Ignorant as I am of the subject, I read his book with the strongest and most unwearied interest. I do indeed believe, with M. de Tracy, that the science of ideas, of their formation and connexion, is founded on physiology. This truth exasperates priests of every religion, and Germans of every state. The style of a man of genius is perfectly luminous; his ideas present themselves as distinctly, as vividly to his mind's eye, as the future statue to the eye of Michael Angelo, when the block of marble was placed before him. Physiology has made immense strides since 1820, more especially as regards the organs of sight, smell, and taste. The only matter of regret is, that the experiments which have led to this advanced state of knowledge, are disagreeable to Mr. Martin, Member for Galway. What will he say when he hears that an Englishman, settled at Paris, Dr. Edwards, has discovered the true laws of respiration—not, I must confess, without the sacrifice of a vast many frogs?

M. Rabbe is known to the public by a good abridgement of the history of Russia, which has excited the anger of several of the nobles of the empire, who count their wealth by the number of *head of peasants* they possess. One of them, who is owner of twenty thousand *head*, told M. Rabbe, with a view to insult him, that his name signified *slave* in the Slavonic language. Slave as he is, he is very learned; he has just discovered an Italian novel of the sixteenth century, in which are to be found all the principal incidents of the poem of Parisina, which Lord Byron says he took from Gibbon. People who have studied the history of the middle ages in the manuscripts of the Florentine libraries, and not in Mr. Sismondi's book, know that most of the tales of Pecorone, of Cintio, Giraldi, Bandello, &c. &c. are relations of events which actually happened in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

The author of the novel of which M. Rabbe is going to publish a translation, paints, with a truth and vigour worthy of Shakspeare, the

birth of the criminal passion of a son for the young wife of his father—the virtuous struggles which take place in two hearts full of nobleness and generosity, but agitated by passionate love, and at length overmastered by its mighty power. The reader feels in every sentence that the Italian author relates a fact which passed under his eye. Sergio, not daring to avow the passion for his father's wife, which devours him, falls ill; he lies on his death-bed, and his father, Conrad, is in the deepest affliction. His son will not confess to him the cause of his illness. An old nurse (a person of great importance in an Italian family of the twelfth century) leaves Sergio's chamber weeping, and comes to tell his step-mother Tiberia, "Sergio refuses to take any food; it is all over; he must die." Tiberia replies: "Give me the cup; I will go and give it to Sergio myself." She enters the sick man's chamber, and says to him: "For the love of me, eat." At these sweet words—sweeter than Tiberia thinks—Sergio suffers himself to be persuaded, and takes some food. Tiberia continues to nurse Sergio herself; he is restored to life and health, and the fresh and brilliant colour of youth once more blooms on his cheek. But Tiberia has imperceptibly caught his passion. Conrad gives fêtes to celebrate his son's recovery, and the young lovers are continually together. Tiberia, wretched at the feelings which agitate her heart, mournfully exclaims: "Oh! miserable: I have restored him to health who is the cause of my death." One day, Sergio gave vent to the most passionate expressions of gratitude; he said to her: "Tiberia, I would die a thousand deaths for you." She, unhappy creature, tried to answer, but grief, fear—perhaps hope—raised such a strife in her breast, that spite of all her efforts to speak, her voice failed her—she stood motionless as marble, but that her eyes ran over in a torrent of tears. That sympathy which binds together lovers—often before they have interchanged any words of love—draws tears from Sergio also. Then, taking hold of Tiberia's veil, he ventures to dry his eyes with it, and conjures her to acquaint him, whose whole life she has saved, with the cause of her grief. Tiberia, forgetting all at the sight of her lover's tears, confesses her love; then, falling at his feet, conjures him, with clasped hands, to have pity upon her, and not to take advantage of her weakness, and of her youth.

But I will not transcribe the novel which M. Rabbe is going to publish in French. Perhaps, indeed, you will be shocked at the immorality of what I have already written. You must forgive an unfortunate Frenchman, who is not so virtuous as he would have been if he had been born on your side the channel.

To my great surprise, the success of M. Dunoyer's admirable work, "*L'Industrie et la Morale considérées dans leurs rapports avec la Liberté*," goes on *crescendo*. Every body who pretends to think, reads M. Dunoyer. Six years ago, nobody would have understood

him. This fact makes me repeat: "How happy was it for the French that they lost the battle of Waterloo!" If Napoleon had conquered we should still be blockheads, dazzled by military glory, as we were in 1812. The Jesuits tyrannize over us. A preacher, named F——, has lately made a whole village near Rosanne tremble, because he had a dispute with his postillion. Under Napoleon, it would have been a Brigadier-general who would have assailed every body with insolence and abuse, even the Maire; who, after all, was only a *Pékin*. But the soldiers dazzled the nation by their exploits; now nobody is dazzled by the Jesuits; they are as much despised as they are hated; and were it not for the family of the Bourbons and their budget of a thousand million (francs) with which they pay the gens'darmerie, the Jesuits would soon be shipped off to Italy, as they were by the King of Portugal, half a century ago. Such works as M. Dunoyer's vastly accelerate the glorious moment of the embarkation of the reverend fathers.

There is nothing new in history this month, except *La Sardaigne, antique et moderne*, by M. Mimont, formerly French Consul at Cagliari.

Your's, truly,

P. N. D. G.

#### THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE great theatres are betaking themselves to tumblers, and dwarfs, and monsters; while the minor theatres are getting up little regular dramas, and "doing the legitimate," as young Pigwiggins would call it, with a very laudable earnestness. Congreve will speedily hold his court at the Adelphi, and Ducrow take a comfortable saw-dust gallop around the first circle at Covent Garden. At the latter house, Punch, in the shape of M. Mazurier—or rather, M. Mazurier in the shape of Punch, ("if shape it can be called, that shape is none,") has already doubled his hip bones under his chin, and put his ancles into his ears, to the no small gratification of the frequenters of a national theatre:—and we have little doubt, that, in a very short time, Mr. Claremont will sing a comic song between the acts, and Mrs. Davenport throw a somerset over Mr. Fawcett's head to a violin accompaniment. At the Adelphi, Messrs. Yates and Terry have established a good company, both before and behind the scenes. Here they vend the Drama for ready money only—at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, no orders are refused. Mazurier receives, we are told, 50*l.* per night; and as a posture master he deserves to be well paid; for he really executes the *impossible* attitudes, which of course it is worth paying to see.

Novelties, which are not novelties, have been very plentiful during the past month. Miss Kelly, that perfect actress in her line, has

appeared at Drury Lane, and delighted a select few. Even Miss Kelly is not able to cause Mr. Dunn, the treasurer, much trouble. It is only necessary for a foreigner to visit Drury Lane Theatre, to be satisfied that the English are truly a free people. A new farce, made up of old wood, was produced for a few nights, we believe, but we did not see it, and cannot recollect the name of the venerable and respectable deceased. Perouse too, old Perouse, has undergone a revived shipwreck for several nights, after enjoying a calm of several years. The monkey, (on whose account the storm was regenerated,) is one of the worst monkeys extant; which is saying much, as monkeys swarm in the theatres just now. Gentlemen with ugly faces, and unshaved arms and legs, are grinning to music at heavy salaries, on almost every great stage in London. Apes are looking up.

A son of little benefit-Knight has been playing in the country: and Knight himself, at the Isle of Wight, is said to have been perpetrating a new opera. The theatres are sadly be-Knighted!

The new comedy at Covent Garden, in five acts, met with great applause on the first evening, and has been played to empty benches ever since, with increased success. It is said to be in blank verse, though we scarcely should have detected the measure, if the daily papers, which never deceive, had not assured us of the fact. The dialogue, certainly, did not agree with us; and being a lump of blank verses we are not surprised at it, for "we are *ill* at these numbers:"—Indeed, none of the actors or actresses appeared to us to be aware that they were handing poetry about to the pit,—though they wore Spanish garments, and had a good deal to say touching and concerning the flowers. The comedy is entitled, "Love's Victory, or a School for Pride;" though we think it might have been more properly called "Rule a Wife, and have a Wife." It is, in fact, that play educated for the present times, and prettily dressed up for the day. The scene is laid in Spain; and the five acts are concluded in the usual time. Mr. Kemble played with profound alacrity:—and Mr. Jones was Mr. Jones. Miss Lacy was in rare spirits, (she is mending with age,)—and Mr. Farren delivered his old manliness, according to his esteemed recipe. Duruset sang a song, which, being, as we were, so far back as the fourth row in the pit, we had not the pleasure of hearing—but it *looked* a very pleasing air. The comedy will scarcely live long:—long lives, however, are not profitable to modern theatres.

Several new performers have had their entrances and exits at Drury-lane. Mr. Spring's niece, a Miss Lawrence, has played Juliet thrice, with a bettered reception on each successive night. She is a fine handsome girl, fit for her work; but she wants dramatic education and experience; and we think her excellent uncle, who has good theatrical experience, ought to have visited her upon the country houses for a few months, before he or she aimed at Juliet in London. She will do, one day or other, we dare say. A Mr.

Parry, in Lubin Log, was a very fair log, hewn after Liston. He was Liston a little in voice—but, alas! he was not Liston in face,—and we quite lost sight of Liston when he turned his back towards us. Mr. Parry has not repeated his Log. The real Logs are *not* a large family we find.

The following inestimable advertisement is from the Morning Chronicle. It is chastely written, and smacketh of Winston's hand:

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]—Drury Lane Theatre is about to possess an extraordinary musical acquisition in the person of a young man of very diminutive size. The history of his engagement is rather singular. Mr. Birch, an eminent coach-maker, some days ago gave a dinner to his very numerous establishment in his workshop, and he invited Mr. Dunn, of Drury Lane Theatre, and Mr. George Smith, the celebrated bass-singer, and some other gentlemen, to be of the party, which he told them would afford them a great treat. Nearly one hundred sat down to dinner, and after some of the usual glees and songs were sung, Mr. Birch knocked upon the table, and said, "*Silence, Gentlemen, for a song from without,*" and suddenly, a voice of surpassing sweetness was heard in the room, but from whence it issued was not discoverable. The company stared at each other in astonishment. Every one declared that he never heard such tones *except from the throat of Catalani*, who, at no period of her fame, was able to exceed the melody or power of the invisible person's voice. The applause at the conclusion of the song was such as might be expected; and after every one had expressed his admiration, there arose a discussion about the sex of the melodist. The almost universal opinion was, that such tones could come from nobody but a woman. George Smith was of a different opinion; he said he believed the voice to be that of a young man, and soon afterwards the body of a coach, which lay at the upper end of the workshop, was opened, and out stepped a male dwarf, about two or three and twenty years of age. The qualifications of this extraordinary little person were at once made known to the managers (Messrs. Calcraft and Robins,) of Drury Lane Theatre, who, immediately upon the recommendation of the able professional men, who heard him sing, engaged him. His voice is, we understand, in all the upper tones, precisely like Catalani's, and in all the lower it bears a strong resemblance to Mrs. Bland's. Mr. Birch had accidentally heard him joining in a glee with two other ragged creatures in the middle of a muddy street, and humanely determined to give him a chance of bettering his condition. *It is calculated that he will be much more than a match for Mazurier.* It is intended, we believe, that he shall sing without any accompaniment on the first night of his appearance.

This is a remarkable pleasing statement. It is a sort of Coach-maker's Fairy Tale, fancifully told, and full of agreeable conceits. A large festival is held in the back workshop, and all the screw-drivers, and spring-makers, and varnishers, are assembled together in their costly attire. Dunn too is there, the treasurer; and the great George Smith, "the celebrated bass-singer," (mark that!) Just as a very eminent buggy-builder, in the enthusiasm of broken springs, has given "confusion to Mr. Macadam, with three,"—Mr. Birch knocks the table awfully, and commands attention for "a voice from without." The song is fascination itself!—Who sang it? All the hundred guests express their admiration *seriatim*, from eminent Birch, down to the charmed journeyman!—It must be a woman!—"No!" vociferates George Smith, ("the celebrated bass singer,") it comes from a male!—This magical declaration is the key to a delicate pantomimic trick!—"From a mail!" exclaims eminent Birch, (his head of course run-

ning on his own wheels,) "Smith, you are right"—and suddenly a coach-door is opened, and out steps a little thing, only so high, and so old, as musical as a nightingale, and of the size of a tomtit!—Calcraft and Robins are immediately apprized of the dwarf treasure, and an engagement ensues. The tale is really beautifully told: we are only puzzled to understand the sentence which states, "That he will be much more than a match for Mazurier." Is it meant that the little man, with "a voice from without," will attempt to rival the French punch in the extravagance of limb—or that Mazurier will be provoked into a gig-seat, to prove his vocal inferiority to the buggy Apollo? The first appearance of this six-inch prodigy, will be marvellously amusing.

The Royal Cobourg Theatre, a building in Lambeth Marsh, has produced, during the past week, "A comic Sketch (by the author of the Living Skeleton,)" called "London Characters, or Puff! Puff! Puff!" of which the proprietor's bill of fare, gives the following explanation:—

"Puff in thy Teeth."—*Shakespeare.*

Some explanation may be required from the writer to preface this (apparently) hardy undertaking, and he enters on it with all the alacrity which the consciousness of good intentions is so well calculated to inspire. It is a common fault, that in our anxiety to render homage to the memory of men by-gone, we treat somewhat too cavalierly the illustrious living, who still pay rent and taxes; it is as though individuals were not to be esteemed, until they had given employment to an undertaker. Now the present object of the writer is, to awaken the public to a proper knowledge of the talents scattered through the town, to pull its million buttons, and tweak its thousand noses, until the said lethargic public should open its two thousand eyes (that is allowing a pair for every person) and become fully assured of the greatness it has snored over. To this end, and without any fear or trembling, the writer creates the important letters that form the mystic name of Francis Moore, physician, almanack-maker, the awful wizard that warns the ungrateful world of the season for umbrellas and worsted hose; he apostrophizing those venerable sages of Day and Martin, who, like the wise men of yore, writ their immortality on imperishable leather: Burgess, who, with Jonah, has found a lasting fame in the bowels of a fish: Mr. Money, of Fleet-street, who, like Captain Parry, roves from "pole to pole" for mutual benefit: Charles Wright, of the Opera colonnade, who makes us forget our troubles at the cheapest rate: Rowland, who drops the compassionating "dye" on the afflictions of red hair, and puts whiskers into half mourning: Atkinson, who trains English beauty as the Greenlanders feed their children, upon bear's grease: Henry Hunt, Esq. the reformer of vitiated tastes for Turkey coffee: Charles Wright, whose spirits, like that of a Spanish goblin, dwell in a bottle: Doctor ——— but no, some kind of excellence must, like the poet's flower (and indeed, like much genius of the present day) "blush unseen:" Mrs. Johnson, whose soothing syrup speedily fills our mouths with bones that we may better tear flesh, shall she be forgotten? gratitude forbid. Why are the achievements of the foregoing persons left unsung, do they not contribute more to human comfort than all the feats of conquerors and kings. The philosopher who said the sun was red hot metal, was a fool to Dr. Moore, who has thoroughly solved the doubts of mankind, shewing that the moon is not green cheese, but in fact a moon. The brilliancy of Day and Martin, Warren and Larnder, will remain as long as Homer's. The elements of Euclid are not so relishing to a fried sole as Burgess's essence of anchovies: the labours of Money are greater than those of Hercules, for the ancient did at length slay the hydra, but the bear of Mr. Money has been killed a thousand times, and stript of its wealth of fat, and

yet survives. Charles Wright makes us abhor the creed of Mahomet, and many a Cherokee chief who has scalped his neighbour, has been immortalized in pantomime, while Rowland and Atkinson, who have fresh haired many a naked pate, have remained in obscurity. The epicure who fed off peacock's brains (it is lucky he did not choose men's, at least it would be, were he now living in some countries) is less valuable than Henry Hunt, who makes us full as grateful with a little corn well singed. What was Semiramis, who struck off heads, to the present Mrs. Johnson, who softens our infant mouths; are the ancients to be for ever apostrophized, and the great living to be unhonoured and unsung? No, the writer, fired with honourable zeal, has plucked a quill from the largest goose in Lincolnshire, has spread open a foolscap sheet, has soused into the ink bottle his newly made pen, and thus registers,—THE SPIRITS OF THE AGE.

This, it must be confessed, is approaching very close to the "very age and body of the time;" and promises an interesting exhibition of the great men of London. Several of these originals, which may be said to be caricatures of mankind, are well caricatured by the actors. But no one complains! We must fear that this is one other specimen of the talent of advertisers; and that all the worthies whose names are thus billed, have clubbed together to dramatise their popularity. The piece ought to pay a duty to government.

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 THEATRICAL REGISTER.

## DRURY LANE.

October 21.

Merry Wives of Windsor:

Falstaff, Dowton; Slender, Harley; Mrs. Quickly, Mrs. Harlowe; Mrs. Ford, Miss Graddon.

The Innkeeper's Daughter.

October 22.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

The Innkeeper's Daughter.

October 24.

Henry the Fourth:

Falstaff, Dowton; Hotspur, Wallack.  
Valentine and Orson.

October 25.

Der Freischütz.

The Camp.

Turn Out.

October 26.

She Would and She Would Not:

Don Manuel, Dowton; Trappanti, Harley;  
Hypollita, Miss Kelly.

Valentine and Orson.

October 27.

Love for Love.

The Innkeeper's Daughter.

October 28.

The Hypocrite:

Cantwell, Dowton; Mawworm, Harley.

The Wedding Present.

October 29.

Faustus.

The Camp.

The Wedding Present.

October 31.

Pizarro:

The Camp.

The Wedding Present.

## COVENT GARDEN.

October 21.

Lilla:

Brenhold, Fawcett; Ehrenberg, Cooper; Lilla,  
Miss Paton; Antonette, Miss Love, (*a failure.*)  
A Tale of Mystery.

October 22.

Rob Roy:

Rob Roy, Warde; Diana Vernon, Miss Paton.

Lilla.

October 24.

Rob Roy.

Lilla.

October 25.

Rule a Wife and Have a Wife:

Leon, Kemble; Margarita, Mrs. Faucit;  
Estafina, Miss Chester.

Lilla.

October 26.

Othello:

Othello, Fitzharris; Desdemona, Mrs. Sloman.

Lilla.

October 27.

Der Freischütz.

Aladdin.

October 28.

Lilla.

No Song No Supper.

Charles the Second.

October 29.

Rule a Wife, and Have a Wife.

Lilla.

October 31.

Rob Roy.

The Shipwreck of Policinello.

No Song No Supper.

November 1.

The School for Scandal.

The Shipwreck of Policinello.

The Padlock.

## DRURY LANE.

November 1.  
Der Freischutz.  
The Camp.  
The Wedding Present.

November 2.  
The Confederacy.  
Moneytrap, Dowton; Brass, Harley; Corinna,  
Miss Kelly.  
The Camp.  
The Wedding Present.

November 3.  
Merry Wives of Windsor.  
My Uncle Gabriel.

November 4.  
Faustus.  
The Camp.  
The Innkeeper's Daughter.

November 5.  
The Road to Ruin:  
Old Dornton, Dowton; Harry Dornton,  
Wallack; Goldfinch, Harley; Sophia, Miss Kelly.  
Ella Rosenberg.

November 7.  
Romeo and Juliet.  
De la Perouse.

November 8.  
Der Freischutz.  
Two Wives.  
De la Perouse.

November 9.  
Guy Mannering:  
Henry Bertram, Horn; Dominie Sampson,  
Harley; Lucy Bertram, Miss Graddon.  
De La Perouse.

November 10.  
The Confederacy.  
The Innkeeper's Daughter.

November 11.  
Faustus.  
Two Wives.  
De la Perouse.

November 12.  
She Would and She Would Not.  
De la Perouse.

November 14.  
Romeo and Juliet.  
De la Perouse.

November 15.  
Der Freischutz.  
The Rendezvous.  
De la Perouse.

November 16.  
The Rivals:  
Captain Absolute, Wallack; Acres, Harley;  
Lydia Languish, Miss Kelly.  
De la Perouse.

November 17.  
Merry Wives of Windsor.  
De la Perouse.

November 18.  
Faustus.  
The Rossignol.  
Kove, Law, and Physic.

November 19.  
Guy Mannering.  
De la Perouse.

## COVENT GARDEN.

November 2.  
Der Freischutz.  
The Shipwreck of Pollicinello.  
Too Late for Dinner.

November 3.  
Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.  
The Shipwreck of Pollicinello.  
Brother and Sister.

November 4.  
John Bull:  
Peregrine, Cooper; Mary Thornberry, Miss  
Chester.  
The Shipwreck of Pollicinello.  
No Song No Supper.

November 5.  
The Way to Keep Him:  
Sir Bashful Constant, W. Farren; Lovemore,  
Kemble; Widow Belmour, Miss Chester.

November 7.  
Artaxerxes:  
Artaxerxes, Madame Vestris; Mandane, Miss  
Paton.  
A Roland for an Oliver.

November 8.  
Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.  
Jocko.

November 9.  
Rob Roy.  
Jocko.

November 10.  
The Beggars' Opera:  
Macheath, Madame Vestris; Lucy, Miss  
Love; Polly, Miss Paton.  
The Irish Tutor.  
Jocko.

November 11.  
The Honey Moon:  
The Duke, Warde; Juliana, Miss Chester.  
Jocko.

November 12.  
Artaxerxes.  
Charles the Second.  
Jocko.

November 14.  
Julius Cæsar.  
Jocko.

November 15.  
The Marriage of Figaro:  
Count Almaviva, Jones; Figaro, Pearman;  
Countess Almaviva, Miss Hammersley; Susanna,  
Madame Vestris.  
A Roland for an Oliver.  
Jocko.

November 16.  
Love's Victory:  
Don Cæsar, Kemble; Don Pedro, Farren;  
Lopez, Blanchard; Princess Diana, Miss Lacy.  
(successful)  
Jocko.

November 17.  
Love's Victory.  
Jocko.

November 18.  
Belles' Stratagem.  
Jocko.

November 19.  
Love's Victory.  
Jocko.

## FLOWERS OF SPEECH;

OR,

## THE YOUNG WRITER'S COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE BEAUTIES OF STYLE.

WE have been much struck with the abundance and richness of the comparisons and allusions which embroider the pages of that elegant prose writer, Mr. Moore, in his *Life of Sheridan*. It has frequently pained us to see productions appear before the world in a stale, flat, and unprofitable form, which, if they had only been properly heightened by the gems of art, and set off by the hand of taste, might, in place of the feeble and glow-worm light of insipidity, have broken on the world with all the dazzling brilliancy of genius. There can be little doubt that this grand defect in style arises from the want of instruction by precept and example; and it occurs to us that we cannot more profitably employ a few of our pages, than by supplying the latter deficiency of example, from the writings of Mr. Moore; who, being a poet, and, moreover, keeping a small case of little "Imagery" common-place books invariably upon his table as he reads and writes, of course abounds in the very finest specimens of the ornate style. The "*Life of Sheridan*" is more particularly adapted to this end, in that the author, having determined to write no more prose, has luckily lavished upon this work all the similes and allusions, and little tit-bits of quotation that remained on hand. By the assistance, therefore, of the elaborate work in question, we hope to supply some profitable Rules of Composition; and if we should fail in our commentaries and applications, the examples will certainly be productive of much improvement.

I. "Genius," says Buffon, "is patience," or (as another French writer has explained the thought) "*La Patience cherche, et le Génie trouve*;" and there is little doubt that to the co-operation of these two powers all the brightest inventions of this world are owing; that Patience must first explore the depths where the pearl lies hid, before Genius boldly dives and brings it up full into light. There are, it is true, some striking exceptions to this rule; and our own times have witnessed more than one extraordinary intellect, whose depth has not prevented their treasures from lying ever ready within reach. But the records of Immortality furnish few such instances; and all we know of the works that she has hitherto marked with her seal, sufficiently authorize the general position—that nothing great and durable has ever been produced with ease, and that labour is "the parent of all the lasting wonders of this world," whether in verse or stone, whether poetry or pyramids.—(*Moore's Life of Sheridan*, 4to. P. 155.)

What a galaxy of beauty is here!—how fortunate are we in our first flower! Let the young student observe that this paragraph is a

beautiful expansion of the trite thesis of "Labor omnia vincit," and admire the splendid robes in which the genius and taste of Mr. Moore has clothed so mean and beggarly a motto. How gloriously do the images pass in procession! Genius, Patience; Pearls hid: Patience, diving first, comes up and tells Genius where they are; down goes Genius and brings them up in his hands. Then the exception, Extraordinary Intellect; Depth, again: Treasures, *i.e.* Pearls swimming on the top. Hence no need of Genius and his fag Patience. Then again, Immortality marking with her Seal, and keeping her Records—Labour, Poetry, Pyramids, Verse, Stone; no brick or mortar—nothing mean.

Much instruction is hence derivable. First take your motto. Look in your common-place book lettered *apothegmeta poikila*, for the principal word: say Genius—very well. Buffon says Genius is Patience—very well again: that will do. But stop! somebody else says that Genius is not the same person as Patience, and that their occupation is different. Poor Patience seeks, and lucky Genius finds—that will do: now what shall they seek and find? Pearls are pretty poetical things, and are not easily come at. Let then Patience go down to see if there are any pearls, but she must not bring any up. No! poor Patience must come and tell idle Genius, who is sitting upon the shore in a brown study; who, as soon as he learns that Pearls are to be had merely for going down, sets about diving, and brings them up, of course, in great quantities. We trust he gives poor Patience a pearl or two. Now, having described the usual mode of Pearl, that is, "bright invention" fishing, you must think of the exceptions to the general rule. There being exceptions to this lucky division of labour, how is it that Genius, in these cases, contrives to do without poor Patience? The fact is, that idle Genius finds the Pearl swimming on the top; and there being no necessity to bother himself about diving, he very contentedly puts them in his pocket without saying a word to poor Patience. These exceptions, such they are, where are they to be found? Of course in books which Immortality keeps for the purpose of putting down such things; or if She does not put them down in her book, She marks them with her own seal to know them again. Now, on looking over these seals, or else over the books, you find, somehow or other, that the cases in which Genius has done without Patience are very few; but that, on the contrary, Patience has usually gone to seek the Pearls which Genius was to find. What is to be done now? you must, therefore, conclude that the General Position, *i.e.* your motto, which you may keep to yourself, is right; this you must do by amplification, and by the introduction of another figure; forget Patience and Genius and return to Labour, from which you set out. Hence Labour is the mother of all the lasting wonders of the world. Now, what are the most lasting wonders of the world? Of course *verse* is a very endurable thing, and *stone* is also very endurable; try *verse* and *stone*: they do

very well for sense, but for sound you must have fine words, and a little alliteration will make the whole go off the tongue trippingly. Now poetry is made of verse, and the pyramids of stone. Excellent Poetry or Pyramids!—that sounds well. “Labour is the Parent of all the lasting Wonders of this World, whether in Verse or Stone, whether Pyramids or Poetry.”

II. “The levities and errors of the one, (Charles Surface,) arising from warmth of heart and of youth, may be merely like those mists that exhale from summer streams, obscuring them awhile from the eye, without affecting the native purity of the waters; while the hypocrisy of the other, (Joseph Surface,) is like the *mirage* of the desert, shining with promise on the surface, but all false and barren beneath.”—(P. 186.)

This is a beautiful comparison. We do not mean to say that any comparison was wanting; but how very common-place it would have been, merely to say that the errors of the one brother arose from warmth of heart, whereas, brother Joseph was a hypocrite, and, of course, his errors arose from cold of heart. This is dull—flat; but let in the sun and all is illuminated—Summer Streams immediately exhale bright Mists, and all the while the Native Purity of the Water is not affected. Then again, without the sun you could have no *mirage*, with its shining promise above and its barrenness beneath. This truly is composition.

III. “In Congreve’s *Double Dealer*, (Act III. Scene 10,) there is much which may, at least, have mixed itself with the recollections of Sheridan, and influenced the course of his fancy—it being often found that the images with which the memory is furnished, like those pictures hung up before the eyes of pregnant women at Sparta, produce insensibly a likeness to themselves in the offspring, which the imagination brings forth.”—(P. 189.)

Here now the naked fact is, merely that Sheridan recollected certain matters out of the *Double Dealer*, which he imitated, or which furnished him with suggestions. What a poor, uninteresting fact is this. Mark the polishing hand of Genius. Patience doubtless supplied the raw material. The memory hangs up “images” in the mind, which the imagination, while she is pregnant with an idea, amuses herself with looking at; the consequence is, that when Imagination is brought to-bed of Idea, little Idea bears a most striking resemblance to one of the images which Memory had suspended in her chamber.

IV. “The *Rolliad* and the *Antijacobin* may, on their respective sides of the question, be considered as models of that style of political satire, whose lightness and vivacity give it the appearance of proceeding rather from the wantonness of wit than of ill-nature; and whose very malice, from the fancy with which it is mixed up, like certain kinds of fire-works, explodes in sparkles. They, however, who are most inclined to forgive, in considera-

tion of its polish and playfulness, the personality in which the writers of both these works indulged, will also readily admit that by no less shining powers can a licence so questionable be either assumed or palliated, and that nothing but the lively effervescence of the draught can make us forget the bitterness infused into it. At no time was this truth ever more strikingly exemplified than at present, when a separation seems to have taken place between satire and wit; which leaves the former like the toad, *without* the 'jewel in its head;' and when the hands, into which the weapon of personality has chiefly fallen, have brought upon it a stain and disrepute, that will long keep such writers as those of the *Rolliad* and *Antijacobin* from touching it again."— (Pp. 305, 306.)

It is impossible enough to admire the splendid variety of this passage. We have images by the bushel; let these be hung up by Memory in the Mind, and pregnant Imagination must be brought to-bed of twins. Malice, mixed up with Fancy, explodes like fire-works in sparkles. Polished and Playful Personality Palliated, is forgiven for the sake of shining Powers, just as you take a bitter effervescing draught. Satire and Wit used to be like the toad with the jewel in its head. Satire is still like the toad; but wit has run away with the jewel, and Personality has let its Weapon fall into such careless hands, that it is all so stained that respectable people will not use it. Such brilliancy takes the mind captive. *Nec fortibus, sed etiam fulgentibus armis præliatus in causa est Cicero Cornelii.*

V. Precept and example are both comprised in the following example. Do as Mr. Sheridan did when he heard a good thing; put it down in your margin, and string together all the good things which you have collected in your reading, for the last six months, and you will write such sentences as these.

"That he had no such scruple, however, in writing, it appears evident from the pains which he took to string upon his new plot, every bright thought and fancy which he had brought together; and it is not a little curious, in turning over his manuscripts, to see how the *outstanding* jokes are *kept in recollection* upon the margin, till he can find some opportunity of *funding* them with advantage."

VI. We are further favoured in another passage of great beauty, with a description of the florid style, which cannot fail to improve the youth ambitious of fine writing, though we cannot help thinking, that in it, considering all things, the ornate style is spoken of much too lightly.

"It is surely a most unjust disparagement of the eloquence of Burke, to apply to it, at any time of his life, the epithet 'flowery'—a designation only applicable to that ordinary ambition of style, whose chief display, *by necessity*, consists of ornament without thought, and pomp without substance. A succession of bright

images clothed in simple *transparent* language—even when, as in Burke, they ‘crowd upon the aching sense’ too dazzlingly—should never be confounded with that mere verbal opulence of style, which mistakes the *glare* of words for the *glitter* of ideas, and *like* the Helen of the sculptor Lysippus, *makes* finery supply the place of beauty. The figurative definition of eloquence in the Book of Proverbs—‘Apples of gold in a net-work of silver,’ is peculiarly applicable to that enshrinement of rich, solid thoughts, in clear and shining language, which is the triumph of the imaginative class of writers and orators—while perhaps the ‘net-work’, without the gold inclosed, is a type equally significant of what is called ‘flowers’ of eloquence.”—(P. 374.)

VII. It is a very mistaken notion to imagine that metaphors are only to be taken from objects of dignity and importance, as the sun, a river, a lion, or the like. All art, and nature, and affairs of life, however mean, may serve the place of illustration. For instance, how forcible is the following metaphor, for which Mr. Moore is indebted to the Jews.

“It seems wonderful that there should still be found high and gifted spirits, to waste themselves in such temporary struggles; and, like that *spendthrift* of genius, Sheridan, to *discount* their *immortality* for the payment of *fame in hand*, which these triumphs of the day secure to them.”—(P. 379.)

This is very nearly as sublime as the celebrated sermon of the great methodist preacher, Dr. Coke, in which he familiarly represents the atonement under the form of a note of hand; our Saviour being the drawer, the Deity the acceptor, and the amount not one man’s immortality, but the salvation of all mankind. Let not Mr. Moore, however, despair.

VIII. A grand difficulty with your young florid writer of a plethoric common-place book, is the means of introducing his classic allusions, without dragging them in by head and shoulders. Our great text book abounds with instructive instances, in which the author seems to have been forced upon the allusion or quotation by its felicitous aptness. Such is the following allusion to the Great Pan of Despotism; by which is not meant either the cauldron of the Veiled Prophet, or the hollow Bull of Perillus, but the Heathen God Pan, whose death, it is said, certain primitive Christians, in a boat, heard proclaimed from a wood on the shore, by a voice crying, Pan is Dead! Pan is Dead! which death of Pan is supposed to have been contemporaneous with the crucifixion of Christ. It may appear but an Irish kind of illustration to use a comparison which requires so much explanation, but then it shows one’s learning prettily, and sounds well, which is, after all, the main thing.

Speaking of the French Revolution, Mr. Moore says:—

“While the voice of philosophy was heard along the neighbouring shores, speaking aloud those oracular warnings which

preceded the death of the *Great Pan* of despotism, the courtiers and lawyers of England were, with an emulous spirit of servility, advising and sanctioning such strides of power, as would not have been unworthy of the most dark and slavish times.”—(P. 253.)

IX. Again, we have another happy classical allusion which should be imitated; though, it must be confessed, that Pygmalion has been already made much use of:—

“Much of the original material is still preserved throughout, but that, like the ivory melting in the hands of Pygmalion, it has lost all its first rigidity and roughness, and, assuming at every touch some variety of aspect, seems to have gained new grace by every change.”—(P. 173.)

X. The art of ennobling a mean thing has always been thought one of the privileges of the highest order of talent; we have a fine example of it here. Mr. Sheridan wrote love verses at one time, which he afterwards put into the mouths of the characters in his play:—

“There is something, it must be owned, not very sentimental in this conversion of the poetry of affection, to other and less sacred uses; *as if, like* the ornaments of a passing pageant, it might be broken up after the show was over, and applied to more useful purposes. That the young poet should be guilty of such sacrilege to love, and thus steal back his golden offerings from the altar, and melt them down into utensils of worldly display, can only be excused by that demand upon the *riches* of his fancy, which the rapidity of his present career in the services of the dramatic muse occasioned.”—(P. 130.)

Here the young student will perceive is a double row of diamonds; the author has two strings to his bow. If the “passing pageant” miss, twang goes the string with the “golden offerings at the altar.” How tamely a mere pedestrian prosier would have written on this topic! He would have meanly described it in some such low manner as this:—Mr. Sheridan being very idle one day, and very much pressed for money, cast about how he might get through his play, which was sticking fast for want of the songs, when he luckily bethought him of some verses which he had sent to his wife, before they were married. “Mrs. Sheridan, I kept no copy of those foolish things I wrote about you at Bath; you remember—the occasion is gone by—pray let me have them, I am in great want of a song, and though I have scribbled some pages, I cannot get a verse to my mind.” Now we must either suppose Mrs. Sheridan readily acquiescing, and presenting a little bundle of papers, with a “here they are, my dear;” or, *aliter*, we must apply “the gold offerings,” and “the altar.” Mrs. S. refuses; and Mr. S., sorely distressed for an epilogue, hies to her dressing-room, and breaking the lock of a neat little rose-wood writing-case, “steals” back his verses, and alters the names, trims some of the rhymes, and lifts over the

style a halting verse or two, sends them to Mrs. or Mr. — to be spoken that night, as an epilogue to the new piece. How paltry is all this, compared with the “passing pageant,” the “golden offerings,” “the altar,” the “utensils,” “the riches,” the “dramatic muse.”

The truth is, there is no end to the instruction to be obtained, by happy alchemy, from this invaluable model of style; were we to attempt to point out a tithe of the merits, in the way of fine writing, to the young student, we should write as big a book as Quintilian. All we can do is, to recommend to all, school-boys especially, to turn over this quarto the whole of the day and night that they can spare from eating and drinking, and sleeping, and playing, and capping verses.

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#### ANNUAL SOUVENIR BOOKS.\*

THOUGH we are disposed to consider the introduction of this class of books as a trick on the part of the venders, to avail themselves of the practice of making Christmas presents, to get off an additional book in the year, yet it is impossible to withhold a certain portion of praise from the projectors, for the spirit with which they have ventured on the enterprise. In the department of the fine arts no expense has apparently been spared in these two works, and the success is really distinguished; we wish we could say as much for the literary share. The verse and the prose are equally uninteresting, unamusing, worthless; unless it be by the strength of the artists and printers' merits, (for these two books are beautifully got up in all points,) there is small chance of this species of work succeeding in this country. Writers have so many other and superior channels for their occasional productions, that it is not likely that they will keep them to the end of the year for these annual little works; and should they write some little trifle for the occasion, on the receipt of a pressing and flattering letter from the getter-up of the work—suppose that their good nature yields—what is to be expected? In Germany, from which the idea is imported, the Taschenbuchs, at least the best, emanate from some particular class, party, or knot of writers. Suppose Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Lamb, were to throw, at the end of the year, their *adversaria* together, and publish them in the form of one of these little present-books; or suppose any other knot, as Scott, Wilson, Lockhart, Hogg, &c. or Moore, Rogers, Lord Holland, Lord Strangford, &c. were to do the same, then the world would entertain some curiosity about their

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\* Ackerman's *Forget Me Not*. 1826.

*Friendship's Offering*. Edited by T. K. Hervey. 1826.

contents, and they would really be worth interchanging among the respective admirers of their schools. This either is or was the German plan; and many striking and pleasant advantages it had. It is very odd to see such a constellation of celebrated names as these little books boast in the table of contents, and yet find such an utter darkness spread over the pages themselves. Had there been a prize proclaimed for the worst copy of verses, to be written for only by well-known English poets; and had Mr. T. K. Hervey, or Mr. Alaric A. Watts been elected the Judge Midas on the occasion, it would have taken either of these gentlemen many a sad evening to assign, with justice, the palm of dullness. However, under the circumstances, we are persuaded that better books of the kind could not well have been collected together, and we will forgive the "prose and worse," for the sake of the pictures. In the *Forget Me Not* we cannot enough admire the effect of "Contemplation," and we are well pleased with the "Bridge of Sighs." In *Friendship's Offering* the truly good engravings are even more numerous than in the other.

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AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE SICILIAN AUTO-DA-FÈ,

CELEBRATED AT PALERMO IN 1724.

Naples, October 1, 1825.

IN walking a few days ago through the streets of Naples, I stopped before one of those *bancherozzi* or book-stalls, (so common in this good city,) to which the petty larceny of servants, or the poverty of owners, is accustomed to transfer literary stores and other superfluous articles. I can seldom pass by these weather-beaten, motley depositories, and very often find great amusement in turning over their wares. The articles most commonly found on these stalls are, old finger-worn breviaries; odd volumes of Metastasio; huge tomes of lives of saints and church discipline, with the names and qualities of their ancient proprietors inscribed on the title-page in Latin; petty pamphlets of poetry; sonnets to Signora such-a-one's eyebrow; epithalamiums; funeral eulogiums; treatises on obsolete systems of political economy; *smorfie*, or infallible rules for gaining in the lottery; thoughts on the cultivation of the olive-tree; *libretti* of the opera and the comedies, in the Neapolitan dialect, represented at San Carlino; now and then a fine Dutch edition of some Latin or Greek classic, its rich solid binding impressed with the showy arms of some noble family long ago eclipsed; stupid novels, *badly done into Italian* from the French; accounts of the eruptions of Vesuvius and the earthquakes of Calabria; narratives of miraculous madonnas, and memoirs of remorseless banditti. At times, however, more rare

and recondite matter is to be met with; I once, to the no small satisfaction of a *bibliopolic* friend, picked up a choice *quattrocentista* edition; and several times, no less to my own satisfaction, have lighted upon volumes of curious matter, quite out of the usual range of literature, but interestingly illustrative of different periods of the history of this country. One day or other I may serve you up a collection from these choice fragments; but my present business is with my acquisition of the other morning. At my first glance along the stall, my eye was arrested by the following striking title-page, in quarto:—

L'ATTO  
PUBBLICA DI FEDE,  
SOLENNEMENTE CELEBRATO NELLA CITTA  
DI PALERMO,  
A' 6 APRILE, 1724,  
DAL TRIBUNALE DEL SANTO UFFIZIO DI SICILIA:

DEDICATO  
ALLA MAESTA, C. C. D. I.  
CARLO VI.  
IMPERATORE,  
E. III. RE DI SICILIA.

DESCRITTO DAL D. D. ANTONIO MONITORO,  
*Canonico della Cattedrale Metropolitana Chiesa della stessa Città,  
Consultore e Qualificatore di detto S. Uffizio.*



IN PALERMO, MDCCXXIV.

NELLA REGIA STAMPERIA D'AGOSTINO, ED ANTONINO EPIRO,  
*Familiari, ed Impressori del Mederno Tribunale.*  
CON LICENZA DE SUPERIORI.

Such a document as this was not to be let go; so after a very little bargaining, (for the vender set little value upon it,) it was mine for three *carlini*, or one shilling sterling.

On looking through the volume, I found it contained a very circumstantial account of the proceedings of the Inquisition, and a description of an *Auto-da-fè*, laboured with great zest and minute precision, the whole ornamented and illustrated with four large

engravings, folded up in the manner of maps. I learned, moreover, that its author was the same Mongitore that wrote the *Bibliotheca Sicula*, a man celebrated in his day for his love of learning, and who is still consulted with respect by those who study the history (particularly the literary history) of Sicily. How strange, how inconceivable, that a man whose mind ought to have been humanized by such pursuits, should have been a fierce member of the abhorred Tribunal of the Inquisition, and the author of such abominations as the pages before me!

The volume opens with a Dedication, in the Spanish language, to the Emperor, by the Bishop of Albarracin, the Inquisitor-General. It is a piece of wild rant, in which David and Paul the deacon, the Emperor Charles V. and Hercules, Jupiter and the reigning monarch, Solomon and Pope Gregory VII. are mixed up in heterogeneous confusion, to enforce the duty of supporting the Holy Office. This is followed by another Dedication, also in Spanish, to the above-mentioned dedicatory, the Bishop of Albarracin, of the Council of his Catholic Cesarean Majesty, Inquisitor-General of Spain, &c. by the Rev. Doctors and heads of the Holy Office in Sicily, Don Juan Ferrer, Don Joseph de Luzan y Guasco, and Don Blas Antonio de Oloriz, under whose care the work had been drawn up. This latter dedication informed me, among other things, that his gracious Majesty, full of Christian zeal, not only approved of this *Auto-da-fè*, but ordered his viceroy at Palermo, the Count of Palma, Marquis of Almenara, to protect the Holy Tribunal to the utmost, and to pay all the expenses of the *Auto* out of the Royal Treasury, "in order that it might be celebrated with the greatest decorum and magnificence, as indeed it was, with not less applause than edification."

An Address to the Reader, in Italian, by the worthy author of the description, opens with this agreeable information:—

One of the greatest and most valuable of the benefits communicated by Divine Providence to the kingdom of Sicily, is certainly the Sacred Tribunal of the Inquisition!

He then gives a Catholic history of Sicily; and, to prove his assertion, dwells with pride and satisfaction on the important circumstance of his native island's never having given birth to a heresiarch, and having invariably rooted out and destroyed the execrable doctrines of heresy introduced by foreigners.

For a long course of years (says he) this has been the work of the Holy Office, first founded in Sicily by the Emperor Frederic II. in 1224, and lodged by him in his palace of Palermo, as the place of the greatest safety and honour. The aggrandizement of the dignity, glory, and majesty of the Holy Office, is however due to the zeal and powerful protection of their *Catholic Majesties*; who, ever desirous of preserving the Christian religion in its purity, free from the shadow, or even suspicion of heresy, employed all their fervour to establish it wherever they extended their dominions; and besides loading it with privileges and pre-eminences, sustained it with the vigorous arm of their temporal power, and with the profusion of incalculable treasures. \* \* \* \* \*

But the Catholic dynasty grew more and

more zealous in protecting and aggrandizing it, particularly the branch of the Austrian monarchs, who, holding the cause of the Inquisition as at once the cause of God and their own, were ever devotedly partial to it, and preserved it with zeal equal to their power : and, in fact, each of these sovereigns bequeathed to his successor, with the crown, the obligation to defend and protect this Tribunal :—" *Jure quodam hæreditario*," says the Father Salelles, speaking of these sovereigns, "*hoc de protegendis sic, et fulciendis Tribunalibus Fidei, translatum esse de patribus ad filios: imo ipsis tempore mortis, aut prius ab illis maximo opere commendatum.*"

The Emperor Charles V., he who besieged the capital of the Christian world ; whose army committed more horrors in the centre of "Christ's government visible upon earth," than the barbarians of the pagan Alaric, the Vandal Genseric, or Totila the Goth ; he whose artillery battered the residence of the Pope ; he, the impious, who, despising reiterated excommunications, kept the Vicegerent of Heaven a prisoner for several months ; *he* is said to have been not less glorious for his piety than his conquests, because he favoured the Inquisition, and laboured to introduce its tribunals into all the dominions of his vast monarchy. As this, "the greatest benefit of Providence," had long been established in Sicily, he had only to encourage it ; which, in the fulness of his wisdom and piety, this remorseless slave of ambition did, by confirming all the privileges granted it by his predecessors, and adding others of his own. In 1535, when he visited Palermo, he thanked the Inquisitors there established for their valuable labours, and conferred on them fresh favours and graces ; and by a letter, dated Madrid, 1543, he conceded them new honours, and a still wider extent of jurisdiction.

Charles scrupled to employ neither force nor treachery to introduce the Inquisition into the Continental part of his kingdom of the Two Sicilies, but he was not more successful than his predecessors. It is an extraordinary fact, and indeed an anomaly in the history of this country, that Naples would never admit the Holy Office ; and that even in the period of her greatest oppression and debasement, the mere report that the government had it in contemplation to introduce that dreaded tribunal, was enough to arouse the people to furious resistance. Even when Gonsalvo di Cordova, in the flush of victory and power, took possession of Naples for Ferdinand the Catholic, the Neapolitans stipulated with him that he should introduce neither Inquisition nor Inquisitor into the kingdom ; and the Grand Captain was obliged to assent, notwithstanding his fanaticism and might. At a later period of his reign, when Ferdinand wanted to slight the compact of Gonsalvo with the Neapolitans, and to force them to receive the Holy Office, the people rose unanimously, declaring their resolution to face every misfortune rather than submit ; and the Spanish Inquisitors who had arrived were ignominiously driven out of the country. When Charles V. was in Naples, in the beginning of 1536, and learned how the doctrines of the Reformation were spreading in Italy, and even in the States of the Church, he would

fain have extended the shield of the Holy Office over his Neapolitan dominions; but, warned by his ministers and the indignation of the people, he was obliged to content himself with issuing a rigorous edict, condemning every one who had contact or correspondence with persons infected with, *or suspected of*, Lutheranism, to the loss of property and life. Ten years after this period, when, notwithstanding the rigid prohibition of books, the closing of academies, and all literary and scientific societies, (measures effected by his Viceroy Toledo,) the doctrines of the Reformation first introduced by the celebrated preacher, Friar Bernardino of Siena, seemed to gain ground in the kingdom, Charles's alarm increased, and he made another and strenuous attempt to establish the Holy Office. Toledo, the powerful and political viceroy, on receiving the Emperor's orders, stated in reply, the difficulty and danger of the enterprise, and begged for time. As soon as the people suspected what was preparing, they rose up in arms, sounded the tocsin of the church of St. Lorenzo, deposed the magistrates who were attempting to forward the views of government, and declared them, and all such, traitors to their country. The nobles were nearly all unanimous with the people, and some of their blood shed on the scaffold, only served to exasperate the city, and to unite all classes more closely. The numerous Spanish troops in the capital, far from being able to overpower the people, could scarcely defend themselves: the Neapolitans, crying "Long live the Emperor our sovereign, but no Inquisition!" fought for three days and three nights in the streets, at the end of which time the Viceroy was happy to conclude a truce. It was agreed that the city should send a deputation to the Emperor, and that until the answer arrived, the Viceroy should do nothing relative to the Inquisition, or the punishment of the insubordinate. Toledo, at the same time, dispatched the Marquis della Valle to the Emperor, whom he conjured to desist from his project, assuring him that the Inquisition of Spain would never be submitted to in Naples.

During the absence of these deputies, the people, learning that the Viceroy, mindless of his oath, had applied to the other Italian States for troops to reduce the city, rose again in arms, took men from different parts of the kingdom into pay, and organized fourteen thousand men. This time a war of fifteen days was carried on in Naples; nor did the insurgents confine themselves to the city, the palace and villas of the Viceroy at Puzzuoli were invaded by their fury; and as every day gave them firmer conviction of their strength, they might soon have proceeded to set at nought the power of *Cæsar* himself. In the heat of the contest, however, the deputies returned from the Emperor; on assurances of good faith, the people laid down their arms, and the government caused to be published throughout the city, by the sound of trumpets, that the Sovereign had ordained that the Inquisition should never be established in the kingdom.

Philip II. was eager to extend the torments and flames he had rendered so common in Spain, to all his States; and two fiery Popes of his time, Paul IV. and Paul V. also laboured in the cause of the Inquisition; but although in his reign there was really a war of religion in Calabria, where the Protestant doctrines had been engrafted on the tenets of a herd of emigrant Valdenses who had long been settled there; and although there were some executions and punishments on account of Lutheranism in the capital, yet was Naples as obstinate as ever against the Inquisition, and again took up arms when its introduction was spoken of. At length the danger to which these attempts exposed the Spanish monarchs, corrected their views, and they abandoned the idea of reducing the Neapolitians on this point; and the other fruitless essays were not made by them but by the Popes and Inquisitors of Rome. The Inquisition of Rome was, as is well known, very different from that of Spain; it was far more ancient in its origin, and less arbitrary and cruel in its proceedings; but the name of Inquisition was enough for the Neapolitians. This constant and noble opposition demands our admiration; for the Neapolitians were scarcely less enslaved than the rest of the southern Catholic countries, and not at all less ignorant and superstitious than those among whom the Inquisition was established. The men who were lashed into fury at the mention of the Holy Office, had just the same unbounded belief as the Spaniards, Portuguese, Sicilians, &c. and cringed before saints, and madonnas, and priests, and believed in miracles, and all the extravagancies of the age, falsely called religion, just as their contemporaries did. It would be difficult to show the source of this correct feeling, but whencesoever it came, it did them honour, and ought to be remembered in extenuation of the many vices of this degraded mass of Lazzaroni and buffoons. But this is a long digression, I return to my worthy Inquisitor.

He continues, in his preliminary address, to applaud the sacred zeal of that most holy king, Philip II., of Philips III. and IV., of Charles II., "who," says the author, with exultation, "at a glorious *Auto-da-fè*, celebrated in Madrid in 1680, not only honoured it with his presence, but, in imitation of Ferdinand III., who, with his own hands, fed the fire to burn the heretics, presented a faggot, which he desired might be thrown on the fire in his name, to reduce the sinners to ashes." He applauds the reigning monarch, and shows what claims the Inquisition has to the protection of kings, and the gratitude of all mankind.

With criminals the Holy Office exercises superfine charity, (*soprafina carità*), dispensing to them according to their repentance and amendment, the most merciful pardons; with such as are hardened in their obstinacy, and sullenly refuse its benignity, it applies the rigour of justice; and this is denoted by the branch of olive and the sword in the scutcheon of the Inquisition, its mercy being symbolized by the branch, and its chastisement in the cut of the sword.

He finishes his Introduction, by informing the reader that full faith is to be placed in all the circumstances that he relates, as he either

saw them with his own eyes, or had them recounted to him by those who had seen them, particularly by the members of the Inquisition, under whose orders his weak pen had undertaken the description. The last paragraph must be translated word for word.

Perhaps the reader will esteem many minute circumstances here noted as superfluous; but an eye has been had to the duty of preserving the memory of all the ceremonies and distinct proceedings which were observed in the well-understood and judicious management of this *Auto-da-fè* to remain as a rule and model for other similar ones which hereafter may be celebrated.

Mild, amiable member of the Holy Office! Probably he saw a delightful perspective of *Autos-da-fè*, stretching from the moment when he was writing to the utmost limit of time! How would his pure spirit be grieved could he learn that all Europe, all Christendom, has lost its relish for such festivals, and that even Spain can no longer give a lesson to the world in a bonfire of heresy!

The enumeration of the titles and virtues of the three Inquisitors, who, to the honour of Sicily, were all Spaniards; the letter of the Emperor authorizing the *Auto-da-fè*; a *bando* of the Holy Office published with great pomp, inviting all the faithful to be present, by which ample indulgences will be gained, and prohibiting, under pain of excommunication, all churches, chapels, and places of worship to celebrate service during the operations of the Holy Office; invitations to all the priests and monks to assist in full costume; and various other documents, are contained in the first chapter. Chapters second and third compromise a long detailed description of the *theatre* or place erected for the public trial of the heretics in the open air, in a square by the cathedral church, and other interesting particulars. Chapter the fourth is a description of an enclosure made in the large open *place* of Sant 'Erasimo, near the sea, where the criminals were to be burned. By the entrance into this enclosure was erected a white cross of immense size; in the middle of the enclosure were two stakes twelve palms high, exactly sixty-nine palms distant from each other, round which were built scaffoldings, ascending in steps to the height of five palms; between the two stakes was a division of boards fourteen palms high, and fourteen wide, (the precision of this ruffian is striking!) intended to prevent the heretics from seeing each other burning. Covered *palchi* or lines of boxes were erected round the enclosure, "*that persons of condition might see the burning with ease and comfort.*" One of these boxes was fitted up with great richness and taste for the Senate, and another for the Princess of Resuttana, wife of the Praetor, and for the ladies of quality by her invited. Chapter the fifth contains a description of the splendid decorations, internal and external, of the palace of the Inquisitors. Chapter the sixth gives a list of many persons of rank, who seized this opportunity of enrolling themselves *as familiars* of the Holy Office, continuing, according to my author, the practice of the Sicilian nobility, who had always showed themselves devoted to that tribunal, and ambitious of belonging to it. In this list are some

of the first names in Sicily. The present bearers of these names would blush to see this record of the barbarity and baseness of their ancestors. The fact, however, was, that this enrollment as *familiars*, put their own persons out of danger, and gave them the means of annoying others; an advantage not likely to be neglected by a vindictive race of men. But now to the important part of my quarto.

When every preparation was made for an *Auto-da-fè*, when all Palermo was in eager expectation of the festival, when the day was fixed, and *not till then*, some theologians of the city (not belonging to the Inquisition) were called upon to examine the state of the two pertinacious heretics already destined to the flames, and to attempt their conversion. Twelve learned priests were chosen by the city, but these the Inquisitors rejected, and chose four priests who had not been named. These four holy men, on 3d April, just three days before the burning, were admitted into the secret prisons of the Holy Office, where they laboured with *Christian charity* until the hour of dinner, "when they repaired to the oratory of the Inquisitors and refreshed themselves with delicate dishes, sumptuously prepared by the superiors of the company." After dinner they returned to the dungeons, where they struggled with the possessing demons until supper time, when they returned to the oratory and partook of *a delicate supper*. This comfortable *train de vie*, this reasonable alternation of theology and feasting, lasted three days, when, of course, it ended to give place to the execution. The two obdurate sinners, declared to be unconvertible, were Friar Romualdo, lay-brother of the order of the *Augustiani Scalzi*, and Sister Geltruda, of the order *Terziaria Benedettina*. The crimes of the first were tremendous. In the year 1699 he was confined in the secret prisons of the Holy Office, and convicted as a Quietist, Molinist, formal Heretic, &c.; nevertheless, on his testifying repentance, the mercy of the Inquisitors, after he had been four years in their dungeons, sentenced him merely to perform public penance in a yellow dress, and to be confined *three years* in a monastery of his order, where he was to perform the most menial offices, and to be in every thing the last of the lay-brothers. Unfortunately, however, nothing touched by the mildness of his correctors, he relapsed, and said his abjuration had been forced from him by tortures and fear. In 1706 he was remanded to the secret prisons, where he still persisted in the opinions, that confession was useless; that the confessor being himself in mortal sin, could not give absolution; that the Virgin Mary was not an object of worship; that the church might err in matters of faith; that the devil could not assume the form of an angel of light; that the Holy Office, and particularly that of Sicily, was an imposition of the enemy of man, and ought not to be called Holy; that Friar Diego la Mattina, burnt at Palermo by the Inquisition, as a heretic, in 1658, was a martyr, &c. &c. Thus far we blinded Protestants can see no sin nor aberration of reason; but when we are told, as we are after-

wards, that he pretended to have messengers from God, to be God's prophet, and to be pure from spot or blemish, we must conclude the poor monk was mad. It was not, however, in the purposes of the Holy Office to admit this lunacy, and physicians were found, who examined him, and swore that his reason was perfectly sound, and that all his wild, unconnected flights were planned to escape his merited punishment. The merciful Office, three years after this second arrest, passed sentence on the friar, and sent a copy of his trial and condemnation to the Imperial Inquisition of Spain, whence was to emanate the order for putting the sentence in execution. Nearly three years after this dispatch, the Inquisition of Spain deigned to give an answer; and, with its usual compassion ordered, that the burning of the friar should be delayed, and new efforts made for his conversion by adopting all possible means, spiritual and temporal.

After eight years more, the monk was found incorrigible, and the order for his execution was signed by the Inquisitor-General Albarazino, on the 29th of October 1720, at Vienna, where he was then residing at the court of the Emperor King. The unfortunate wretch had, however, to wait nearly four years longer (making a total of eighteen years' imprisonment in the dungeons of the Inquisition) ere death delivered him from his infernal persecutors.

The offences of Suor Geltruda were of a still darker die. She was arrested by the Holy Office in 1699, about the same time that Friar Romualdo was first arrested, and, after a careful examination, (*dopo una sottilissima esame*.) convicted of *pride, scandal, hypocrisy, temerity, and self-conceit*, (vices well defined and very amenable to human laws!) and proved moreover to be a Molinist, a Quietist, and a deceived Heretic. The poor maniac, it is said, asserted that she had had spiritual and material communications with the Divinity, who had imparted to her, by contact, his purity and sanctity; and that frequently, in the depth of the night, she had found herself in conjugal encounters, (*nello stato de' godimenti e sponzalizio spirituale*.) She had cut off some of her hair, and sewed it into a little bag, with some Saint's relics, which she gave to her confessor to wear about his person to secure him from temptation and the impure stimulus of his senses. She had despised confessors, sermons, spiritual exercises, the rosario of the Virgin Mary, and could not bear to hear Christ called an infant (*bambino*.) "*Di più: d'aveva l'indegna che la S.S. Vergine le avea rivelate, che gli atti impuri praticati col confessore, non solo non eran illeciti nè peccaminosi, ma che accrescevan la purità,*" &c. &c. At first, says my author, she denied all these horrors, but in the course of her imprisonment she confessed them; only excepting some, and palliating others. Afterwards, however, she relapsed, and *faining* herself mad, (her torments and imprisonment, forsooth, were not enough to make her so in reality!) she vomitted forth all sorts of heresies and impieties.

When her process was finished, the Holy Tribunal, on the 6th of Feb. 1703, passed to the definitive sentence, and with all pity and pleasing mildness (*piacovolizza*) obliged the criminal to appear as a penitent in the chamber of the Holy Office, in presence of the Inquisitors and Ministers of the secret, (*del secreto*) but with shut doors. It was established with extreme benignity, that in this manner her process-verbal should be read, that she should abjure her errors, and after being solemnly reprehended and admonished, should be absolved, (*ad cautelam*), and given over to a prudent, learned person, to be instructed and guided in Christian life; leaving to his decision the penitence to be imposed on her. But the criminal no sooner appeared before the Inquisitors, than she flew into such a rage that it was necessary to hold her very tight, and to put a gag in her mouth to hinder her from speaking improperly (*per non parlare a sproposito*;) and notwithstanding all this, as she struggled with desperate fury, they were obliged to interrupt the proceedings, and send her back to the dungeons.

These dreadful scenes were repeated many times; but torture, the threats of burning, and the admonitions of the theologians, increased her madness, and, at last, all that could be forced from her, were groans, shouts, shrieks, and imprecations, assertions of the falsehood of her accusers, and prayers to be set at liberty, that she might return to her home. Physicians visited her as they did Friar Romualdo; and asserted several times, upon oath, and in view of all her phrenzy, that she was in a perfect state of health! (*in istato di piena salute*.) The tolerance of the Holy Office could not last for ever; she was at length condemned "to die the death," and in November 1705, her sentence was approved by the Superior Inquisitor of Spain. She was left to languish *nineteen years* longer in those accursed dungeons, and not until 1724, after *twenty-five years'* confinement, did she see the light of the sun; but by that light she had to walk to the mockery of a public trial, to renewed tortures, and thence to the flames.

The labours of the four theologians chosen by the Inquisitors, produced no effect; (it was never intended that they should.) Friar Romualdo called upon his strength not to desert him; and Suor Geltruda said, that she was a woman, and they theologians; that she could not dispute with them; consequently they were both left to the fate which was prepared for them.

The day before the burning there was a grand procession made to the theatre, or place of trial, near the cathedral. It is disgusting to see the list of this vile parade, swelling out to the number of an army; princes, dukes, marquisses, barons and cavaliers, ministers, officers, advocates and clerks, seem all to have been eager to enrol themselves with bishops, priests, and monks, inquisitors, familiars, executioners, and the other innumerable nondescripts of the Holy Office. The most delicate attention was paid to rank and precedence, and some disputes that had arisen among these devotees on former occasions, were arranged to general satisfaction. Ices and sorbettes were copiously dispensed to the "nobility and gentry" during the walk, at the expense of the Prince of Cattolica and the Prince of Belmontino. The Viceroy witnessed this and the procession of the next day, from a balcony of the Archbishop's palace, in company of the Archbishop,

the General-in-chief of the Imperial Army, and other personages. The object of this procession was to plant a crucifix, a green cross, and a white one, by the side of an altar within the *steccato* or inclosure. That being done, the procession broke up and retired, leaving only a certain number of monks of different orders to guard the place and to sanctify it by devout prayers and hymns. After the procession, at one hour of the night, (an hour after sun-set,) the Secretary, Don Tommaso Antonio di Laredo, returned to the palace of the Holy Office, where the Inquisitors were waiting for him. Here it was his duty to descend to the dungeons, and to examine, with five doctors, with final and most exact care, the state of the two criminals. They were found, as they had been several times before, sound of mind, and in an excellent state of health, (*sani di mente e in ottimo stato di salute*;) wherefore the five doctors, after *diligent enquiries*, made their report in writing, authenticating it with their oaths. On receiving this attestation, the Inquisitors again dispatched the Secretary Laredo to the secret prisons, where, in the presence of some counsellors and theologians of the Holy Office, he intimated to the unfortunate wretches their horrid fate in these words :

Friar Romualdo of St. Augustine, be it known unto thee that I am Don Tommaso Antonio de Laredo, Secretary of this most Holy Tribunal, at whose order I come to inform thee, that to-morrow thou wilt be carried to a public spectacle, where a summary of thy trial will be read to thee, and for thy grave crimes against our holy Roman Catholic faith, will be fulminated against thee the sentence thou hast received from this our most Holy Tribunal, which is, that thou shalt be given over to secular justice as an impenitent, relapsed heretic, in order that it may execute on thee the punishment ordained by the sacred canons, the pontifical bulls, and the laws and style of this Holy Office. Therefore, strive to save thy soul.

The same words were repeated to Suor Geltruda. They both heard them unmoved. The secretary withdrew to supper, and the criminals were left with some priests, who still laboured throughout the night for their conversion. They held out to the woman the promise of her life if she repented, but she insisted on her innocence. Towards morning, the last that was to rise for him, Friar Romualdo was heard to exclaim : "Is there then no hope for me?" But his emotion was momentary ; he withstood the priests, and boasted, that if they did burn him alive, he would appear the day after to all the city riding on a triumphant car.

At an early hour, the procession, still more magnificent than that of the preceding day, moved from the Holy Office. The two perverse criminals walked the last in the foot procession ; their dresses were thickly plastered with pitch, and they wore on their heads high mock mitres, painted with flames. A calvalcade, composed of the dignitaries of the country, rode in state after these miserable creatures, and the whole was closed by the most illustrious Inquisitors, in full costume, riding one after the other on white mules with black velvet housings, and having on each hand a Sicilian noble. In the midst of an innumerable, and, according to my author, an applauding mob,

they reached the scene of trial, and every body taking place according to his rank, the business of the day was begun with a sermon, delivered by a Dominican Monk. This set discourse is such as might be expected, and perfectly in character with the rest of the proceedings. The Dominican likens himself to an angel of the Apocalypse; he is at first in doubt whether he ought to compare the grand *Auto-da-fé* about to be celebrated, to the judgment passed in Heaven against the rebellious angels, or to that which will be practised upon earth at the end of the days and the sins of men. He makes the Catholic faith ask, among other *reasonable* questions: "Where is the time, when holily audacious, I bent down Imperial diadems for my footstools?" He declaims against Friar Romualdo and Suor Geltruda in this style:

*Surgite et venite ad judicium.* You horrible monsters of heretical depravity, who, upon a foundation of vile mud, and with heterogeneous metals of false doctrines, have erected again the fantastic statue of Nabuchodonosor! You crafty foxes of Solomon, who couched in the vineyard of the Lord, have attempted to render it desert with your concealed errors, you poisonous serpents, *Surgite!* And how, you proud of heart, does not the mere thought that you are abominated by men, abhorred by angels, and hated by God, confound you? *Surgite et venite ad judicium!* But if my feeble persuasions are not sufficient to convince you, be terrified, at least, and confounded at the circumstances of the universal judgment, so vividly represented in this memorable day, that every spectator, no doubt, will find repeated motives for exclaiming: "*Nunc est judicium mundi, nunc princeps hujus mundi ejicietur foras.*" Here, in fact, raised in the face of the world, *cum potestate magna et majestate*, is that most Holy Tribunal of the faith, nay, I might even add, *et omnes angeli ejus cum eo*; since we see it here, assisted not only by the intelligences of our Palermitans heaven, but at the same time by the most numerous bands and hierarchs of its *croce segnati*, many of whom accuse you of high treason against the divine majesty, although they do so in silence, and in religious labours for your souls, emulating, to a certainty, those blessed spirits with golden trumpets, who, in the last day of the world, worshipping the majesty of the Supreme Judge, will employ a similar reproof against the damned. Here, enthroned in this very spot, is the authority (the Inquisition) almost characteristic of the Almighty; for the sublime personages who here preside, never undertake any thing in the cause of the faith, without imploring the Divine Presence to be with them. *Exurge Domine, et judica causam tuam*: they never register a decree of condemnation or of absolution, without taking oracles from the divine face: *de vultu tuo judicium meum prodeat*. Dilating their jurisdiction beyond the regions of the living, in the manner of the great God, who is judge of the living and of the dead, they punish not merely the fame and memory of defunct heretics, but even dead bodies and sepulchres, bones and ashes, according to the forms prescribed by the holy canons.

When this sermon, this confused mixture of absurdity and impiety was ended, and had received the applauses it merited, the secretary of the Inquisition presented the first trial of Suor Geltruda to a Dominican Monk, who read it aloud. While this was reading, the unfortunate woman was made to stand up, with a wax torch, coloured yellow, and not lit, in her hand: when the reading was finished she bowed and returned to her place. This was practised with all the prisoners, and there were twenty-six besides Friar Romualdo and Suor Geltruda.

While they read these trials, (says my author,) time necessary for making a reflection was given; accordingly the Inquisitors retired to dinner, in a room erected on purpose, behind their box; and here also repaired the Cavaliers, Officers of the Tribunal, Consultors, Qualifiers, and Advocates, all eating at the expense of the said Tribunal.

The illustrious personages of Palermo who had flocked to the amusing spectacle, princes, princesses, senators, judges, &c. all partook, in places arranged for them, of the pleasures of the festive board. The numerous monks of course were not forgotten; they fared sumptuously at the expense of their respective superiors, in two tents, *one of which was behind the high altar, the other behind the criminals' box.* "The quantity of ices and sorbettes consumed during this day was extraordinary."

When the idle form of reading the processes of all the offenders was over, and the Inquisitors and all their friends had comfortably dined, at about four o'clock Suor Geltruda was brought before these invigorated monsters to receive sentence. She was still firm, and still spake as boldly, that they were again obliged to put a gag in her mouth. Her sentence was that she should be given over to the secular court, which would punish her according to the intention of the laws. Friar Romualdo, equally impenitent, received the same sentence. All the copies of the trials were then put into the box of the Secretary of the Inquisition, and the *Alcaide* ascended the pulpit, "and with an imperious voice, and words of reproach, commanded Friar Romualdo to take off his monastic dress, which he was unworthy to wear." The poor wretch immediately undid the girdle that bound his dress, and fearlessly taking off his mock mitre, and cloak covered with pitch, took off his monk's frock and gave it, without a blush, (*senza alcun rossore,*) to one of the servants of the Holy Office. They then replaced his pitched dress and mitre. The Sister Geltruda underwent the same degradation. They were then both consigned, with great formality, to the civil court, "not without the extreme grief of all the spectators, who deplored their detestable blindness and hardness of heart," and forthwith their sentences of death were read in Latin by the hebdomadal judge. In these documents the tremendous crimes of the heretics were set forth, and the long sufferance and mercy of the Holy Office with respect to them, duly honoured: the last and most important period was, that Friar Romualdo and Suor Geltruda should be burned alive; that their bodies should be reduced to ashes, and their ashes dispersed in the wind. "*Condemnamus ut ipse vivus comburatur donec in cinerem convertatur; cinis verò dispergatur.*" Some other attempts at conversion, it is said, were made now, but even the approach of the most painful of deaths did not break down their spirits. These attempts, and the offer of a commutation of punishment, must, however, have been lukewarm and insincere at that time: the fact is, a spectacle had been arranged, and the death of these miserable lunatics decided on from the beginning—their abjuring then would not

have saved them; the Inquisitors were determined to give a *coup-d'éclat*: and then the nobility and high personages, and thousands, and tens of thousands of good catholics had assembled to see a burning of heretics. It would have been nefarious to disappoint them.

The abjuration and absolution of the other prisoners of the Holy Office were then performed. They were brought before the Inquisitors six at a time; they carried lighted torches of yellow wax in their hands: falling on their knees, they touched with their hands the mass-book and the cross. The Secretary of the Holy Office read distinctly the formule of the abjuration *de levi*; and the penitents repeated it after him, word for word, expressing their detestation of the errors committed, and promising never to sin so again, and to perform all that the Holy Tribunal had imposed on them. The Superior Inquisitor then recited the exorcisms and prayers prescribed by the Roman ritual, the choir of the Royal Chapel singing the responses. The same musicians sang the *Miserere*, while the two chaplains of the Holy Office, Don Giuseppe Gandolfo and Don Vincenzo Torregrossa, beat the penitents with rods: the flagellation ended with the psalm. The Inquisitor said some other prayers, and "Veni Creator Spiritus" was sung. At the beginning of this hymn, the green cross, which hitherto had been veiled, was uncovered, and Inquisitors, Senators, and all present fell prostrate. After this *passage of effect*, the head Inquisitor recited the last prayer, and gave the absolution *ad cautelam* to the penitents. The Holy Office then sent a complimentary message to the senate; the Senators in reply repaired to the Inquisitors' box; the Inquisitors rose and thanked them for undergoing the grave and important labours of that day. Reciprocal acts of politeness passed between the two august bodies, and then all the dignitaries walked in proper order to the cathedral just at hand, "where they adored the most holy sacrament, and thanked the Divine Majesty for the happy success of the day, and for the glorious triumph obtained over the sacrilegious contemners of the Catholic religion. They afterwards went to the chapel of Saint Rosalia, where they did the same, and then left the cathedral by the northern gate." The Inquisitors took leave of the Senate, and entered the *Viceroy's coach* that was in waiting for them, "first taking off their high black caps, and putting on their hats." Preceded by the halbert-men or body-guard of the Viceroy, they returned in state to their palace.

Meanwhile the Senators and other personages, followed by the multitude, hastened to the place where the sentence was to be executed; on arriving they seated themselves in one box, while the princess, wife of the Prætor, with many ladies by her invited, took places in another. "Their arrival was very opportune, for the carts of the criminals were already within a short distance: there was time, however, to serve round copious refreshments."

The criminals were removed from the *Steccato*, where sentence had been pronounced on them; the twenty-six penitents were carried

back to the secret prisons of the Inquisition, and Friar Romualdo and Suor Geltruda, each put into a cart drawn by two oxen, where they were tied to the stake by the common executioner, with their hands behind them. "They were not, however, abandoned by the charity of the Theologians, three priests entered into each of the carts, and shouted admonitions in their ears the whole of the way." The procession moving on amidst a numerous and tumultuous flock of people, stopped at the corner of the street *del Cassaro*, before a picture of the Madonna—

Rendered illustrious by the Lord, with many miracles which have made it famous every where. (*Un'immagine della S. S. Vergine, illustrata dal Signore, con molti miracoli che l'hanno reso celebre dappertutto.*) The assisting priests begged the crowd to implore the divine clemency and patronage of the benignant Queen of Heaven for the sinners; and to give greater efficacy to their prayers, they performed a public discipline on themselves, (that is, they beat themselves with cords.) All the populace burst into tears and loud lamentations, invoking the divine mercy of the Virgin; so that in this point of superfine (*soprafina*) charity, a heart even as hard as a diamond would have been moved with tenderness.

But the criminals were pertinacious; Friar Romualdo would not even look at the picture, although they turned his head toward it by force; and another pause they made before a picture of the crucifixion had no better success. No language of mine could do justice to the last scene of this strange history—this nauseous, filthy horror—this farcical tragedy!—let my worthy Inquisitor speak himself—(I render word for word, as I have done in the other passages I have translated.)

At about twenty-three hours and three quarters (a quarter of an hour before sun-set) the cart of Suor Geltruda entered the *steccato* or inclosure, and the nearer it approached the furnace the more the Theologians increased their holy zeal to render her penitent; but the iniquitous woman, without turning pale at the sight of the place of punishment, said nothing but that she was innocent, and the tribunal that had condemned her, unjust; without reflecting on the great heap of her sins. Then entered the cart that carried Friar Romualdo, who, it had been arranged, should be burned the first: but, on descending from the cart, the concourse of people that crowded round him, was marvellous. Cavaliers, priests, monks, and persons of every condition, showing an immense zeal for his eternal welfare, threw themselves at his feet, some with friendly reproaches, some with prayers, some with acts of profound humiliation on their knees, and some by force of tears, permitted themselves to show their earnestness for his salvation, entreating him to repent and to have pity on his soul. But all spoke with their eyes and with their tongues, to a deaf man, he continuing inflexible without giving the least sign of repentance or emotion. These loving, compassionate offices delayed his execution, and in the meantime Suor Geltruda was carried to the pile, and fastened to the stake. Then the fervent and indefatigable priests gave their last batteries to the hardened heart of this obdurate woman: and truly it is not possible to explain with the pen how much they sweated for her conversion, during all the way there, and upon the pile itself in the last moments of her unhappy life. But at last their energy being exhausted, seeing so many exhortations, sweatings, and tears thrown away, they were necessitated to retire, and give place to justice. Then first they set her hair on fire, in order to make her feel a little specimen of the force of fire, (*per farla provare un picciol saggio degli ardori del fuoco,*) but she showed more regret for the loss of her tresses [one would think she could not have had many at the age of fifty-seven, and

after twenty-five years' imprisonment] *than for her soul.* (*Ma essa mostrò più dispiacimento delle chiome che dell' anima.*) Next they applied fire to her pitched overdress, to see whether the heat of the flames would open her eyes; but seeing her still obstinate, they set fire to the wood in the furnace beneath her, which, consuming the boards upon which the unworthy woman was seated, she fell into the furnace and was there consumed; *breathing out her soul to pass from temporal to eternal fire.* While her infamous body was burning, the congregation of the Pescagione took the white cross from where it had been raised, and removed it from the eye of the unhappy sinner. Before forcing Friar Romualdo to ascend the pile, he was made to see the end of the miserable Geltruda, to move him to terror and repentance; the priests at the same time heated their vehement exhortations to the highest point, and continued in this battery for a good quarter of an hour. But they lost their breath in vain, for the flames did not terrify him nor the admonitions move him; therefore he was forced to the pile. Even there the Prince of Montevago, who carried the standard of the congregation, gave, with Christian energy, the last warnings to the malefactor, as did also the priests, but he, with obstinate perversity, deluded every hope—despised all advice. At length he was bound tightly to his stake, and fire was applied to his overdress covered with pitch. He then made violent struggles to rise up; and *blew hard in the fire, as if he would extinguish it, while the flames were burning his face:* but not for all this did the obstinate man give signs of repentance. Fire was now set to the wood in the furnace beneath; and as the flames advanced, he made most violent efforts: soon, however, the boards which sustained him being consumed, he fell prostrate on the left side of the furnace, and from those flames his soul passed to experience the horrors of eternal pains, the existence of which he had the boldness to deny. His miserable death took place at about half an hour of the night, to the dread of all who were present. The fire continued burning all the night until the bodies of the unworthy were reduced to ashes, which were then strewed on that plain, to be dispersed by the winds.

The twenty-six prisoners remanded to the Holy Office, were five men for polygamy, one man for marrying while in holy orders, one for celebrating mass without being in orders, one for breaking sacred images, two for blasphemous swearing, one nun for falsely accusing her confessor of attempts on her chastity, and *fifteen*, of whom *nine* were women, and *two* were monks, for *sorcery and communications with the Devil.* Their punishments were, with two or three exceptions, to be exposed in the town and whipped, (some to be exposed without being whipped,) to labour in the galleys, or to be confined in the Holy Office for a greater or less number of years; and the next day Palermo had the amusements of the *Auto-da-fè* prolonged in the march of most of these poor wretches through the streets to the tune of the hangmen's whips.

All this happened a century ago, at a period, when Bacon, Locke and Newton had laboured for the civilization of Europe: such things, however, are now happily forgotten, even in the most Catholic of countries; and, whatever fanatics of another creed may pretend, there is no danger of their ever being renewed.

I shall add no reflections to my abstract, except that it is taken from the words of the Inquisition itself, and therefore cannot be accused of hostile misrepresentation or exaggeration.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

## OXFORD.

October 27.—The Rev. C. Hotham, MA. Scholar of University College, was elected Fellow of that society on the Yorkshire foundation.

The following degrees were conferred :—

*Masters of Arts.*

Rev. W. Wallinger, University College.

Rev. C. Hotham, University College.

Rev. W. D. Thring, Wadham College.

*Bachelors of Arts.*

Rev. R. Edmonds, Magdalen Hall, (grand compounder.)

George Moberly, Balliol College.

John Hill, Brasenose College.

William M. Blencowe, Oriel College.

R. J. Price, Brasenose College.

Stewart Evelyn Forster, Univ. College.

J. N. Walsh, St. John's College.

W. Churchill, Worcester College.

November 3.—The following gentlemen were elected Fellows of All Soul's College.

Hon. Henry Legge, BA. of Christ Church ; Hon. Charles Bathurst, BA. and Student of Christ Church ; and Thos. Percy Meade, Esq. BA. of Brasenose College.

The thanks of the University were unanimously voted to the Rev. Dr. Ellerton, Fellow of Magdalen College, for the foundation of a theological prize.

The following degrees were conferred :—

*Doctor in Divinity.*

Rev. W. Buckland, Canon of Christ Church, and Reader in Geology and Mineralogy.

*Doctor in Civil Law.*

John Nicholl, Esq. late Student of Christ Church, (grand compounder.)

*Bachelor in Divinity.*

Rev. J. B. S. Carwithen, St. Mary's Hall.

*Master of Arts.*

Rev. L. Tugwell, Brasenose College.

Henry A. Simcoe, Wadham College.

Rev. N. Toke, Trinity College.

Rev. J. W. Harding, Pembroke College.

Rev. G. Woodcock, Trinity College.

Rev. T. Underwood, Worcester College.

*Bachelors of Arts.*

R. H. Crockett, Brasenose College.

H. B. Baring, Christ Church.

T. Medland, Scholar of Corpus Christi College.

J. Harding, Christ Church.

William Thorne, Christ Church.

Hon. C. Bathurst, Student of Christ Church.

John Foley, Scholar of Wadham College.

S. Smith, Student of Christ Church.

November 10.—The following degrees were conferred :—

*Masters of Arts.*

Rev. T. C. Goodchild, Exeter College.

C. Pitt, Christ Church.

F. C. Belfour, Magdalen Hall.

Rev. W. Horne, Christ Church.

November 17.—The following degrees were conferred :—

*Masters of Arts.*

Rev. J. H. Ashworth, University College, (grand compounder.)

Rev. C. Champnis, St. Alban Hall.

R. J. Bell, Oriel College.

J. Garbett, Queen's College.

*Bachelors of Arts.*

John B. Birtwhistle, Lincoln College, (grand compounder.)

T. Alban, Worcester College.

C. W. C. Baker, Balliol College.

W. Tahourdin, Fellow of New College.

C. Des Voeux, Oriel College.

F. Williamson, Christ Church.

*Bachelor in Music.*

Alfred Bennett, New College.

## CAMBRIDGE.

October 22.—The Rev. James Scholefield, MA. Fellow of Trinity College, was elected Regius Professor of Greek in this University, in the room of the late Rev. P. P. Dobroe, MA.

October 26.—At a congregation held this day, the following degrees were conferred :

*Masters of Arts.*

Rev. J. W. Gleadall, Fellow of Catharine Hall.

Rev. T. Grylls, Trinity College, (compounder.)

Rev. B. Guest, Trinity College.

Rev. Thomas Beaumont, Jesus College, (compounder.)

*Bachelor in Physic.*

Charles Poole, Caius College.

*Bachelors of Arts.*

Richard Gascoyne, Queen's College, (compounder.)

John Adeney, Queen's College.

Nov. 1.—The Seatonian Prize for the present year was adjudged to the Rev. J. Overton, MA. of Trinity College, for his Poem on "*The Building and Dedication of the Second Temple.*"

W. G. Lumley, Esq. BCL. of Trinity Hall, was elected Fellow of that Society.

Nov. 2.—At a congregation held this day, John Wylde, Esq. BCL. of Trinity College, was admitted Doctor in Civil Law.

Nov. 4.—Rev. J. Procter, DD. Master of Catharine Hall, was elected Vice Chancellor of this University for the year ensuing.

The following is the subject of the Norrisian Prize Essay for the ensuing year :—"*The Mosaic Dispensation not intended to be perpetual.*"

Nov. 16.—At a congregation held this day, the following degrees were conferred :—

*Doctor in Divinity.*

Rev. W. Ward, Caius College, Prebendary of Salisbury, (compounder.)

*Bachelors in Divinity.*

Rev. H. Robinson, Fellow of St. John's College.

Francis Gardner, St. John's College, (compounder.)

Daniel Jones, Emanuel College.

*Honorary Masters of Arts.*

Rev. Sir A. B. Henniker, Bart. Jesus College, (compounder.)

Henry Frampton, St. John's College.

Thomas Tenison, Trinity College.

*Bachelors in Civil Law.*

Rev. W. Hawkes, Trinity Hall.

Rev. R. Hole, Trinity College.

T. B. M. Baskerville, Esq. Trinity Hall, (compounder.)

*Bachelors of Arts.*

Andrew Anderson, Trinity College.

C. J. W. Ellis, Trinity College.

Charles Currey, Trinity College.

W. R. Richards, St. John's College.

T. Pytches, Caius College, (compounder.)

Edward Pattison, Queen's College.

James Carver, Jesus College.

Henry White, Downing College.

The Rev. J. C. Hare, MA. Fellow of Trinity College, was appointed an Examiner for the Classical Tripos, in the room of Professor Scholefield.

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Oxford.—Rev. T. Martyn, BA. to the Rectory of Petenhall, Bedfordshire.—Rev. C. Neville, to be one of the Duke of Somerset's Chaplains.—Rev. W. J. Brodrick, MA. to the Rectory of Castle Rising, with Royden Norfolk; Patron, the Hon. Fulk Grenville Howard.—Rev. J. Jones, MA. to the Perpetual Curacy of Bodedeyrn, Anglesea;

Patrons, the Principal and Fellows of Jesus College.—Rev. F. Twisleton, to be Archdeacon of Hereford.—The Hon. and Rev. B. Eden, to the living of Herlingfordbury; Patron, Lord Bexley.—Rev. E. Coleridge, BA. to the Rectory of Monksilver, in the county of Somerset; Patron, the Deacon and Canon of Windsor.—Rev. Dr. Crane, to be one of the Earl of Carlisle's Chaplains; the Rev. H. Wetherell, MA. to the Prebendal Stall, in Gloucester Cathedral.

Cambridge.—Rev. John Sleath, DD. to be Chaplain in Ordinary to the King.—Rev. R. Jefferson, DD. to the Rectory of South Kilington-cum-Upsal, in the North Riding of Yorkshire; Patrons, the Master and Fellows of Sidney Sussex College.—Rev. C. B. Barnwell, to the Rectory of Mileham, Norfolk, on his own presentation.—Rev. T. Brown, to the Rectory of Winstow, in the county of Huntingdon, by dispensation; Patron, James Torkington, Esq. of Stukely Hall.—Rev. C. S. Leathes, MA. to the Rectory of Ellesborough, in the county of Bucks; Patron, R. G. Russell, of Chequers, Esq. MP. for Thirsk.—Rev. J. Edwards, MA. to the Rectory of Finningham, Suffolk; Patron, the Right Hon. J. H. Frere.—Rev. C. Wilton, to be Curate of Christ Church.—Rev. W. W. Quartly, of Catharine Hall, to the Vicarage of Keynsham, Somerset; Patron, the Duke of Buckingham.—Rev. E. Ventris, to the Perpetual Curacy of Stowcum-Quei; Patron, the Lord Bishop of Ely.

#### LIST OF PROJECTED WORKS.

- Four volumes of Sermons. By Dr. Doddridge.  
 The Geography of the Globe. By Mr. J. O. Butler.  
 Memoir of the late Mr. Butler. By Mr. J. O. Butler.  
 An Historical and Topographical Description of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk. By J. H. Druery.  
 The Peerless Peer, or the Fortunes of Orlando; a Novel. By the Author of Lasting Impressions.  
 The Complete Governess.  
 The Mathematical Sciences practically applied to the Useful and Fine Arts.  
 Tales from the German.  
 The Danciad, Part II. By Mr. Wilson.  
 An Autumn in Greece, in the year 1824. By H. L. Bulwer.  
 A Translation of Tassoni's *La Secchia Rapita*, or the Rape of the Bucket. By J. Atkinson, Esq.  
 The Sabbath Muse.  
 November Nights. By the Author of 'Warreniana.'  
 The Annual Miscellanist of Literature for 1826.  
 The Reign of Terror.  
 The History of Lymington and its immediate Neighbourhood. By David Garrow.  
 Early Metrical Tales.  
 Domestic Preacher.  
 Hints for Ministers. By the late Rev. Andrew Fuller.  
 Memoirs of the late Miss Jane Taylor. By Mr. Isaac Taylor, jun.  
 Selections from the Works of Dr. John Owen.  
 A Defence of the Principle of the Poor Laws.  
 Greece in 1825; being the Journals of James Emerson, Esq., Count Pecchio, and W. H. Humphrey, Esq.  
 Autobiographical Memoirs of Ferdinand Franck.  
 Christmas Tales for 1825.  
 A new Translation of the Bible from the Hebrew, Part IV. By J. Bellamy.  
 A Translation of Mignet's History of the French Revolution.



## BIRTHS.

- October 15. At Leamington Spa, the lady of Admiral Sir Charles Knowles, G. C. B. a daughter.  
 17. The lady of Henry Earle, Esq. of George-street, Hanover-square, a son.  
 27. The lady of Dr. Roget, of Bernard-street, a daughter.  
 29. At his house, No. 4, Cleveland-row, the lady of John Nussey, Esq. a son.  
 30. At West Leke, Notts, the lady of the Rev. C. Oxenden, a son.  
 November 2. Mrs. H. L. Robins, of Salisbury-street, a daughter.  
 3. Mrs. Henry Young, of No. 12, Essex-street, a daughter.  
 4. At Edmonton, Mrs. W. W. Terrington, a daughter.  
 9. At No. 20, Saville-row, Mrs. Vernon Smith, a son.  
 11. At Coombe-grove, near Bath, the lady of Henry Sherley, Esq. a son.  
 14. In Bolton-row, Lady Lewin, a daughter.  
 15. At Pontefract, the lady of Flintoff Leatham, Esq. a son.

## MARRIAGES.

- October 19. At Watton Church, Herts, the Hon. Alexander Leslie Melville, brother to the Earl of Leven and Melville, to Charlotte, daughter of Samuel Smith, Esq. M. P.  
 31. At Lambeth Church, Richard Goldstone, Esq. Bath, to Caroline, youngest daughter to John Burgon, Esq. Clapham-road, Surrey.  
 November 1. At Barnwood, Gloucestershire, by the Rev. G. Bolland, John Aubrey Whitcombe, Esq. to Julia, third daughter of David Walters, Esq. of Barnwood House.  
 2. At Chatham, by the Rev. W. H. Drage, George Ely, Esq. to Susannah Ellenborough, eldest daughter of James Reed, Esq. Commissioner secretary, H. M. Dock-yard, Chatham.  
 — At Edinburgh, James Gilliland Simpson, Esq. of Bushlane and Islington, to Jane, only child of the late Thomas Horsburgh, of Lee Twedale, N. B.  
 5. At Thurston Church, in Suffolk, by the Rev. Wm. Wilkinson, George Gataker, Esq. of Mildenhall, to Elizabeth Harrison, third daughter of Thomas Wilkinson, Esq. of Nether-hall, in the said county.  
 6. At Weymouth, Edward Smith Delamain, Esq. of the 67th Regiment, to Jesse Anna, second daughter of the late Robert Waugh, Esq.  
 8. At Clapham, by the Rev. W. Borrows, T. S. Cabell, Esq. of Newington-place, to Anna, daughter of T. G. Lloyd, Esq. of Clapham Common.  
 — By special licence, at Lord Arden's, Nork, near Epsom, by the Hon. and Rev. Arthur Perceval, Sir William Heathcote, Bart. of Hursley Park, in the county of Southampton, to the Hon. Caroline Frances Perceval, daughter of Lord Arden.  
 — At Topsham Church, Devon, by the Rev. H. Marker, Adam, son of David Gordon, Esq. of Abergeldie, N. B. and Dulwich-hill, Surrey, to Susan, daughter of the late Rev. John Swete, of Oxtone-house, Devon.  
 12. At Hackney, by the Rev. William Scoresby, Isaac Hodgson, Esq. of Leicester, to Emma, sixth daughter of the late E. L. Mackmurdo, Esq. of Clapton.  
 15. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Robert Gibson, Esq. of Terrington-square, to Sarah, youngest daughter of the late Edward Hill, Esq. of Blackheath.  
 — At St. Andrew's, Holborn, by the Rev. T. B. Whitehurst, of Amptill, Beds. the Rev. Robert Montgomery, Rector of Holcot, Northamptonshire, to Jane, daughter of Thomas Walker, Esq. of John-street, Bedford-row.  
 17. At St. Martin in the Fields, by the Rev. Dr. Richards, William, eldest son of William Row, Esq. of St. Thomas Apostle's, to Sarah, eldest daughter of Henry Winchester, Esq. of Buckingham-street, Adelphi, and Hawkhurst, Kent.  
 — At St. Luke's, Chelsea, James Whitehead, Esq. of Sloane-street, to Louisa, second daughter of John Holroyd, Esq. of Suffolk-street.  
 — At Wandsworth Church, Corbynn Lloyd, Esq. of Lombard-street, to Emily, youngest daughter of John Falconer Atlee, Esq. of West-hall, Wandsworth.  
 18. At St. Michael's, Wood-street, Stacey Grimaldi, Esq. of Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street, to Mary Ann Knapp, second daughter of Thomas George Knapp, Esq.

## DEATHS.

- October 19. Edward Knipe, Esq. of Hookfield-grove, Epsom.  
 22. William Entwisle, Esq.  
 23. At Fornes, Mrs. Gun Munro.  
 25. At Beverly Cottage, Putney, Mrs. Sarah Cawston.  
 — At the house of the Rev. J. N. Goulty, Brighton, the Rev. — Bogue, in his 77th year.  
 — At his house in Baker-street, Walter Fawkes, Esq. of Farnley-hall, in the county of York.  
 29. At Walthamstow, Essex, Thomas Furly Foster, Esq.  
 — At Sussex-house, Hammersmith, Robert, the infant son of Robert Mangles, Esq.

- At Fulford, Mrs. Elizabeth Mawman.  
 31. Mary, the wife of Henry Bromfield, Esq.  
 November 1. At Dawlish, Devon, aged 35, Elizabeth Ann, wife of the Hon. George Lyaught.  
 2. At Brompton, Robert William, the infant son of William Wilberforce, Esq.  
 7. In Lancaster-place, Mrs. Byrne, wife of N. Byrne, Esq.  
 8. The wife of George Du Bois, Esq.  
 9. In the 73d year of his age, John Dowse, Esq. of Burton-street, Burton-crescent.  
 12. At his house in Golden-square, in his 31st year, John Willock, Esq.  
 — Mrs. Esther Lee, wife of Samuel Lee, Esq.  
 14. At Kensington, John Macarthur, Esq. in the 86th year of his age.  
 16. At Acton Lodge, Middlesex, Lady Arabella Hervey.  
 — At his house in Fenchurch-street, John David David, Esq. aged 44.  
 — In his 43d year, Charles Cass, Esq. at the residence of his brother, Frederic Cass, Esq. of Beau-  
 lieu-lodge, Winchmore-hill.

## PRICES OF THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS.

(From October 24 to November 24.)

ENGLISH FUNDS.	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.	LATEST.
Bank Stock, 8 per Cent. ....	226	219	220
3 per Cent. Consols .....	87 $\frac{1}{2}$	83 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 per Cent. Reduced.....	87	83	83 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. Reduced .....	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	91 $\frac{1}{2}$	91 $\frac{1}{2}$
New 4 per Cents. ....	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	101 $\frac{1}{2}$
Long Annuities, expire 1860 .....	21	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	20 $\frac{1}{2}$
India Stock, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. ....	266 $\frac{1}{2}$	260	260
India Bonds, 3 per Cent. ....	14s. pm.	2s. dis.	2s. dis.
Exchequer Bills, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.....	4s. pm.	4s. dis.	3s. dis.

## FOREIGN FUNDS.

Austrian Bonds, 5 per Cent. ....	96	92	92
Brazil ditto, ditto .....	74	69	70
Buenos Ayres ditto, 6 per Cent. ....	83 $\frac{1}{2}$	76	76
Chilian ditto, ditto .....	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	54	60
Columbian ditto 1822, ditto.....	72 $\frac{1}{2}$	59	62 $\frac{1}{2}$
Ditto ditto 1824, ditto .....	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	61	64 $\frac{1}{2}$
Danish ditto, 5 per Cent.....	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	101 $\frac{1}{2}$
French Rentes, 5 per Cent.....	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$
Greek Bonds, ditto .....	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	23	22
Mexican ditto, ditto .....	71	60	61
Neapolitan ditto, ditto .....	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	81	81
Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent. ....	61 $\frac{1}{2}$	45	49
Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent. ....	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	83	83
Prussian ditto 1818, ditto.....	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	96 $\frac{1}{2}$	96 $\frac{1}{2}$
Ditto ditto 1822, ditto .....	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$
Russian ditto, ditto .....	92 $\frac{1}{2}$	87 $\frac{1}{2}$	88
Spanish ditto, ditto .....	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	15 $\frac{1}{2}$

ROBERT W. MOORE, Broker,  
 20, Token-house-yard, Lothbury.

# ALPHABETICAL INDEX

TO

## VOL. III. NEW SERIES.

- A TALE of Paraguay, review of, 231.  
 Adolphe, notice of, 280.  
 An Historical Essay on the state of Greece, notice of, 546.  
 Ancelot's Marie de Brabant, notice of, 413.  
 Annual Souvenir Books, 562.
- Beuchot, M. 131.  
 Births, Marriages, and Deaths, 142, 290, 435, 583.  
 Bricks of the Modern Babylon, 69.  
 British Institution, No. II. 49—No. III. comparison between ancient and modern Paintings, 341.  
 Bruner, M., anecdotes of, 150.  
 Buchon's Froissart, notice of, 279.  
 Butleriana, No. I., 136—No. II., the Doctor and his Wife's Pin-money, 425.
- Cabanis, sur les Rapports du Physique et du Moral de l'Homme, 131.  
 Chit-chat of the Times of Charles II., 536.  
 Civilization, 207.  
 Classique Party, ignorance of, 413.  
 Complete Servant, review of the, 116.  
 Count d'Artois, anecdote of, 284.
- Détena, Journal of a, an eye-witness of the events in Paris during the first four months in 1814. No. I., 1—state of Paris in January, 2—the Allied Army cross the Rhine, 3—the officers of the National Guard receive orders to attend in the Salon des Maréchaux at the Palace of the Tuileries, 4—Bonaparte addresses them, *ib.*—order issued to remove the English prisoners at Verdun to Blois, 5—state of Paris after the battle of Brienne, 6—the inhabitants of Paris invited to furnish the hospitals, 7—slaughter-houses converted into hospitals, *ib.*—miserable state of the Salpêtrière, 8—arrival of General Alsufief in Paris, 9—an extraordinary sitting of the municipality of Paris, 11—Bernadotte, *ib.*—the cannon of the engaged armies heard at Paris, 12—the allies enter Meaux, 14—alarm of the country between Meaux and Paris, *ib.*—disorder at the palace of the Tuileries, 16—Bonaparte's treasures removed, *ib.*—battle of Montmartre, 24—fire opened on Paris, 26—armistice proposed, 29—capitulation concluded, 34. No. II., Medal of the Russians who were at the Moscow campaign, 238—entry of the Allies into Paris, 241—conduct of the Grand Duke Constantine, 242—anecdotes of the mob of Paris, 244—the Bourbons restored, 253. No. III., Devastation in Paris, 385—the Senate declare the forfeiture of the Crown by Napoleon, 388—description of the Cossack camp, 389—solemn thanksgiving offered by the Allied Army, 394—entry of Monsieur Comte d'Artois into Paris, 398—visits the opera, *ib.*—interview between the Emperor of Russia and the Empress Josephine, 400—death of the Empress Josephine, 401—entrance of Louis XVIII. into Paris, 402—peace proclaimed, 403. No. IV., Napoleon quits Troyes, 485—addresses his troops, 487—signs his abdication, 489—account of the meditated attempt to assassinate Napoleon by de Maubreuil, *ib.*—copies of the orders given to De Maubreuil by the ministers of the Allies, 491—state of the French press during the reign of Napoleon, 497—he takes leave of his

- troops, 501—has an interview with Marshal Augereau, 503—his nautical knowledge, 506—arrives at Elba, 507—the regency at Blois, 509—the Empress Maria Louisa and her son quit Paris, *ib.*—Bonaparte announces to the council of regency at Fontainebleau his intention to march against Paris, 510—attempted outrage on the Empress by Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte, 512—private conversation between Napoleon and Jerome, 513—character of the Empress Maria Louisa, 516.
- Dunoyer, M., and the Censeur Européen, account of, 419.
- Dunoyer, l'Industrie et la Moral considérées dans leurs rapports avec la Liberté, 549.
- Edouard, notice of, 543.
- Eventful Life of a Soldier, review of, 363.
- Extracts from a correspondence from the North of Germany—No. I. 336—Hamburgh, 336—Berlin, 337—military discipline of Prussia, 338—miseries of travelling in Prussia, 340. No. II. Crossing the Vistula, 467—German entertainment, *ib.*
- Fashions in Physic, 177.
- Flowers of Speech, 556.
- Funds, English and Foreign, prices of, 144, 292, 436, 584.
- Italian Gentleman, Life and Adventures of an—No. I. 145—education, 148—sent to study in the house of an Advocate named Bruner, 150—summoned before the Inquisition, 157—enters the National Guard, 154—account of the Deportation of Pope Pius VII. 155—anecdotes of the Queen of Naples, 160—arrives at Foligno, *ib.*—is attacked by banditti, 163—account of Spatolino, a famous bandit, 167—his execution, 169—goes to Florence, 168—return of the Pope to Rome, 171—arrives at Cortona, 172. No. II., Anecdote of a Florentine lady, 293—arrives at Leghorn, 294—quarrels with some Genoese priests, 295—arrives at Genoa, *ib.*—history of the Countess Elisei, 297—sets out for Turin, 302—anecdotes of a priest whom he meets on his way, 303—is introduced to Count O—, 304—anecdotes of the Countess S—, 305—account of a young lady of Turin, 309—is cheated by a German Baron, 312—anecdote of a Parisian lady, 313—anecdotes of the Slanderer, 320—story of Janet, 322—arrives at Boulogne, 225—meets with the Slanderer there, 226—quarrels with some priests, 329—anecdotes of the hostess of the Lion, at St. Maloes, 331.
- Italian literature, letter on, 36—Buratti, *ib.*—Monti's Bassvigliana, notice of, 37.
- Le Souschef, notice of, 274.
- Lemercier's Les Martyrs de Souli, ou l'Épire Moderne, 415.
- Letters from the Continent. No. I., The Netherlands, 191—Ostend, 194—Bruges, 196—Ghent, 201.
- Letter to Joseph Hume, Esq. M.P. 423.
- Letters of Dr. Franklin. No. II.—430. No. III. 479.
- Letters from Constantinople, 527.
- Library of the British Museum, 533.
- Lord Davenant, notice of, 42.
- Magendie's Précis élémentaire de Physiologie, notice of, 548.
- Manufactories, architecture of, 471.
- Mathematics, utility of, 452.
- Medicin malgré lui, 273.
- Memoirs relating to the History of France to the year 1200, by M. Guizot, notice of, 125.
- Miracle, account of, at Rome, 146.
- Molart, M., anecdote of, 124.
- Monastery of Vezelay, notice of, 120.
- Montule's Travels in England, notice of, 123.
- More Fashions, 88.
- Music, report of, 132—notice of Tarrare, *ib.*—Spohr's Opera of Faust, 285—notice of a new Mass, by Cherubini, 287.
- Naples, anecdote of the Queen of, 160.
- Narrative of the Loss of the Kent, review of, 517.
- National Pride, 356.
- Nomenclature de viris illustribus urbis Romæ, de Cornelius Nepos, &c. notice of, 417.
- Notes on a Note Book, 173.
- Paris, Letters from, by Grimm's Grandson. No. IX., 120—Edinburgh Review on Fouché's Memoirs, 121—notice of Montule's Travels in England, 123—anecdote of M. Molart, 124—notice of the Memoirs relating to the History of France to the year 1200, by M. Guizot, 125—notice of the Monastery of Vezelay, 126—notice of Potter's Life of Scipio Ricci, 128—account of M. Remuzat, 229—M. Beuchot, notice of, 131—notice of Cabanis Sur les Rapports du

- Phisque et du Moral de l'Homme*, 131—notice of the *Resumes Historiques*, 132. No. X. *Medicin Malgré lui*, 273—notice of *Le Souschef*, 274—success of, 277—notice of *Sigismonde de Bourgoyne*, 278 notice of *Buchon's Froissart*, 279—notice of *Adolphe*, 280—M. de Villele, 282—notice of *Tissot's Mémoires sur M. de la Fayette*, 284—anecdote of the Count d'Artois, *ib.* No. XI. Ignorance of the Classique Party, 413—notice of *M. Viennet's Siege de Damas*, 413—notice of *M. Ancelot's Marie de Brabant*, *ib.*—notice of *Lemercier's Les Martyrs de Souli, ou l'Epire Moderne*, 415—notice of the *Nomenclatures de viris illustribus urbis Romæ*, de *Cornelius Nepos*, &c. 417—account of *M. Dunoyer and the Censeur Européen*, 419—notice of *Lord Davenant*, 421.—No. XII. Anecdote of *M. Sosthenes de la Rochefoucauld*, 542—notice of *Edouard*, a novel by the *Duchess de Duras*, 543—notice of an *Historical Essay on the State of Greece*, 546—notice of *Magendie's Précis élémentaire de Physiologie*, 548—notice of a new Italian novel, 549—notice of *M. Dunoyer's L'Industrie et la Morale considérées dans leurs rapports avec la Liberté*, 549.
- Playhouses, The*, 405—*Paul Pry*, 408—*Quite Correct*, 410—*Love's Victory, or a School for Pride*, 551.
- Poetry*. *Ode to the Anatomie Vivante*, 45—*The Ballad of the Living Skeleton*, 288—*The Doctor and his Wife's Pin-money*, 425.
- Pope Pius VII.*, account of the deportation of, 155—return of, to Rome, 171.
- Potter's Life of Scipio Ricci*, notice of, 128.
- Pythagorean Objections against eating animal Food*, 380.
- Register, Theatrical*, 411, 554.
- Regrets of a Cantab*, 438.
- Remuzat, M.* account of, 129.
- Resumes Historiques*, notice of the, 132.
- Rochefoucauld, M. Sosthenes de la*, anecdote of, 542.
- Shares in the principal Canals, &c.* prices of, 142, 290, 434, 582.
- Sicilian Auto-da-fé*, authentic account of, 563.
- Sigismond de Bourgoyne*, notice of, 278.
- Sorrows of \*\* \*\*\**, 95.
- Spatolino*, an Italian Bandit, account of, 163—his execution, 167.
- Spiders*, a chapter on, 481.
- Tales by the O'Hara Family*, review of, 135.
- Tissot's Mémoires sur M. de la Fayette*, 284.
- University Intelligence*, 140, 289, 431, 579.
- University Studies*, 438.
- Villele, M. de*, 282.
- Viennet's Siege de Damas*, notice of, 413.
- Wild Animals*, on the domestication of, 98.
- Wines*, No. II. 75—wines of Champagne, 78—of Burgundy, 79—of Bordeaux, 81—of Sardinia, 87.
- Works, Projected*, list of, 141, 289, 433, 581.
- Works published during the month*, list of, 141, 289, 434, 582.
- Yorkshire Musical Festival*, account of, 257.



